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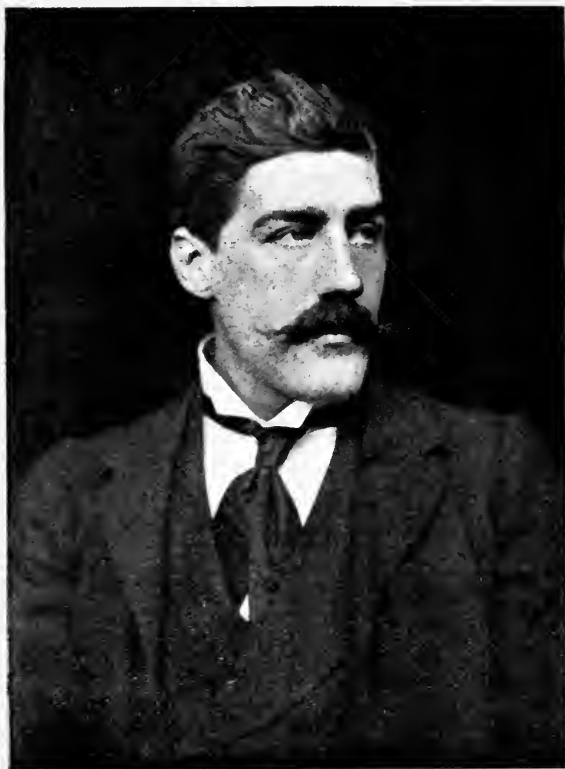




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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
DAVID ALEXANDER EDWARD LINDSAY, F.S.A.,
LORD BALCARRES.

VERSES AND
NOTES. . . .



Topographical, & Historical,
Antiquarian,
Miscellaneous.



BY
JOHN WILSON.

CHORLEY:
A. HILL, PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER, LIVESEY STREET,
1903.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
DAVID ALEXANDER EDWARD LINDSAY, F.S.A.,
LORD BALCARRES,
M.P. FOR THE CHORLEY DIVISION,
THE ILLUSTRIOUS SCION OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS RACE,
WELL KNOWN FOR THEIR LOVE OF ALL THINGS
ANCIENT AND BEAUTIFUL,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS,
WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHOR.

759463

PREFACE.

While photographing in Standish Church last July, I had the good fortune to meet the author of this little book. That he was a keen antiquary and a clever draughtsman, was evident from the note-book he showed me. That he was a poet as well, and a postman to boot, I was not prepared to hear. To find a man with his engagements so diligent a student of local history, and so careful an observer and recorder of all pertaining to past times, is indeed a pleasant surprise. For research into original documents his leisure has not sufficed, so that if errors are found in the antiquarian articles they are probably for the most part those of the authorities from whom he has had perforce to copy. May the perusal of both poetry and prose, put together of necessity under circumstances of some difficulty, induce others with ampler opportunities than the author, to devote more of their time to the pursuit of like studies—sidelights on the history of their native land!

R. D. R.

The author wishes to acknowledge here his great indebtedness to the following gentlemen, who have given him all possible aid in his undertaking:—To the Rev. Father George Teebay, John Stanton, Esq., and Alderman A. G. Leigh, whose well-stocked libraries have been freely thrown open to him; to R. D. Radcliffe, Esq., for his kindly-worded preface; Mr. E. W. Woodcock, an old friend, for loans and gifts of rare books and pamphlets dealing with local Yorkshire history; to Mr. Holmes, for permission to reproduce the splendid autotypes which appeared in his father's work, "The Sieges of Pontefract Castle"; to Mrs. Tempest, of Broughton Hall, for her graphic account of the ancestors of her husband, and for the loan of the block of their arms; to Messrs. George Bell & Sons for the block of Richard Moodie's Effigy; to Messieurs H. Hill, of South Kirkby, D. Halton and H. Dalton, of Chorley, for their photographs; and lastly, to Mr. Ed. McKnight, the Chorley Borough Librarian, for valuable hints, good advice, and assistance generously given.

ON HEARING OF
LORD BALCARRES' ENGAGEMENT.

A noble pair—a match most fitting :
Such is the general acclaim :
May he be loyal to his Constance,
And she as constant as her name.

TO LORD BALCARRES ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

My Lord, on this most happy day,
Amidst the bustle of occasions,
Permit a humble bard to pay
His most sincere congratulations.

We Chorley folks have watched you well,
And all the more we know about you
The more we like you. Truth to tell,
We should be badly off without you.

Of course, the Tories like you best,
But many a Rad is heard confessing
The kindly feeling in his breast
For one so many gifts possessing.

Endowed with honest, handsome face,
With upright, fearless, loyal spirit,
With ever-present tact and grace,
Rare gifts which rare distinction merit.

There's not a man in Chorley town
Who is not proud of Lord Balcarres,
And she will share in his renown
The lady whom to-day he marries.

Heaven bless you both. Adieu, my Lord,
But bring your bonnie bride to Chorley :
A hearty welcome we'll accord,
As sure as I'm not Arnold Morley.

TO THE FUTURE LORD BALCARRES.

Christmas, 1900.

O babe ! your noble parents' hope and joy,
—The future Crawford and Balcarres,
May nothing come your childhood to annoy,
—Their souls to harrass.

When you attain to man's estate,
Be it your task to emulate
Your famous sires. Their motto ne'er discard :—
“The stars my camp, and God my light and guard.”

Above the clouds of earthly cares arise
To where the eternal stars adorn the skies :
In all your trials seek to do God's Will,
He will enlighten and protect you still.

RICHARD CHORLEY'S FAREWELL.

The autumn winds are sighing, the clouds hang like a pall,
 As Richard Chorley rides away from his ancestral hall,
 With Charles, his son, and Chorley lads—a goodly company—
 All pledged to fight for James' right, our England's king to be.

Right noble look the sire and son, but grief is in their eyes,
 For they are leaving here behind all they on earth most prize :
 The wife—the mother—so beloved—in yonder doorway stands,
 Her face with sorrow is as pale as her own milk-white hands.

And now the gallant horsemen in saddle turn once more
 To gaze their last upon the face still seen within that door :
 A last fond salutation, and, as they speed away,
 She calls to mind with tearful pride her lord's last words to-day :

“Farewell, farewell, mine own dear wife, farewell mine ancient
 hall,
 My rightful King demands my aid, and I obey his call :
 With Standish* and with Anderton† I don the White Cockade :
 Our cause is just, and Heaven, we trust, our enterprise will aid.

“Our fathers fought for hapless Charles, and suffered much for him,
 But nought the rebel-victors did their loyalty could dim :
 And we will be as faithful to Charles' grandson dear—
 The fair White Rose of England, St. George's Chevalier.

“Shall royal James in exile dwell, whilst George doth wear his
 crown—
 The crown that, ever in the past, from sire to son came down ?
 What sorry Englishmen are these—how they the name disgrace,
 Who set aside their native prince for one of foreign race.

“But, oh ! it cuts me to the heart to leave thee here to-day,
 Deprived of him—thine only son—our house's single stay ;
 But well thou knowest, sweetheart mine, the song I sang of yore :
 ‘I could not love thee, dear, so much ; loved I not honour more.’

“And if it be that we must fall—as better men have done—
 And thou shouldst be bereft alike of husband and of son,
 O wife of mine, do not repine at thine unhappy fate,
 But pray for us, and patiently re-union await.

“What sayest thou ?—that if I die, my death will be thine own ?
 I was a fool to speak of death to thee, so morbid grown.
 We shall not die—our Charles and I—when James hath won the
 day,
 We'll meet again at Chorley Hall, our troubles gone for aye.

* Ralph Standish, of Standish.

† Sir Francis Anderton, Bart., of Lostock Hall.

“Farewell, farewell, dear Catharine! O chase away those tears,
 And smile as thou wert wont to smile in bygone happy years.
 My fathers bore above their helms the Silver Saker's Head:
 This White Cockade thine hand hath made shall grace my brows
 instead.”

* * * * *

The summer sun is shining on what was once a park—
 On fish-pond, strewn with lilies—each like a fairy barque:
 On farmhouse, barn, and stable, and gray old terrace wall,
 But now its rays no longer fall on ancient Chorley Hall!

Before the Norman William gave to Roger of Poictou
 The lands which 'twixt the Mersey and the Ribble meet our view,
 The Chorleys lived at Chorley Hall—of Saxon speech and race—
 With eyes the colour of the flowers that on their shield we trace.

Alas! that here no longer dwells that ancient family!
 That trees now grow where once arose their mansion, fair to see!
 The massive stone there lying, once graced its outer wall,
 But vanished every vestige else of bygone Chorley Hall.

The gallant few who strove to win for James his father's crown,
 By Forster's foolish slothfulness were trapped in Preston town:
 With Mackintosh for leader, or Derwentwater's Earl,
 They would have won renown at least, in battle's fiery whirl.

Alas! for Richard Chorley and his sore-stricken wife,
 For when she saw him meet his doom the sight destroyed her life,
 And Liverpool's dark prison walls heard Charles' dying prayer:
 Ah me! that in a felon's cell should perish Chorley's heir.

Though Richard on the scaffold died, and Charles in loathsome jail,
 Speak ye of them with reverence—let none against them rail.
 They ventured all and died for him they deemed their lawful king,
 And ever to their memory a subtle charm doth cling.

And they are not forgotten by the town whose name they bore,
 Their ancient coat is figured high above the Town Hall door.
 The Council Chamber it adorns; and in the town's own arms
 The Chorley charge—the corn-flower—displays its simple charms.

NOTE.—Unlike similar buildings in other towns of rapid modern growth, the Town Hall of Chorley was erected *before* the formal incorporation of the place, and under the auspices of the Local Improvement Commissioners, who then governed it, and who had adopted for their seal and heraldic device the coat and crest of the old Chorley family.

Besides occupying the places of honour mentioned in the foregoing verses, the above arms are carved on the back of the Mayor's chair, then the Head Commissioner's. On the incorporation of the town, the local authorities thought to have the same for the arms of the Borough, but the Herald's College refused to grant their request, and assigned to it instead: *Or*, on a chevron *gules*, three escutcheons *argent*, each charged with a blue bottle slipped and leaved proper, on a chief of the second a crown vallery of the first. Motto: *Beware*. The date of the grant is July 3rd, 1882. Note the “blue-bottles” and the chevron *gules*.

The arms of the Chorleys are also carved in stone over the main entrance of the Chorley Union Workhouse, erected in 1871.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CHORLEYS, OF CHORLEY
AND WALTON.

ARMS :—Quarterly, first and fourth, CHORLEY, *argent*, a chevron *gules*, between three blue-bottles (flowers), slipped, proper. Second and third, WALTON, *sable*, three swans *argent*.

CREST :—On a chapeau *gules*, turned up ermine, a saker's head (a species of hawk), erased, proper [*argent*].—*Dugdale*.

When the Chorleys first established themselves at Chorley Hall no one has as yet discovered. We find them there in the earliest records of the town and its environs. From their Saxon name I incline to the belief that they were the old Saxon lords of the district who managed to retain a footing therein after the Conquest. In a footnote to Gregson's *Fragments* (p. 34, Harland's edition) we read :—"There were many Saxon families that remained [in possession of lands after the Conquest] called Drenches, in Lancashire, some to this day, viz., Bradshaws of the Haigh, now Lord Balcarres' family* : also Bold of Bold. *Dringis*, *Drenchs*, or *Drenches*, according to Spelman, are such as, at the coming of the Conqueror, being put out of their estates, were afterwards restored thereunto, on their making it appear they were owners thereof, and neither in *auxilio* or *consilio* against him." In my view I am supported by the well-known Lancashire antiquary, Holland-Watson, who says of them in a MS. of his :—"This town gave name to a family who resided here at or soon after the Conquest, and who bore for their arms blue bottles [corn flowers] and a tree *vert*, till W. Chorley, of Chorley, about the time of King Edward III., gave *argent*, a chevron *gul.* between 3 blue bottles slipped proper, which his posterity have borne ever since. His son, Will. Chorley, of Chorley, married Margaret, daughter and coheir of Roger Walton of Walton, and quartered the arms of that family with his own."

Baines says : "At a period to which it will be difficult to assign a precise date, a family named de Chorlegh held the Manor of Chorley of the chief lords of the fee. In this capacity H. the son of Hugh de Chorley granted to Elen the daughter of Robert Haword all the land which he had in Chorlegh and elsewhere." [Scient. pres. H. fil. Hugon. de Chorlegh, ued. et conc. Elene f. Rob. Haword &c. totam terrā meā q.h. in Chorlegh et alibi T. et Elene et h. libere de D. cap. T. Rob. de Holland, War. de Clayton, Jo. Farington, H. de Chernoc, Tho. Bussel, H. de Whaley, Rob. cler.—*Dr. Kuerden's MSS.*, vol. III., f. C23. In the Herald's College, London.]

* Alexander William Earl of Balcarres, married Elizabeth Bradshaigh Dalrymple, sole heiress and representative of the Bradshaighs of Haigh Hall. He succeeded to the more ancient Earldom of Crawford in 1808.



CREST OF THE LINDSAYS, EARLS OF BALCARRES.

A tent *azure*, semée of stars, *or*, canopy and fringes of the same, on top a pennon *gules*.

Motto:—*Astra, castra, numen, lumen, munimen.*—The stars my camp,
God my light and protection.

[See page 5.]

For the reader's better understanding of what follows, it will be well to give here an account of the chief lords of the Manor of Chorley, taken chiefly from Baines, and from the papers of the late Mr. Thomas Brown, a very noteworthy and painstaking antiquary, for many years a resident in Chorley.

In 13 Henry III. 1229, Randolph de Blundevill, Earl of Chester, received a confirmation of all his lands between the Ribble and the Mersey, including the wapentake of Leyland. From him they passed with his other possessions to his four sisters and co-heiresses. The wapentake of Leyland, in which the Manor of Chorley is situated, was divided between Agnes, the wife of William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and Hawise, Countess of Lincoln, who thus became joint owners of the said manor. Mr. Brown says that the share of the Ferrers (who, settling at Groby in Leicestershire, are known as Ferrers of Groby) by marriage and descent came at last to Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, who exchanged it with Stanley, Earl of Derby, in 1519.

But Baines tells us that about the 22 Edward IV., 1482, the joint lords of the manor were Sir George Stanley, Lord Strange (whose wife's name was Joan), Sir Richard Stanley, Knight, and Sir Richard Sherburn, Knight. So it appears to me that the Stanleys in 1519 did but regain what had been theirs at a previous date.

William, Earl of Derby, in 1594, sold his share of the manor to Edward Rigby, of Burgh. From the Rigbys it passed to the Gillibrands, of Lower Chorley Hall. Hawise gave her portion of it to her daughter Margaret and her husband, John de Lacy, Constable of Chester, Lord of the Honour of Pontefract, and afterwards, by right of his wife, Earl of Lincoln. Henry de Lacy gave it to Robert de Heppewell, with whose grand-daughter it came by marriage to the Sherburns, of Stonyhurst. From them it passed to the Welds, from whom Weldbank gets its name. They sold it in 1807 to Thomas Gillibrand, Esq., who then became sole Lord of the Manor of Chorley. He was the descendant of Richard Chorley of Chorley (who died *circa* 1653), by his daughter Elizabeth, who married John Gillibrand, of Chorley.

A court leet and baron was held at Chorley until 1827-8, but this feudal jurisdiction has never since been exercised.

I may mention here that the coat of arms of Ferrers of Groby, the chief lords at one time of Chorley, was rudely blazoned in an old quarrel window or light above the chancel arch in the east wall of the nave and overlooking the old roof of the chancel of Chorley Parish

Church, before it was altered in 1860. The coloured glass in the small opening was discovered by Mr. John Stanton, of Chorley, who pointed it out to his father, the late Mr. Edward Dakin Stanton (a gentleman of no mean attainments in heraldry and history), and it was identified as *gules, 7 mascles or, 3.3 & 1.* The shield, which is about a foot high and some nine inches in width, was afterwards found on a heap of rubbish ready to be carted away, when the late Rev. Canon Master gave it to the late Mr. Stanton. I take this opportunity of acknowledging that I am much indebted to the present Mr. Stanton for many suggestions arising from his knowledge of heraldry and of many of the inhabitants of the Hundred of Leyland, past and present, both gentle and simple, long resident in the wapentake, as well as outcomlings, to use an old but most expressive Chorley word.

And now we will hear what one of the Chorleys can tell us of the past history of his family. The following is taken from "The Chorley Survey" :—

"Memorandum that I found amongst my Grandfather's Writeings, viz., very antient coppies and Transcripts of these following Deedes, viz. :

1° Dominus Ferrars Comes Derby et Dominus Lacy Comes Lyncolne &c: Graunt unto Robt. de Heppawall and Margerie his wife all their &c: [brefe 7.c.2 old Inquisition post-mortem Robti de Heppawall, who held the p'mises in Soccage of the Honour of West Derby, &c.]

¶ This was when or Ancestour Will Chorlegh (who was then Lord of Chorlegh) was Attainted of Treeson and Forfeited his whole Estate.

2° Dominus Lacy Comes Lyncolne &c. Graunts to Robt. de Heppawall & to Margerie his wife in Tayle, All his Manõurs of Chorlegh and Bolton & the Wapentacke of Leylondshire &c: p seruicia inde debit et de jure consuet.

¶ This is also without date, and was shewed by Sr Richard Shyrburne of Stonihurst at the Findenge of my Grandfather's Office wch was sitten at Chorley on the 8th of April: & 28 of Queene Eliz. anno D. 1586.

¶ He also shewed a Writt [Artic 7, c. 2.] ad Inquisitionem post mortem Robti de Heppawall, wch intimated and exp'ssed what Lands the said Heppawall held in cheife, and who were his Heires &c.

¶ He likewise shewed the Office annexed unto the Writt, by wch it appeared that the Jurors did find That the Lands and Mañours &c. were holden in Free Soccage of the Honour of West Derby by the Service of One Sparrow-Hawke, for all manner of service &c.

But there was a Recitall in y^e Deed w^{ch} was in effect this, viz. : It being not p'iudicial although y^t y^e Lands were holden in Cheife and the Mañours also. And after in y^e same Office they find the Lands and Mañours to be holden in Free Soccage as abovesaid.

3° Henry the Soñe of Robt. de Heppawall (upon the Attaynder of Will Chorley late Lord of Chorlegh, and forfeiture of his Estate &c) allows and grants by Deed wth out date (w^{ch} is coppied verbatim as followeth &c) unto the s^d W.C. and his Heires for euer, &c., The Hall of Chorlegh, the Milne, the Pidgeon-House wth other housinge thereto belonginge: And these p'rcells of the Ancient Demesne Lands, viz. : The Milne field, The Dryfenacres, The Tuetfield, The Doueflatt, the Horsehey, and the Rough-hey, &c. Reseruing to them and their Heires the yearely Rent of one pound one shillinge and one penny.

4° Sciant omnes tam presentes quam futuri quod nos Henricus de Heppawall et Dominus Bouchier pro diuersis causis et considerationibus mouentibus et precipue quia Gulielmus Chorlegh nuper Dominus de Chorlegh, &c." [Given at full length in the "Survey."]

[In it Henry de Heppawall, Lord Bouchier, grants to William de Chorlegh, late Lord of Chorley, the Hall of Chorley, the dove-cote, mill, lands, etc. (as given in the previous paragraph), the said William having released all his manors of Chorlegh, Chernock-Goggard, with the parks of Chorlegh and Helegh, and the Wapentake of Lelondshire, &c., which, says Henry de Heppawall, we had by reason of his attainder. It is witnessed by Harry de Standish, Thomã de Chernocke, Alano de Clayton, Johẽ de Hordren, Johẽ Clerico, with others.]

✠ So y^t upon the Attaynder of W.C. his whole Estate was forfeited, and the p'mises only allowed to him and his Heires by the conquerors.

✠ Which said p'mises are still Holden in Free Soccage by y^e forsd Rent of £1 1s 1d., Due yearly at St. Martin's, To Mr Shirburne of Stonihurst as Lord of Leylondshire.

A Breife of an Antient peece of Euidence concerning the ppr. Seat and Buriall-Place of our Ancestours still belonging to the Hall of Chorley :

Sciant omnes &c.—Quod nos Henricus de Heppewall et Dominus Bouchier &c.—Dedimus &c.—Gulielmo de Chorlegh nuper Domino de Chorlegh &c.—Integrum australem Dimidium capelle nostre infra Gradus Supremi Altaris in Ecclesiam de Chorlegh Habendum et Tenendum sibi et Heredibus suis in perpetuum pro sede et sepultura dicta Aule de Chorlegh spectante &c.—Reddendo inde &c.—Unum granum piperis pro omni exactione et seruitia (wth generall warrantie &c).

Hijs Testibus Adā de Dokisburie Henrico de Chernocke, Alano de Clayton, Johē de Cophull, Henrico de Burgo, Johē de Hordren, Johē Clerico et aliis.

[In a foot-note the Editor of the "Survey" says: The Latin of these charters has been extended.]

This is a translation of the above:—Be it known to all persons, &c., that we, Henry de Heppewall and Lord Bouchier, &c., have made over, &c., to William de Chorley, lately Lord of Chorley, &c., the whole of the southern half of our chapel, below the step of the High Altar in the Church of Chorley, to have and to hold for ever for himself and his heirs for seat-room and sepulchre, looking towards Chorley Hall, &c. On payment, &c., of one peppercorn for all demands of service (with general warrantie, &c.).

Witnesses of the above:—Adam de Dokisburie, Henry de Chernocke, Alan de Clayton, John de Cophull, Henry de Burgh, John de Hordren, John the Priest, and others.

And in the southern portion of the ancient chancel of St. Lawrence's Church, just below the step of the altar and close to the south wall, is the burial place of the Chorleys, as attested by an old plan of the burials in the church. Whatever the offence committed by William de Chorlegh, which cost him so dearly, no one could accuse his descendants of disloyalty. Richard Chorley, born 36 Elizabeth, 1594,* was at the Siege of Liverpool with Prince Rupert. In "The Moore Rental," published by the Chet. Soc., vol. xii., *Introduction*, p. 42, Mr. Thomas Heywood, F.S.A., says:—

"Moore, whose presence on Committees enables us to ascertain his continuance in London, reports, on May 7th, 1649, concerning the losses at Liverpool and the votes of the Committee, viz. :—'Resolved, that £10,000 be allotted for satisfaction of the losses of the town of Liverpool out of Sir William Gerard of the Bryn, Mr. Blundell of Crosby, Mr. Blundell of Ince, *Mr. Chorley of Chorley*, Mr. Fazakerley of Walton, Mr. Scarbrick of Scarbrick's estates, papists in arms, and whose estates are not otherwise disposed of, and were at Liverpool at taking of it, and were commissioners of array, and captains for the king.'

* "Wednesday, July 6.—As I returned home from Manchester to *Preston in Walton*, I overtook M[r] Kirble, the Knight of our Shire, and there was in his companie one *Chorley of Chorley* (a seducing Papist, a fit companion for so lukewarm a Protestant), and these were very familiar together."

—From "A true and Perfect Diurnall of all the Chiefe Passages in Lancashire from the 3 July to the 9. Sent to Five Shopkeepers in London, from a friend: July 9, 1642. London: printed for T. U., 1642."

This was carried into effect, I suppose; and in 1652 Richard Chorley's estates were sequestered, along with others. This was the cause of the writing of the "Chorley Survey," by William Chorley, son and heir of the above Richard. It is entitled: "A Survey-inge-Rentall-Booke. Or, an Abstract of the Survey wch was Taken February the 15th, 1652, uppon the Forfeiture of all the Reall Estate of my Father Richard Chorley Esqr., which said Estate was Sould by Act of Parliament, dated During the term of his Life, for his Delinquency &c."

It has been brought out by the Lancashire and Cheshire Record Society. The Editor, R. D. Radcliffe, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., says, in his "Editorial Note":—

"The original Survey, of which the following is a copy, was acquired a few years since by Mr. H. T. Folkard, for the Free Public Library at Wigan, where it is now preserved. The whole of it, except such entries as were made after June 23rd, 1662, or thereabouts, is in the handwriting of Mr. William Chorley, who succeeded his father at Chorley Hall on or about February 18th, 1654, on which day Mr. Chorley senior was buried at Chorley. The writer of the Survey was buried at the same place June 23rd, 1662."

The subjoined pedigree of the Chorleys of Chorley is taken from Gregson's *Fragments*, pp. 140-1:—

"Roger de Walton, Gentleman, had two daughters, coheireses, of whom Margaret married William Chorley of Chorley, in the co. of Lancaster, Esq., whose ancestor was Stephen Chorley of Chorley, in the co. of Lancaster [living *tempo* Henry I., according to Croston. Henry's reign extended from 1100 to 1135], who married Ellen, daughter of William Swansey, which Stephen's successors were Robert Chorley, whose son was Simon [living *circa* 1200.—*Croston*], whose son Stephen had a son Adam, and thence a third Stephen, which Stephen was father of the above-named William Chorley, Esq., of Chorley, who married Margaret Walton, daughter of Roger Walton, and whose sister, Elizabeth Walton, married Richard Cross of Liverpool."

I break off my transcription here to remark that, according to Croston and Foster, Stephen the third was not the father, but the grandfather of the William that married Margaret Walton. He was the father of William Chorley, living *circa* 1300, whose son William was the husband of the heiress. But Croston says (see his pedigree of the Chorleys in the 1800 edition of Baines's *History of the County Palatine of Lancaster*, edited by him) that the second William was living *tempo*

Edward III. Now Edward III. died in 1377, and the son and heir of this William was born in 1478. There is something wrong here. According to Croston, the second William had a brother Hugo, who had a son Thomas that married Alice, daughter of Robert, brother and heir of John de Clayton, which Thomas had a son Thomas, who married Cecilia, daughter of Richard de Chorley, whose daughter and heiress, Elena, married William Swansey. To resume Gregson :—

“The said William Chorley, by Margaret Walton, had a son, William Chorley of Chorley, Esq., born 18th of Edward IV., 1478, who married Elizabeth, daughter of William Charnock of Charnock, Esq. This William had a relief granted at the Sessions held at Lancaster before Guideon [Guido?] Fairfax and John Davasonne [Vavasour?], justices of the Dukedom of Lancaster, of the lands of his ancestors, William Swansey and Ellen his wife, after the feast of Bartholomew, 9th Henry VII., 1494, witness Roger Brockholes.”

Foster's version of this (see his *Pedigrees*) is somewhat different. It runs thus :—

“CHORLEY OF CHORLEY. Mem.—That at ye Sessions held at Lancaster, before Guido Fairfax and John Vavison, on Monday next after ye Feast of St. Barthol. ye Apostle, in ye ninth year of Henry 7, Roger Berkhols and Will. Chorley, Esqs., recovered by writ of our Lord ye King, against Will. Swansice and Ellinor his wife, three messuages in Clayton, viz., Brinhill [Brindle], Whitley [Whittle], and Chorley.”

Gregson goes on :—

“William Chorley, Esq., by his wife, daughter of William Charnock, had issue two sons and one daughter, Constance, wife to William Field, of London, gentleman. [Croston gives three sons—William, Thomas, and Christopher. The husband of Constance he gives as Thomas Field.] William, the first son, born 18th Henry VII., 1503, married Alice, daughter of James Anderton, of Euxton, gentleman, by whom he had four sons and two daughters, Anne, married to Roger Gellebrand, of Chorley ; Leonard Chorley, second son, of whom more hereafter. [The others were James, Andrew, and Elizabeth, all of whom died without issue. This William Chorley (or his grandson and namesake, who was then a boy of nine) figures in the Musters of Soldiers in the County of Lancaster in 1574 as furnishing 1 Light horse, 1 Harqebut, 1 Longe Bowe, 1 Sheffe arrowes, 1 Scull.] William Chorley of Chorley, gentleman, eldest son, who died in the lifetime of his father, was born 19th Henry VIII., 1528, and married Bridget, daughter of William Hutchin-

son of West Hallows, in the co. of Derby, gentleman, and had issue William Chorley of Chorley, born 7th Elizabeth, 1565, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Cross, of Liverpool, Esq. [This will be the William Chorley who signed the famous address to King James I. He died (according to Croston) *circa* 1642. He had issue Richard, William, John, Alice, Dorothy, Eleanor (all of whom save Richard died unmarried), and Bridget.] One son only of this marriage survived—Richard Chorley of Chorley, gentleman, born 36th Elizabeth, 1594 [buried Feb. 18th, 1655], who married Margaret, daughter of John Ditchfield of Ditton, Esq., who had a son, William Chorley of Chorley, born 17th January, 1619 [buried June 23rd, 1662. He had three brothers and three sisters—Edward, John, Thomas (all of whom died unmarried), Margaret, Elizabeth (wife of John Gillibrand, of Chorley), and Winifred, who also died unmarried], whose son Charles Chorley of Chorley, Esq., had also a son Richard Chorley [born 1659], which Richard Chorley, together with his eldest son Charles Chorley, having joined the rebels who surrendered at Preston, 1715, was tried and convicted of high treason at Liverpool 12th January following. The father was executed at Preston on the 9th February; the son died through grief in prison [at Liverpool]. Upon these events the estates in Walton, Chorley, and other places were sequestered and sold.

We now return to Leonard Chorley, second son of William Chorley, by Alice Anderton, his wife, which Leonard Chorley, esq., [of Grey's Inn, London; Recorder of Liverpool; had lands in Whittingham and Haughton in right of his wife; died April 3rd, 1608; *Inq. p.m.* taken at Preston, Sept. 14th, 12 James I., 1614.—*Croston*], married Emma Blundell, daughter of Robert Blundell, of Ince Blundell, esq., [marriage covenant dated April 7th, 36 Eliz., 1594. She survived him. Living at Walton in 1614.—*Croston*] by whom he had one son, William [of Breekside, near Liverpool, aged 16 years 11 months, September 14, 1614. He married Alice, daughter of — Valentine, by whom he had issue John Chorley, of Ormskirk, who married Ellen, daughter and co-heiress of Wm. Hallwood, of Little Woolton; John, Richard, Richard (the second), Robert, Leonard (all of whom died young), Emma (wife of William Higginson), Ann, Alice, and Margaret, all of whom also died in their youth], and a daughter, Anne [wife of Miles Gerrard, of Ormskirk].

William Chorley of Chorley, who married Bridget Hutchinson, and died in the lifetime of his father, left one son [his second], Alexander, of Furnivall's Inn, London, who married Anne, daughter of Thomas Paris, of London, gentleman, and of Chesterton, in the co. of Kent.

This Alexander had two sisters, one of whom, Mary, married Ralph Holden, of Holden, gentleman, and Alice Chorley married James Parker, of Chorley.

Alexander, by his wife, Anne, had issue many children: eldest, John Chorley, born 9th James, 1611, who married Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Hugh Ley, citizen and skinner, of London; Mary, who married Robert Holden of Holden, esq.; Eleanor, wife of John Knowles, of Sutton; and Thomas Chorley, who married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Pett, gentleman, of Seven Oaks, Kent; and several other children [William, William, Charles, a third William, Christopher, Faith, Anne, Sarah, Dorcas, Bridget, Alice, and Dorothy.—C.]

This John Chorley had several children, and from thence descended the Chorleys, of Rainhill, 1640; the Chorley who married Barnes, of Warrington; John Chorley, esq., of Liverpool [John Chorley was Mayor of Liverpool in 1678. There is a Chorley street in that city; John Chorley, esq., of Prescott, &c.”

NOTE.—In Col. Fishwick's *History of the Parish of Preston*, we find in his account of the Vicars of Preston the following:—

“ROGER CHORLEY, 1563.—He was before his appointment to Preston curate at Chorley; his institution to the vicarage is dated 20th October, 1563, but the document is endorsed 29th September, 1561. The presentation was made by Thomas Parks and Thomas Patchett. . . . Roger Chorley died in 1566; he was no doubt one of the Chorleys of Chorley.

LEONARD CHORLEY, 1567-15.—This was another member of the family of Chorley of Chorley. He was instituted to Preston 15th September, 1566, on the nomination of William Chorley of Chorley, gent., on the 26th August following he paid his first fruits on induction. He resigned in September, 1572. A Leonard Chorley, son of William Chorley of Chorley, was at Oxford in 1570-71, and subsequently became Recorder of Liverpool.”

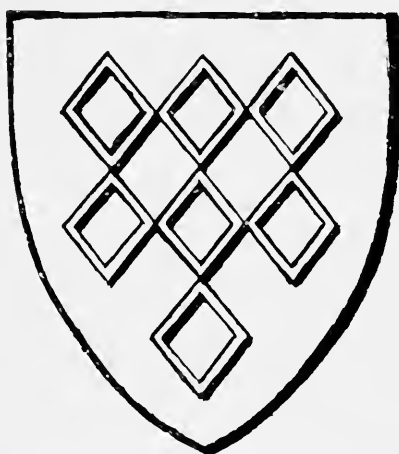
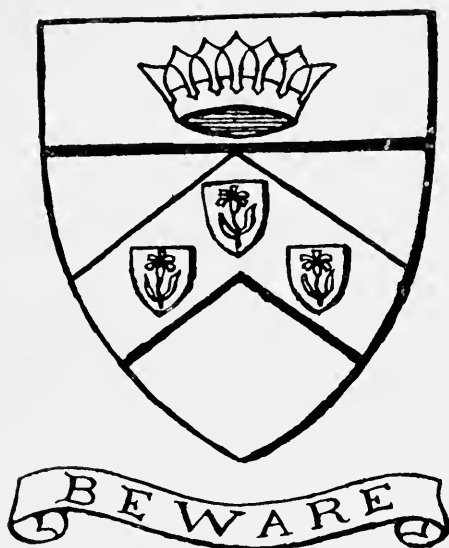
Neither of the above are to be found in the printed Pedigrees of the Chorleys of Chorley. Col. Fishwick gives for his authority the Bishop's Registers at Chester. But the assumption that they were Chorleys of Chorley is his own. They may have been members of one of the several branches of the family seated at or near Preston.

AN AMERICAN DESCENDANT OF THE CHORLEYS, OF CHORLEY.

For the photograph of an old painted blazon of the Arms of the Chorleys of Chorley and Walton, I am indebted to Mr. Stanley Chorley Robinson, of Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A., a descendant of the Chorleys of Rainhill, an off-shoot of the parent stem. He is the grandson of Sarah Chorley, the third daughter of Alexander Chorley, a younger son of Alexander Chorley of Rainhill. She was married to James Robinson, M.D. But I beg to refer my reader to my article entitled “Present Representatives of the Family of Chorley of Chorley”: in it they will find her full pedigree. Dr. Robinson went out to India, as an army doctor, I presume. The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Stanley Chorley Robinson to myself (written in 1889):—

III.
ARMS OF THE BOROUGH OF CHORLEY.

[See page 7.]



ARMS OF THE FERRERS OF GROBY.
Formerly in a small window of the Chorley Parish Church.

Gules, 7 mascles or, 3-3-1.

[See page 9.]

IV.



ARMS OF CHORLEY OF CHIRLEY AND WALTON.

Photographed from an old painted blazon of the same.

[See page 16.]

“He (Dr. R.) was stationed at Benares, India, where my father was born and lived until he was twelve years old, I think, or possibly younger. He was then sent to England to his aunt, Rebecca Wilson, to be educated. Soon after his departure from India, his parents died. . . . He married about the time he attained his majority, and left at his death, which took place in Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., a widow and seven children, four boys and three girls, all of whom are still living, save the eldest son, who was drowned soon after becoming of age, in 1861, whilst I was a mere child. We all bear the name of Chorley for a middle name, as it was my father’s intention to have dropped the name of Robinson upon his return to England, as he fully expected to when leaving there.”

EXTRACTS

From “Local Gleanings (Archæological, Topographical, and Biographical), of Chorley and its neighbourhood,” by John Bannister. Begun in the *Chorley Guardian*, April 5th, 1884. Collected and arranged (clippings) in two bulky volumes by the compiler, and presented by him to the Chorley Free Library.

[If ever a man deserved well of a town, that man is Mr. John Bannister, and that town is Chorley. The amount of work expended in getting together such a vast mass of highly interesting local matter must have been enormous.]

“The following is from the Rev. Robert Patten’s ‘History of the Rebellion in the 1715.’ This Robert Patten was at one time chaplain to General Forster, one of the officers commanding the rebels. In the list of prisoners taken at Preston he gives:—‘Richard Chorley of Chorley in Lancashire, a Papist: a gentleman of singular Piety and Parts, was ordered for London, but falling sick at Wigan was left behind, and was try’d at Liverpool, found Guilty, and executed at Preston, February 9, 1715-16. Charles Chorley, son to Richard Chorley, was a young Gentleman of very good Parts, was try’d at Liverpool, found Guilty; but died in Gaol.’ Among the High Sheriff’s disbursements at this time there appears the following: ‘Feb. 9.—Disbursement on executing old Mr. Chorley and others, and setting up a head, &c., £5 10s. 6d.’”—*Bannister’s Local Gleanings*, p. 39.

“At a meeting of the Archæological Section of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire on 2nd February, 1860, the Chairman, Joseph Mayor, F.S.A., ‘exhibited a snuff-box which formerly belonged to Richard Chorley of Chorley in Lancashire. It is one of those relics of the Rebellion of 1715, by means of which the adherents of the

Stuarts recognised one another ; it is round, and without is enamelled the royal Stuart plaid ; inside is a false lid, on which is painted a portrait of the Pretender, so that a pinch of snuff ' for the good cause ' could be offered to a Hanoverian partisan without betraying the owner. This Richard Chorley was tried, after the Rebellion was suppressed, for high treason, along with his son and many others ; and having been found guilty, most of them were sent to London and there executed, but as Chorley senior was thought to be so old and infirm that he would not survive the hardships of such a journey, he was ordered to be hanged in Liverpool."—*Ibid.*, p. 39.

Where is this snuff-box now ?

" But probably, of the heads exposed at Preston [after execution] none excited more commiseration than that of Richard Chorley, esq., the aged representative of a Catholic family universally respected. His venerable countenance, and white locks waving in the breeze, brought tears into the eyes of many Preston people, and roused the fierce indignation of many more. The head of his son was to have been exposed near his own, but the youth was spared that indignity by his premature death in prison."

" NOTE.—It has been said that the head fixed upon the Town Hall at Preston was not that of Mr. Chorley, but that of James Drummond, a relative of Lord Drummond. At all events the people believed it to be Mr. Chorley's, and unless it was mutilated they could not have been mistaken. In 1817 two decapitated bodies were found in cutting through Gallows Hill. Probably both heads were exposed."—From *Lancashire ; its Puritanism and Nonconformity*, vol. 2, p. 355.—*Local Gleanings*, p. 98.

CHORLEY HALL.

" The stone house a little to the north of Chorley, in the possession of Mr. Crompton," says Mr. Dorning Rasbotham, in his *Shorthand Notes* (vol. 1, p. 66) under the date of the 6th of February, 1783, " is usually called Chorley Hall, but upon examining the few gravestones in the churchyard, I this morning observed the following :—' Hic jacet Corpus THOMAS GILLIBRAND, De Chorley Hall, Gen., Qui Obiit 19^o Die Octobris, Anno Domini 1733 ' ; and Mr. Gillibrand this evening told me that his house hath an undoubted right to the title of Chorley Hall." For distinction, Mr. Crompton's house, spoken of by Mr. Rasbotham, has usually been called ' Higher Chorley Hall ' ; and the house at that time occupied by the Gillibrands, ' Lower Chorley Hall ' ; the latter, a fortress-like edifice, after having stood for many ages, was finally taken

down and superseded by Gillibrand Hall, erected in 1807-8, at a cost of £15,000, by the late Thomas Gillibrand, esq., and afterwards the seat of his son, the late Henry H. Fazakerley, esq., lord of the manor of Chorley, now occupied by Henry Woods, esq. [It is now the property and the residence of Henry Rawcliffe, esq.]. The Higher Hall was anciently called Hartwood Hall, and was supposed to have been a jointure-house of the De Chorleys. In the year 1718, Abraham Crompton of Derby, banker, purchased this estate from the Crown, on which it had devolved owing to one of the Chorleys joining in the rebellion of 1715. His great-grandson, of the same name, sold the property and mansion to Robert Townley Parker, esq., of Cuerden Hall, by whom the ancient hall, a fine stone gabled edifice, was removed in 1817, and a farmhouse now occupies its site."—Baines' *Hist. of the Co. Pal. of Lanc.* Edited by Croston, 1890, p. 150.

The farmhouse does not occupy the site of the Hall. That is now a grass-grown piece of ground bearing forest trees planted thereon after the demolition of the Hall. Mr. John Waring, who spent the first thirty years of his life in its immediate neighbourhood, tells me that in his early days the place was vulgarly known as the "Crow-yard." He remembers the fish-pond being enlarged, and also a road (ploughed up long ago) extending from the Hall into Euxton Lane. The present farmhouse is really the kitchen premises of the ancient Hall left standing, as is witnessed by the roof-timbers which formerly connected the two, and show to-day where they were sawn asunder. The stables, barn, and other out-buildings are much the same to-day as they were when Richard and Charles rode away to Preston. The large stone mentioned in the "Farewell" is almost the only thing left of the Hall proper. It lies near to the old barn, and not far from the fish-pond. Length, 5 feet; breadth, 2 feet; depth, the same. There is another stone, but much smaller, near the gate of the little garden that occupies part of the site of the Hall.

From the kitchen premises there are nine stone steps leading up to the raised terrace looking towards the fish-pond. In summer this pond is covered with lovely water-lilies.

THE DEATH OF MRS. CHORLEY.

It is an old local tradition that Mrs. Chorley died of grief on the day of her husband's execution, either at the sight itself, or on the receipt of the news. There are various versions of it. The one best known is given by Mrs. Maclean [L.E. Landon], in her pretty but misleading verses on Richard Chorley, often quoted by local writers. I say misleading, because in it she represents Richard and Catherine as a young couple. Her poem finishes thus:—

—“ 'Tis over, the traitors are left on the tree !
 One sits 'neath its shadow, her head on her knee,
 A cloak o'er the face of the mourner is spread ;
 They raise it to look—and they look on the dead !

Young Richard of Chorley, she followed thee on ;
 But thy life was her own, and with thine it is gone.
 Both true to their faith, both so fair and so young—
 Woe, woe for the fate which on this world is flung !
 Now for their sake, when summer's sweet children unclose
 Give a moment's sad thought to the fatal White Rose.”

What a contrast to the picture given by the annalists of the time—of “old Mr. Chorley” and his son Charles. But her description of Mrs. Chorley's death is probably more correct than that account of it which I received from Mrs. Platt, lately deceased (who had lived at “Chorley Hall Farm” for the best portion of her life), which account she had received, in turn, from old people living in the neighbourhood at her coming. According to it, on the day of Richard Chorley's death on the Gallows Hill, Preston, and just before the time of his execution, Mrs. Chorley ascended to the top of the old barn (still standing). From its gable-end, overlooking the fish-pond, she had a clear view of the road to Preston, not then obscured, as now, by intervening trees. Now this is the weak point of the tale. Surely the distance between Chorley Hall and the Gallows Hill was too great to permit of her seeing with bodily vision the execution, even with the aid of a powerful glass. The tale goes on to say that when she knew that all was over (it may have been a messenger on horseback brought her the news, there waiting) she fell down from the top of the barn, and was picked up—dead !

Her spirit was said to haunt the precincts of the Hall and its neighbourhood. One story of her told by Mrs. Platt was to the effect that when she learned of her husband's ruin she put all the gold in the house into a “milk kit,” and buried it somewhere about the premises. The only piece of gold ever found at Chorley Hall was turned up years ago—a guinea-piece, of what king I know not—by a son of Mrs. Platt, whilst ploughing. It was purchased from Mrs. Platt by a Doctor Crompton, a descendant of the Crompton who bought the Chorley Estate. My dear old friend, Mr. Miles Smith (who died in 1899, at the age of 77), told me a most amusing story anent Mrs. Chorley's ghostly appearances. Before Harper's Lane was built upon, and ere railways passed above and under it, there was a stile on its left side, leading to Cabbage Hall Fields. This was one of the places affected by the spirit of the unfortunate lady. Late one night, a drunken man of the working class, was making his zig-zag road home by way of this stile, when, looking up, he saw the apparition of a woman—Mrs. Chorley—blocking

his approach to it. Full of drunken wrath, he called her an opprobrious name, and bade her get out of his path. The next moment he found himself in the nettles by the hedge-bottom—a sober and a sadder man.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT RICHARD AND CHARLES CHORLEY.

Gathered from "Lancashire Memorials of the Rebellion of 1715. Part II. Lancashire during the Rebellion of 1715, comprising a detail of the events of that movement, as collected from scarce and original documents. By Samuel Hibbert Ware, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S." Vol. V. Chetham Soc. Publications, 1845.

Nov. 10th, 1715.—The infantry of the small Jacobite army entered Preston, and the Chevalier St. George was proclaimed king by the title of James the III. The same day they were joined by many gentlemen with their tenants, servants, and attendants. Amongst the gentry were Richard and Charles Chorley.—*pp. 100-1.*

Nov. 12.—The Churchgate Barrier was commanded by Brigadier Mackintosh. "Several gentlemen volunteers, who had been drawn up in the Churchyard under the command of the Earl of Derwentwater; Viscount Kenmure, and the Earls of Wintoun and Nithsdale, hastened to the defence of this Barrier. The Earl of Derwentwater is said to have headed the Gentlemen on the North side of the Churchyard." In all probability Charles Chorley was one of them.—*p. 125.*

Nov. 13.—On this day took place the surrender. "A great number of the Northumberland and Lancashire gentlemen were confined in Mr. Wingleby's house."—*p. 158.* Most probably the North-country narrator had never heard the name of Winckley before, and spelt it in his own fashion. Wingleby is not a name familiar to Preston ears, but Winckley is. Mr. Winckley's mansion is now part of the Convent of the Holy Child, in Winckley Square.

Nov. 23rd.—Richard Chorley was taken, with some of the leaders in the rising, to Wigan, where they remained until Thursday the 25th. He and his son Charles then became inmates of the prison at Liverpool. "The father, an aged man, having fallen ill at Wigan, was not sent forward to London with the rest of the prisoners, but was allowed to remain in Lancashire."—*pp. 164 & 166.* At the beginning of January, 1716, the Government sent down a commission of Oyer and Terminer, to try the prisoners. The judges appointed for the trial in Liverpool were Mr. Baron Burry, Mr. Justice Eyre, and Mr. Baron Montague.

On the 12th January, the Judges opened their commission. The Court was adjourned for eight days, in order to afford the prisoners legal time to prepare their defence. On the 20th January the Court again sat, between which date and that of the 9th of February following, it is said that 74 persons were tried.

“Tried Jan. 21.

Richard Chorley of Chorley, Esq., { Executed at Preston
Roman Catholic. { Feb. 9.

Charles Chorley, his son, gent.—Afterwards died in prison.”
—pp. 190-92.

“It has been before remarked that Richard Chorley, Esq., of Chorley, was the representative of one of the most ancient families in Lancashire. His son, also in the Rebellion, died in Liverpool soon after his trial. Other sufferers, along with this aged and bereft parent, were James Drummond, Esq. (related to the Lord Drummond) and William Black, Donald M'Donald, John Howard, Rorie Kennedie, and John Robotham. One of the heads was set over the Town Hall. * * * It would appear, that the headless bodies of the two condemned prisoners whose heads became thus exposed [Richard Shuttleworth was the other. He was executed on the 27th January], were found in coffins, while cutting through Gallows Hill in May, 1817.”—p. 200.

I am strongly of the opinion that the head set up over the Preston Town Hall on the 9th February was that of Richard Chorley, and for these reasons: he, like Mr. Shuttleworth, was a gentleman of high standing and esteem in the neighbourhood, and one of the most prominent of his co-religionists. They were dealt with in this barbarous fashion to strike fear into the hearts of their friends and imitators.

JOSIAH CHORLEY'S GIFT TO RICHARD CHORLEY.

The only *personal belonging* of Richard Chorley still to be seen in Chorley, is in the Free Library. It is a folio Bible, bound in leather, with gilt edges. Its title-page reads thus:—

“The Holy Bible. By His Majestie's Special Command. Appointed to be read in Churches.

[Here are displayed the Royal Arms of England, surcharged with the family coat of William of Orange. Above, on each side, under crowns, W.R.]

“London: Printed by *Charles Bill*, and the Executrix of *Thomas Newcomb* deceas'd, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty, MDCXCVI.”

It does not contain that portion of the Holy Scriptures which, in its index, is called the "Apocrypha." But bound up with it is:—"The Whole Book of Psalms. Collected into English metre. By Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others.

London: Printed by *J. Richardson*, and *T. Hodykin*, for the Company of Stationers, 1697."

On one of its front fly-leaves appears the following lengthy inscription, headed by a verse of Hebrew:—

Biblia hæc Sacra
 Richardo Chorley de Chorley Armigero
 Catharinæ uxori ejus Lectissimæ
 Filiis et Filiabus omnibus venustis
 Nepotibusque seris
 [Here is inserted a line of Greek]
 Dat Dicat Dedicat
 Josias Chorley
 Evangelii Minister

qui
 Inter Brigantes natus, docuit Trinobantes
 Lingua Icenos vivida Verba Dei.

MDCC.

Exod: Chap. xx. ver. 4.5.6. } { John: vi Cap: ver. 39.
 Act.: Ca. xvii. ver. 22 &c. } { 1 Cor: Cap. xiv.

Biblia lecta placent, decies repetita placebunt.

—It was presented by Mr. Stanton, with other books, to the Free Library.

Of the reverend gentleman who wrote the above inscription but little is known. He is probably the Josiah Chorley of whom we read that he was a Presbyterian minister, a great-grandson of Richard Chorley, of Walton-le-Dale near Preston, and second of six sons of Henry Chorley of Preston. He had the degree of M.A., but of his early history nothing is known. He succeeded John Collinges, D.D., as one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Congregation at Norwich. The baptismal register of the Congregation begins in Sept. 1691 with an entry by him.

In January 1719, he was succeeded by John Brook from Yarmouth. J. Chorley baptized a child of Brook's on the 3rd Sept. 1719, and is believed to have died soon after.—*From article signed A.G.* [The Rev. Alexander Gordon] in the "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. x.

In the Pedigree of Chorley of Preston, given by Col. Fishwick in his History of the Parish of Preston (which corroborates the above statement as to his descent) all that is said of him is—Josiah, of Horwich, living 1662, 1702—. From what particular member of the Chorley of Chorley family the Preston branch derived its origin is not stated.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Henry Fothergill Chorley, the most notable of his race in the last century, was born at Blackley Hurst, near Billinge in Lancashire, 15th Dec. 1808. His father, of a Lancashire, and his mother, of a Cumberland family, were members of the Society of Friends. In April, 1816, the sudden death of his father—a lock manufacturer, who had never been very prosperous in business, reduced the family to dependence upon a generous uncle, Dr. Rutter of Liverpool. They removed to that city, where Henry F. received such instruction as developed his inborn tastes for literature and music. The kindness of a distant connection, Mrs Rathbone of Green Park, and of her son, Mr. Benson Rathbone, extended his opportunities of self-culture, and he gained the friendship of Mrs Hemans, then living in Liverpool, and of Miss Jewsbury. He began to contribute to magazines, &c. about 1827, and in 1830 obtained, through Miss Jewsbury, an introduction to the Athenæum. His first contributions, chiefly musical criticisms, were appreciated, and in 1833, Mr Dilke gave him a place on its staff.

The entire direction of the musical department soon fell into his hands, and his literary reviews, especially in belles-lettres, were numerous and important, until his retirement in 1866.

As an author, however, other than critic or biographer, his career was a succession of failures. He produced a series of novels and dramas which fell dead upon the public ear, while similar books of inferior intellectual quality were winning noisy if ephemeral success. The list includes "Conti" (1835), "The Lion" (1839), "The Prodigy" (1866), "Pomfret" (1845), and "Roccabella," published under the pseudonym of Paul Bell in 1859. All are works of great talent, but all are artificial, bearing the impress of literary aspiration rather than that of literary vocation. His lyrical verse was graceful and facile. Of his three acted dramas—*Old Love and New Fortune*, *The Love-lock*, and *Duchess Eleanour*, the first alone attained any success. His work as an æsthetic writer was much more important and highly appreciated. In 1841, he published "Music and Manners in France and Germany"—three delightful volumes. In 1854, "Modern German Music." In 1862, "Thirty Years Musical Recollections." "The National Music of the World" (essays) was published by Mr Hewlett after his death in 1880. He was also a most industrious librettist and writer of words for music. Amongst his friends were Dickens, Miss Mitford, Lady Blessington, Mr and Mrs Browning, Mendelssohn, and Moscheles, —Grote, and Sir William Molesworth. In 1867 he found himself comparatively wealthy by the death of his brother (John Rutter C.), who had inherited money

v.



1733

THE TOWER, RIVINGTON PIKE.
Built in the year 1733.

[See page 31.]

from his rich uncle. He retired from the literary department of the *Athenæum* in 1866, and from the musical in 1868. He was writing his autobiography when he died very suddenly, 16th February, 1872. His friend, Mr H. G. Hewlett, in his life of him, published in 1873, says truly that he was "an acute and courageous critic, a genuine if incomplete artist," and "a warm-hearted honourable gentleman."—Abridged from the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (edited by Leslie Stephen), contributed by Richard Garnett, L.L.D.

One of the prettiest songs of H. F. Chorley, set to music by W. V. Wallace, and sung in the opera of "The Amber Witch," I make bold to insert here in full, as a specimen of his poetry :—

WHEN THE ELVES AT DAWN DO PASS.

When the elves at dawn do pass, Leaving pearls along the grass,
And a drowsy light is creeping o'er the sea ;
When the blushes of the east, Show that dreary night hath ceased,
And the cheering day come back for you and me ;
When the stars are growing dim And the birds begin their hymn,
And the new-born flowers are drinking from the air,
I cannot choose but sing—"How delightful is the Spring,
With its early morning hour so very fair !"

There is glory in July, When the burning sun on high
Makes the roses red as goblets full of wine ;
There is wealth in autumn sheaves, And in golden vineyard leaves,
When the moon doth like a shield of silver shine.
But their beauties more agree With mature ones than with me
Who have never known a sorrow or a care ;
And I cannot choose but sing—"I love better far the Spring,
With its early morning hour so very fair !"

PRESENT REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FAMILY OF CHORLEY OF CHORLEY.

All of the present representatives of the Chorley family—as far as I can learn—are the descendants of Alexander Chorley, the second son of the William Chorley who was born in 1528. The following is taken from Foster's Lancashire Pedigrees, 1873 :—

Alexander Chorley, of Furnivall's Inn, gent., second son of William Chorley of Chorley, married Ann, d. of Thos. Paris, of London and Chesterton, co. Camb. ; by whom he had William Chorley ; William (2) ; Charles ; William (3) ; Thomas ; Christopher ; Faith ; Anne ; Eleanor ; Mary ; Sarah ; Dorcas ; Bridget ; Alice ; Dorothy ; and JOHN CHORLEY, born 1611, who marr. Elizabeth, d. and c.h. of Hugh Ley, of Liverpool, and had issue John Chorley, marr. Ellen d. of John Barnes, of Warrington ; Margaret, marr. Henry Ashall of Rainhill ; Anne, marr. Peter Garnett of Prescott ; Jane ; Elizabeth ; Mary, marr. John Annis of London ; Prudence, marr. Robert Ince of Whiston ; Grace, marr. Thomas Annis of London ; Bridget, marr. William Potter of Rainhill, and ALEXANDER CHORLEY (A & B), who marr. for his 1st wife Elizabeth d. of Thomas Mercer of Rainhill, by whom he had :—A.—William Chorley, marr. Rachel Eaton of Manchester ; and JOHN CHORLEY of Rainhill, born 1677, who marr. Elizabeth, d. of John Hancock of London, by whom he had John Chorley, *o.s.p.* ; Edwood, *o.s.p.* ; William ; James, born 1720, *o.s.p.* ; Rachel, Sarah, ob. enf., Sarah, (2) ob. enf., Anne ; Susannah, *o.s.p.*, Sarah (3) ; Anne (2) ; Mary ; Martha ; Faith ; marr. to Seaville Wilson ; Elizabeth, marr. Peter Beckett ; Penelope, marr. Joshua Bond ; Mary, marr. William Tomlinson ; and ALEXANDER CHORLEY of Rainhill, who marr. Rebecca, d. of

James Penketh of Great Sankey, and had issue Mary Chorley, marr. Thos. Watt of Warrington [see C.]; James *o.s.p.*; Charles *o.s.p.*; Elizabeth, *o.s.p.*; Alexander [see a]; and JOHN CHORLEY of Red Hasles, co. Lancaster, died August, 1810, who marr. Sarah, d. of Thomas Hutton Rawlinson, by whom he had John Chorley, born 1765, ob. enf.; Sarah; Rebecca died *s.p.*; Mary, marr. John Ford of Lancaster; Sarah, marr. 7 May, 1793, to John Walker, Esq., of Arnos Grove, Southgate, co. Middlesex; she died 5 Aug. 1852; he died in 1824 [see h].

(a) ALEXANDER CHORLEY, son of Alexander Chorley and Rebecca his wife d. of James Penketh, marr. Betty, d. of Joseph Fothergill of Warrington, by whom he had Hannah Chorley, marr. to her cousin James Watt, of Speke Hall, co. Lanc. 1806 (he died 8 Jan. 1814); Rebecca, marr. Edward Wilson of Liverpool, died 8 Jan. 1861; Sarah Chorley, marr. James Robinson, M.D., [ancestress of Mr Stanley Chorley Robinson]; Mary, marr. Lawson Whalley, M.D.; Anne, marr. John Whitwell; Margaret, marr. George Crosfield of Lancaster; and JOHN CHORLEY, born 1777, who marr. Jane Wilkinson of Liverpool, by whom he had William Brownswood Chorley, born 1804; John Rutter Chorley, born 1806; Henry Fothergill Chorley, Mus.Doc., born 1808 [see my brief account of him]; and Mary Ann Chorley.

(b) SARAH CHORLEY, d. of John Chorley of Red Hasles (who died 1810) and Sarah his wife, was married in 1793 to JOHN WALKER, Esq., of Arnos Grove, Southgate, co. Middlesex, by whom she had issue:—Isaac Walker of Arnos Grove [1]; John Walker, of Lincoln's Inn, Q.C., ob. 5 Nov. 1869, aged 74; Alfred, died *s.p.*; Henry, born 1807; Charles Walker, of New Lanark [11]; Edwin Walker [111]; Francis Walker [1v]; Elizabeth Hill Walker, died *s.p.*; Sarah Maria Walker; Lydia Rawlinson Walker, marr. Rev. Thos. Sale, D.D., Vicar of Sheffield.

(i) Isaac Walker of Arnos Grove, born 20 March, 1794, marr. Sophia, d. of — Taylor, Esq., in 1822. He died 9 Oct. 1853; she died 2 Dec. 1864. They had issue:—John Walker of Arnos Grove, born 15 Sept. 1826; Alfred; ob. 4 Sept. 1870, aged 43; Frederick, born 4 Dec. 1829; Arthur Henry, born 20 July. 1833; Vyell Edward, born 20 April, 1837; Russell Donnithorne, born 13 Feb. 1842; Isaac Donnithorne, born 8 Jan. 1844; Sarah Sophia, marr. 2 Aug. 1849, to Charles Butler, Esq.; 2, Anna Maria, marr. 22 Nov. 1859, to Rev. James Baird, Vicar of Southgate, Middlesex; 3, Lydia Louisa, marr. to Rev. Stanhope Rashleigh; 4, Emma Loveday, marr. 25 Feb. 1862, to Richard Bradshaw, Captain N.R.; 5, Fanny Elizabeth, marr. 25 April, 1867, to Fredk. Luck, Esq.

(ii) Charles Walker of New Lanark, marr. Sarah Walker Ford, d. of John Ford, Esq. (he died 12 April, 1872), by her had issue:—Charles Walker, born 24 Sept. 1842; Henry Rawlinson, born 5 March, 1856; and Sarah Elizabeth.

(iii) Edwin Walker, born 12 April, 1805, died 12 April 1851, marr. Mary Aston Hoggart, by whom he had issue:—Charles Hoggart Walker, born 31 Dec. 1831; Edwin Chorley, born 1 March, 1833; Henry Aston, born 21 Sept. 1834; Ernest Rawlinson, marr. [a mistake—born?] 15 July, 1836; Albert Lancelot, born 23 Sept. 1839; Emily Frances; Georgiana Mary, and Adela.

(iv) Francis Walker, born 31 July, 1809, marr. Mary Elizabeth, d. of John Ford, of Ellet Hall, by whom he had issue:—Francis Augustus Walker, born 28 July, 1841; Maria Edith; Lydia Blanche; Geraldine; and Rosa Bertha.

(c) MARY CHORLEY, d. of Alexander Chorley of Rainhill and his wife Rebecca, marr. THOMAS WATT, of Warrington, and had issue:—Rebecca Watt, died unmarried June 1811; and James Watt, of Speke Hall, co. Lanc., who marr. in 1806, his cousin, Hannah Chorley, and had issue:—Thomas Alexander Watt, died 1827, aged 20; and Fitzjames Watt.

B. [see A] ALEXANDER CHORLEY, son of John Chorley (who was born in 1611) and Elizabeth his wife, d. and c.h. of Hugh Ley of Liverpool, marr. as his 2nd wife, Anne Hancock, by whom he had issue:—James Chorley, born 1694, who marr. and had issue; Benjamin, born 1698, ob. enf.; Charles, born 1699, *o.s.p.*; Alexander, born 1692, *o.s.p.*; Susannah, marr. to J. Hough of Sutton; Anne, marr. to Thomas Merrick of Warrington; and EDWOOD, born 1689, marr. to Sarah, d. of John Birch of Great Sankey, who had a son, CHARLES CHORLEY, marr. in 1755 to Mary, d. and h. of Joshua Toft, of Hareyate, co. Staff., by whom he had issue:—Edwood Chorley, born 1757, Toft; Sarah, married to Samuel Rawlinson; and JOSHUA CHORLEY, born 1756, marr. to Susan Gough, by whom he had issue:—Edwood Chorley, born 1793; Charles, born 1787; and Joshua, born 1789. TOFT CHORLEY, of Hareyate, his brother, marr. Anne Strangman of Leek, ob. 16 April 1798, and had issue:—Eliza Chorley, of Hareyate, born 1784, married at Eccles Aug. 1823, to Tobias, only son of Thomas Atkinson, Esq. She died March 1867. He died 12 March, 1857, aged 74. Their only daughter, Susannah Atkinson, of Hareyate, was marr. at Heversham, 7 April, 1858, to her cousin, Frank Atkinson Argles, Esq., a J.P. and D.L. for co. Westmoreland, and younger son of Capt. Argles, R.N. and his wife Jane Atkinson, and had issue, Thomas Atkinson Argles, born 20 Jan. 1859.

N.B.—Of course, besides the above, there are, or, should I say were, the Chorleys, of Preston, of whom a pedigree is given by Col. Fishwick in his "History of the Parish of Preston"; but as it neither gives the name of the Chorley of Chorley from whom they sprung, nor yet brings down their descent to the 19th century, I do not quote from it, excepting the words with which Col. Fishwick finishes:—"There is wanting evidence to correctly continue the above descent."

ANNE CLIFFORD AND CHORLEY.

In Anno Sixteen-hundred and sixteen
 Chorley beheld a sight there seldom seen
 When, guarded well by many a serving-man,
 In gorgeous coach appeared the Lady Anne,
 Daughter of Clifford, Earl of Cumberland,
 Countess of Dorset,—madam high and grand,
 Making her way through rough old Lancashire—
 As famous then as now for rain and mire—
 Upon a visit to her Lady-mother
 And to the scenes she loved beyond all other.
 When Manchester she left that Saturday
 'Twas her design in Chorley-town to stay
 The whole of Sunday. As with other plans,
 Something went wrong with this of Countess Anne's.
 For O! alack, the Chorley of those days
 Had not the inns the modern town displays—
 No "Royal Oak" in Market Street was seen,
 No "Rose and Crown" o'erlooked the ancient Green.
 "At a poor ale-house," she herself records,
 "We lodged in Chorley." Still to quote her words :
 "The lodging was so bad, we would not stay
 A second night, but took ourselves away,
 To Preston, on the blessed Sabbath-day."

Forgive me, Chorley, if this episode
 Of brave Anne Clifford's progress on her road
 Appear too trifling to be thus set down,—
 But 'tis a link 'twixt her and thee, my town.
 A noble figure is the Countess Anne,
 As through the misty past her deeds we scan,
 Throughout her life of seven and eighty years
 Good child, wife, mother, subject, she appears.
 Last of her warlike race, well she upheld
 Its ancient fame for loyalty unquelled.
 When in the land the Civil Strife began
 Troubles fell thick and fast on Countess Anne.
 She loved the ancient strongholds of her race,
 And joyed the history of each to trace.
 (In Skipton Castle she first saw the light
 In that of Brougham she bade the world good-night).
 After sustaining siege and fierce attack
 For hapless Charles, they fell at last, alack!
 How grieved the warlike heart of Countess Anne
 When they surrendered to the Puritan.
 But far away from each beloved spot
 She mourned her helpless and unhappy lot :
 Had she been free to act as she desired
 (Such was the courage which her bosom fired),
 Another Countess Derby there had been,
 Another Lathom House in Wilton seen.
 But O! the direst blow the lady felt
 Was by her own unworthy husband dealt
 When he deserted Charles to be the tool
 Of those who overthrew that monarch's rule :
 A traitor to his king—ungrateful churl—
 The king whose sire created him an earl,
 Bestowed on him the Garter—made him one

Of his own circle—to forsake his son !
 During her husband's life the Countess Anne,
 Fettered by him, could only think and plan,
 But when the recreant noble was no more,
 She set herself—true Clifford to the core!—
 To build again the castles in her dower,
 Which had been shattered by the rebel power,
 —And succour those whose loyalty had proved
 Their earthly ruin. These the tasks she loved.
 When Cromwell tried by threats to make her quail,
 His threats she treated as an idle tale :
 All heedless of the stern usurper's wrath,
 She calmly kept along her chosen path.

She loved to live amongst her tenantry,
 Helping them through the ills they could not flee,
 Participating in their simple joys
 Far from the crowded city's ceaseless noise ;
 Like her great ancestor, the Shepherd Lord,
 Whose lonely Tower at Barden she restored.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

The following account of the Countess is taken from Whitaker's *Craven*. Third Edition, 1878. It appears as a footnote on page 353, contributed by the editor, Mr. A. W. Morant, F.S.A. :—

“The Countess Anne was born on the 30th of January, 1590, at Skipton Castle. Her father and mother, from unhappy dissensions, separated in her childhood. She was left to the care of her mother, who entrusted her education to Samuel Daniel, a poet and author (born 1563, died October 1619). From him she acquired a taste for history and poetry, and a fondness for literary composition, which she indulged to a great extent.

On the 27th February, 1609, she was married to Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset. * * * They had one son, who died in his infancy, and two daughters—Margaret, who married John Tufton, Earl of Thanet ; and Isabella, who married James Crompton, Earl of Northampton. The Earl of Dorset died on the 28th of March, 1624, being just 35 years of age.

On the 3rd of June, 1630, she married for her second husband Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, ‘a person distinguished only by the brutality of his manners and the most ungrateful disloyalty. She had abundant cause of private offence from each. The first was a spendthrift, and quarrelled with her because she prevented him from

dissipating her estate ; the second was a tyrant, and distracted her by the savageness of his humour. Yet she speaks well, and even kindly, of both.' Lord Clarendon says of Philip Herbert that, 'being a young man, scarce of age, at the entrance of King James, he had the good fortune, by the comeliness of his person, his skill, and indefatigable industry in hunting, to be the first who drew the king's eyes upon him with affection ; which was quickly so far improved that he had the reputation of a favourite. Before the end of the first or second year he was made Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber and Earl of Montgomery. . . . He pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very well, and to be believed honest and generous, which made him many friends and left him then few enemies. He had not sat many years in that sunshine when a new comet appeared in court—Robert Carr, a Scotsman, quickly after declared favourite ; upon whom the King no sooner fixed his eyes but the earl, without the least murmur or indisposition, left all doors open for his entrance, which the King received as so great an obligation that he always after loved him in the second place, and commended him to his son at his death as a man to be relied on in point of honesty and fidelity, though it appeared afterwards that he was not strongly built, nor had sufficient ballast to endure a storm.' He died on the 23rd of January, 1650. By his first wife, Susan, daughter of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, he had seven sons and three daughters ; but not any by his second wife, the Countess Anne. She had separated herself from him for some time, and after his death retired to her estates in the north, and occupied herself in restoring her castles and improving her estates. She died at Brougham Castle on the 22nd of March, 1675, in the 86th year of her life.

There are portraits of the Countess when young, painted by Mytens, in the collection of his grace the Duke of Dorset, at Knowle ; and also of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, painted by Vandyke, in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, both engraved in Lodge's 'Portraits of Illustrious Personages.' In Skipton Castle there are also two portraits—one when she was young, and the other taken in her old age. There is also another of her in her old age at the Duke of Devonshire's house, Bolton Hall."

The following is from a review of "The Correspondence of Nathan Walworth & Peter Seddon. [Vol. cix. of the Chet. Soc. Pubs 1623-1640. Ringley Chapel. Correspondence of N.W. & P.S. relating to, &c.] Edited by J. S. Fletcher," in the Palatine Note Book. vol. 1. 1881. Page 5 :—

“Much of Dr. Whitaker’s account of this admirable lady was derived from the MS. memoir or autobiography alluded to by Mr. Fletcher, and which had been examined by Southey. It is much to be wished that this MS. which is full of historical incidents were published in its entirety. As an instance of its local value it may be mentioned that it describes the Countess’ journey through Lancashire to visit her mother in 1616. She slept one night at a poor parson’s house at Peniston, having come there from Rotherham; and the next day she went over Peniston Moor, ‘where never any coach went before mine,’ unto the Inn at Manchester, where she lay that night. The next she lay in a poor ale-house at Chorley, which she left on the next day, though Sunday, by reason the lodgings were so bad, and got to Preston. It was another day’s journey to Lancaster, to a poor inn there, and another to Kendal.

One’s desire to know more of this lady’s character is increased when, thirty-five years later, one finds her writing in the following strain:—“In this settled abode of mine, in these three antient houses of mine inheritance, . . . I do more and more fall in love with the contentment and innocent pleasures of a country life; which humour of mine I do wish with all my heart (if it be the will of Almighty God) may be conferred on my posterity that are to succeed me in these places; for a wise body ought to make their own homes the place of self-fruition and the comfortablest part of their life.”

Whitaker says of her:—“She was the oldest but most independent courtier in the kingdom; had known . . . Queen Elizabeth, had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James; rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain, the interposition of a profligate Minister under Charles II.” Again:—“It is still more to her honour that she patronised the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age, that she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independance; and, above all, that she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. * * * Her house was a school for the young, and a retreat for the aged, an asylum for the persecuted, a college for the learned, and a pattern for all.”—Whitaker’s *Craven*, pp. 383-5.

LANCASHIRE HILLS.

Lancashire hills! dear Lancashire hills,
 How sweet to escape from the din of the mills
 And, climbing your sides, from your summits look round
 On towns, with their churches and factories grim,
 On hamlets and houses old-fashioned and prim,
 On mill-owners' mansions, all modern and trim,
 And, afar in the distance, now bright and now dim,
 The ocean profound.

Lancashire hills! dear Lancashire hills,
 Empurpled with heather-bells, sparkling with rills
 And shaggy with thickets of ash-tree and oak,
 Ye bring back the glow to the mill-hand's pale face,
 And drive from his mind all that's sordid and base,
 As he hastens, the paths so well-known, to retrace,
 And drink in the breezes that strengthen and brace,
 Released from the yoke.

Lancashire hills! dear Lancashire hills,
 Though daily I see ye, a joy through me thrills
 Each time that I greet ye. In morning's sweet hour
 When gilded by Sol with his earliest beams
 Ye appear like the gates of the realm of our dreams,
 —The Paradise lost. And at eve, in the gleams
 Which he flings from the west, how lovely each seems:
 Ye are Lancashire's dower.

 THE YARROW AT DRYBONES.

Sing, muse, of Drybones, loveliest of places,
 With ugliest of names;
 Sing, till each passer-by his steps retraces,
 And hails its beauties with profound acclaims.

I sing the Yarrow, not the stream
 Of Scottish tale and sonnet,
 Yet one as beautiful, I deem,
 As fit to be a minstrel's theme,
 Although no Scott has shed a gleam
 Of his own glory on it.

What charms thy varying banks display!
 Here, bordering on the level,
 There, rising most abruptly, they
 Are clothed with trees whose branches sway
 Above thy rock-strewn, devious way,
 Fit scene for fairies' revel!

Man's hand with thee hath meddled much,
 O stream with charms entrancing—
 Man's hand, that oft (his blindness such),
 Fair Nature's face doth smear and smutch,
 But light and mild with thee his touch,
 Thy beauties e'en enhancing.

His cotton mills by thee arise,
 Huge buildings unromantic :
 But when 'neath winter's gloomy skies
 Their lighted windows greet our eyes,
 They show in quite another guise,
 As by some fairy antic.

Duxbury mill, most weatherworn
 And picturesque of places,
 Doth still thy pleasant banks adorn,
 And with thine aid still grinds the corn,
 As in the days ere steam was born,
 —How pretty its mill-race is.

Birkacre ! woodland-scented word,
 A human hive discovers ;
 Where, work-days, nothing else is heard
 Save sound of engines, steam-bestirred,
 On Sundays, nought, save song of bird
 And laugh of rambling lovers.

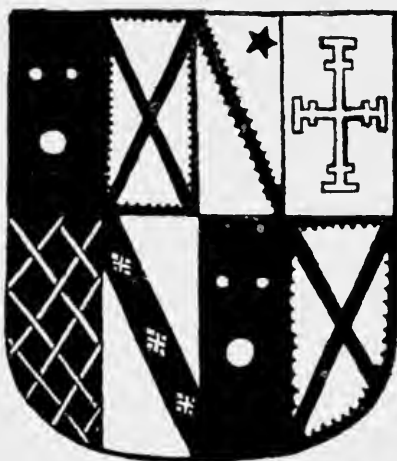
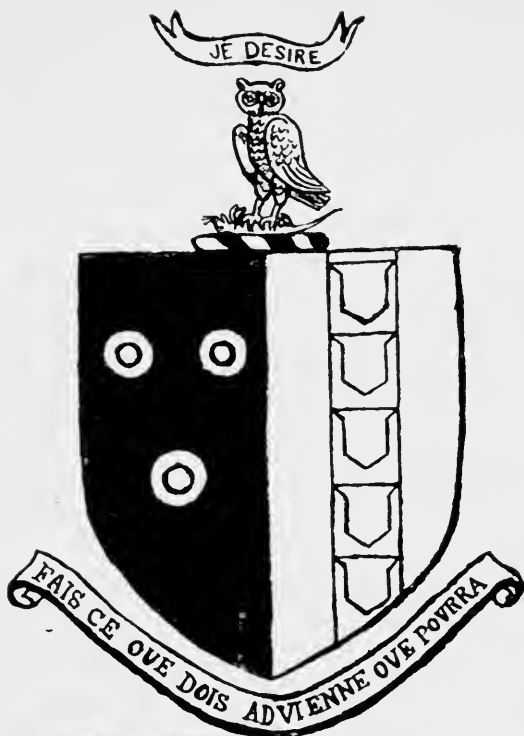
Here, man hath done his best to make
 Thee do a servant's duty ;
 But, though contrived for his own sake,
 Each sluice, each artificial lake,
 And yon fair falls, thy course that break,
 Add something to thy beauty.

But Drybones is the sweetest spot
 Thou passest by, O Yarrow.
 Though noble's hall adorn it not,
 No dwelling save a poor man's cot,
 Who beareth Adam's arms, I wot,
 The gardener's spade and barrow.

Here, sheltered from obnoxious blast,
 Fair flowers and fruits are growing ;
 Here, whilst our English summers last,
 Roses abroad their fragrance cast,
 And thou, sweet Yarrow, murmurest past,
 'Neath breezes blithely blowing.

The woodland paths, whence one discerns
 Thee flowing on for ever,
 The wild ravines, o'ergrown with ferns,
 Such as concealed Clan-Alpine's kernes ; *
 Enough, if from my song *one* learns
 To love thee, little river.

[* The "Lady of the Lake."—Canto V.]



ARMS OF EDWARD AND OF HENRY STANDISH.

From two windows in the Standish Chapel.

[See page 04.]

VII.



STANDISH HALL, WITH THE CHAPEL.

[See page 47.]

IN PRAISE OF DEANWOOD.

Of all the sylvan scenes that lie around
 The town of Chorley, none more fair are found
 Than bonnie Deanwood.
 Upon its gentle owner's head
 A poor man's benison be said :
 Queen of the greenwood,
 Long may she live to greet the stranger there,
 Who comes to feast his eyes on her domain sofair.

What a lovely place it is !
 Fern-clad bank and precipice
 Meet the eye at every turn ;
 Smiling here, and there most stern.
 Cool-green depth and tree-crowned height
 (Fitting haunt of elf and sprite) ;
 Rippling brook and rustic bridge ;
 Moss-grown path and rocky ridge ;
 Stout-limbed oak and towering ash
 Seem to court the levin-flash :
 Every forest tree is seen ;
 Every shade of living green.
 Mark yon rock abrupt and steep,
 Down whose face two streamlets leap :
 How dissimilar their hue ;
 This, of purest crystal, view ;
 That, a tawny-coloured tide,
 Stains the rock o'er which they glide :
 Deep into the pool below
 You can trace its wondrous flow.

It is indeed a very Fairy-realm
 Whose beauty doth description overwhelm.
 One fancies some fierce elf will bar his way,
 Or merry Puck will lead his steps astray :
 Here may Titania and Oberon
 Have held their revels in the days agone.
 But mortals have usurped the fairies' seat :
 No more they dance a round with tireless feet
 By yonder fountain in the moonbeams dim,
 Or fright benighted men in guise of goblins grim
 But though the fairies long have left the spot,
 Lancashire witches, well I ween, have not.
 As Moore has sung :—"The best of scenes improve
 When we enjoy them with the friends we love."

A WALK ACROSS THE "DOWS" IN 1889.

I love to stroll along the path that leads
 Across yon meads,
 Especially in summer, when the sun,
 His course nigh run,
 Begins to sink beneath the western sea,
 Which he illumines all so wondrously
 With his last parting smile,
 Before he leaves our isle.

I saunter on, and to my right behold
 A streak of gold—
 The far-off ocean. In the sun's last beams
 It bravely gleams.
 Ah! now he sinks—a ball of blood-red hue,
 And sea and sky assume an aspect new ;
 All colours mingle there,
 A spectacle most fair.

And on my left a welcome sight I greet ;
 Mine eyes there meet,
 Far, far above the town's huge-chimnied mills,
 The ancient hills ;
 Rivington Pike, surmounted by its tower,
 Where Tom and I once passed a merry hour ;
 Bleak Winteredge, hard by ;
 The Nab, of all most nigh.

Before me, stretch fair-wooded knolls and dells,
 Where quiet dwells.
 Behind, and to my left, extends the town,
 All up and down ;
 The lofty Town Hall clock displays its face
 Above all other things within the place,
 Except the chimneys tall,
 And churches, large and small.

What rare variety doth here abound
 Displayed around !
 The hills, the growing town, the wooded lea,
 The distant sea.

O! may these fields for ever fields remain,
 Nor fall a prey to builders' hands for gain ;
 No man should ever dare
 To spoil this prospect fair.

STANDISH CHURCH ; OR, THE OWL AND THE RAT

An owl with a rat in its claws! What of that?
 'Tis the crest of the Standish—the Owl and the Rat.
 I have seen it so often this day of October
 That it haunts me. Nay, stare not, I'm perfectly sober:
 But as homewards I came through the lanes and the fields
 (You know the strange sounds that the country-side yields,
 When, daylight departed, the birds gone to rest,
 Nocturnal marauders their slumbers molest)
 Full oft I imagined the cry of some fowl
 Was the shriek of a rat in the grip of an owl.

II.

'Twas at Standish old church I first saw it to-day,
 Where 'tis figured in nigh every possible way:
 It is chiselled in stone o'er the Standish's door
 —The door of the chapel which knows them no more:
 It is painted in glass o'er the standishes three
 —The coat of the Standish, since Standish was he:
 It appears on the pulpit—thereon it is seen
 O'er Ralph Standish's arms, his initials between:
 It is carved on the seats in the chapel anear:
 —On each bench-end the bird and the rodent appear.

III.

O, those quaintly-carved benches of Lancashire oak ;
 What merriment still in my breast they evoke—
 Each shows you the owl on the back of his quarry,
 Who appears to be striving his captor to carry.
 He is moving along with his tail at full length,
 In what seems a most comical test of his strength :
 How unlike to the same, as we see it pourtrayed
 In yon window—how real the two there displayed—
 The emblem of Vigilance slaying the Base,
 'Tis indeed the brave crest of a notable race.

IV.

I was loathe to depart from the quiet old fane
 With its monuments mural and effigies twain :
 To the north of the chancel is Moodie's—sad sight !
 To the south, that of Wrightington's lawyer and knight.
 High above the King's Counsel, the monument rears
 Of the good Bishop Dicconson, stricken in years :
 There is that of the Chisnal, of Lathom House fame,
 With the close-fitting helmet once worn by the same :
 Near the pulpit is Worthington's—name to recall ;
 Above that of Clayton, of Adlington Hall.

V.

There the Standishes came in the ages gone by ;
 In their vault in the north of its chancel they lie :
 There, methinks, is Sir John, who despatched with his sword
 Wat Tyler in front of his ruffian-horde :
 There slumber the heroes who carried the shield
 Of the Standish with honour at Agincourt's field :
 There the fearless knight-banneret,—Standish's pride !—
 Whose valour at Hutton by none was denied,
 Reclines with his kinsman, James Standish the good,
 Who founded the chantry which stood at the Rood.

VI.

The last Standish of Standish that tomb doth enfold,
 —Ralph Standish, of whom it has often been told
 How, at Preston, with others, in arms he appeared
 To fight for the Prince whom he loved and revered :
 James Blundell was one of his comrades ; the same
 Was churchwarden that year—there's a bell bears his name.
 They failed, and some suffered the penalty dire :
 In Wigan Lane yonder did Blundell expire.
 Ralph Standish was sentenced to share the same fate,
 Yet escaped with his life—though he lost his estate.

VII.

But friends he had, many,—a powerful train ;
 And Standish was quickly at Standish again :
 By his daughter's descendant 'tis held at this day
 With the name that had otherwise vanished for aye :
 But the Hall of the Standish untenanted lies ; *
 How solemn it looks 'neath October's gray skies,
 With its ivy-clad chapel of simple design,
 And its avenue's wondrous old beeches—how fine !
 There, carved o'er a mantelpiece, there was it that
 I had my last look at THE OWL AND THE RAT !

* It is now occupied by J. B. Almond, Esq.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE STANDISHES, OF STANDISH.

ARMS OF STANDISH OF STANDISH:—*Sable*, three standing dishes, *argent*.

CREST:—Upon a wreath of the colours, *argent* and *sable*, an owl with a rat in its claws, proper.

MOTTO:—*Je desire*.

The origin of the Standishes, like that of the Chorleys and many other ancient Lancashire families, seems to be unknown.

I believe that they are the descendants of one of the old Saxon proprietors of the soil, who succeeded in keeping his place in the land under the Norman over-lord.

The first Standish of whom we have any distinct knowledge is the one that we are told held land in Shevington in right of his wife—Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Robert de Hulton. He was the father of Thurstan de Standish, who levied a fine on the said lands in Shevington, which he inherited from his mother, Feb. 4, 6 Henry III., 1222; he was living in 1235-6. This Thurstan held the manor of Standish of the Earl Ferrers by homage and the service of 5 shillings and 8 pence. Thurstan was succeeded by his son Ralph—a favourite name of the race, and the one borne by its last representative. Ralph was living in 1221. According to Croston's Pedigree (which I chiefly follow) Ralph had three sons—Edmund, Jordan, and Hugh. Edmund, the eldest, married a lady whose name is now unknown, but died without issue, when Jordan succeeded to the estates. Hugh, the third son, married Alice, daughter of Sir Richard Molyneaux of Sefton, 34 Edward I., 1305. He was the first of the Standishes of Duxbury.

Jordan de Standish was witness to a deed of Emma de Shotylworth, 1 Edward I., 1272. He was succeeded by William de Standish, his eldest son. There is a discrepancy here between Croston and Foster in their Pedigrees of the Standishes. Croston gives Jordan one son, Ralph, and one daughter, Mabel (the Mabel of the deed below). This Ralph he sets down as father of William. I think Foster is correct when he says that Jordan had issue:—William; Mabel, married to Henry, son of Richard Fulshagh, clerk; Alice, married to Richard de Ince, living in 1304. Mabel was married (or the marriage settlement was drawn up) at the church door—*ad Ostium Ecclesie*—of Wigan, in the 13 Edward I., 1285. There is a charter (somewhat mutilated) by which Richard de Fulshagh, clerk, conveys to Henry, his son, and Mabel, and their heirs &c., “all his lands and tenements in the vill of——, with

housebote and firebote [wood for repairs and fuel] and common turbary, with free ingress and egress in the vills of Standish, Wigan, and Longtree, as also liberty of taking wood for building and burning, as well from the standing as from dead wood in the woods of Standish, &c., with pannage for all the cattle of the said Henry and his heirs in the said woods of Standish and Longtree. Rendering 20 marks per ann. to the said Jordan de Standish, and a red rose, to be paid to his heirs at the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. Reserving the customary services to the chief lords of the fee." Dated at Standish, 13 Edward I., 1285.

William de Standish is the first witness to a grant from Robert de Nortonleygh to Adam de Bradshagh, dated 2 Edward I., 1273-4. He had a suit against John de Langton, clerk, for the advowson of the Chapel of Wygan in 1312; and entailed half the manor of Standish and Longtree with the advowson of Standish on his son John and Margaret his wife, 12 Edward II., 1318. He married (1), Alianora (surname unknown), who joined with him in settling a part of the manor of Shevington in fee tail, Dec. 6, 12 Edward I., 1283, and (2) Margaret—, by whom he had issue John de Standish.

John, Lord of Standish, in 6 Edward II., 1332, confirmed to his son, William de Standish and Margaret his wife, one-eighth part of the manor of Shevington, with land in Standish in fee tail. In the same year he is mentioned as being patron of the church of Standish. He is witness to a deed 24 Edward III., 1350, the earliest writing in which mention is made of pit coal being found at Standish. The passage in the deed runs thus:—"Excepting to the said Robert [son of Edmund de Standisch] and his heirs Fyrston and Secole, if it be possible to find them within the aforesaid lands, &c."

To the first-mentioned deed of 1332 is attached an armorial seal, slightly broken. Arms, a saltire between 4 crosses patonce. Legend:—s' IOHANNIS DE s[TAND]ISSH.

From the arms on this seal, it is argued that the present coat of the Standishes is not the ancient one borne by that family.

This John de Standish in two deeds of his dated at Standedish the Sunday next after the Feast of the Conv. of St Paul [Jan 25] 1320, gives us a glimpse of the rural life of our country in his days, highly interesting. In the appendix to the first he says:—"Lastly, I am willing and grant for me and my heirs that the said Henry [son of Anabilla de Schevynlegh—to whom by this deed he grants and assigns two pieces of his land in the vills of Standedische, Longtree, and Schevynton to

have and to hold by the said Henry and his heirs and his assigns of the said John and his heirs by the homage, service, and a rent of sixpence of silver per ann. for ever] and his heirs shall be quit of *pannage* for all his *pigs* in all the common woods of Stanedish and Longtree."

In the other he releases and quits claims to Henry, son of Henry, son of Anabella de Schevynlegh, a certain annual rent of one pig, which the same Henry was accustomed to pay to him and his ancestors. The witnesses to both deeds are—Sir Henry le Walays, Rector of the Church of Stanedish, Thomas de Longetree, John de Coppenhull, William de Burgh, Henry de Fulsaghe, Robert de Pierpont and others.

Here and elsewhere in these accounts of the Standishes of Standish and Duxbury, I quote from "The charters and deeds relating to the Standish family of Standish and Duxbury: edited by J. P. Earwaker."

By his wife, Margaret ———, John had issue seven sons, William, who married Margaret daughter of Adam Holcroft of Holcroft in 1332, and died without issue; Henry, the second, succeeded to the estates (of him more anon); the third, Edmund, was living 1332, died without issue; the fifth, Robert, is probably the Robert de Standysse who was Sheriff of Lancashire 12 Richard II., 1388-9; the sixth was John; the seventh, Gilbert, was Rector of Standish from 1358 to 1398, the year of his death.

The fourth son was Sir Ralph, living in 1332. Now, Foster says of him, "From numerous documents it appears that he found means to keep his eldest brother out of the possession of his estates, for after his death in 1384, Henry is proved to have entered into agreements with Elizabeth his wife, and John de Standish, his son, that they should deliver up to Henry the lands formerly possessed by the said Ralph."

Amongst the Standish deeds and charters we find a Writ of King Edward III. addressed to his bailiffs &c., granting a pardon to Ralph, son of John de Standish, for breach of the peace, and that no one should reproach him with what had been done on the 10th April 1352. Dated at Westminster, 26 Sept., 27 Edward III., 1353.

By his first wife, Mary de Ince, Sir Ralph was the father of John Standish, styled in all deeds, "Lord John," mentioned by Froissart and Hollinshead; one of the esquires of King Richard II.

Lingard gives the esquire's name as Robert. Here I will give in the words of that historian his record of the affair in Smithfield, in which this Lancashire esquire played so prominent a part:—

“As soon as he [Wat Tyler] saw Richard, he made a sign to his followers to halt, and boldly rode up to the king. A conversation immediately began; Tyler, as he talked, affected to play with his dagger; at last he laid his hand on the bridle of his sovereign; but at the instant Walworth, the Lord Mayor, jealous of his design, plunged a short sword in his throat. He spurred his horse, rode about a dozen yards, fell to the ground, and was despatched by Robert Standish, one of the king's esquires. The insurgents who witnessed the transaction bent their bows to revenge the fall of their leader.”

Froissart says that Standish dismounted and despatched the rebel with his sword.

For this he was knighted along with the Lord Mayor and Nicholas Bramber.

Sir Ralph's other children by his first wife were Eleanor, and Joan, the wife of John Sansbraur. By his second wife, Elizabeth, who survived him, and married (2) Thomas Lampet, of co. Middlesex, and was living, again a widow, in 1409, he left issue, Nicholas and Ralph, upon whom and his wife Joan, he settled considerable estates.

Henry, the second son of John de Standish, succeeded at Standish on the death of William without issue. He had lands in Shevington settled upon him by his father 17 Edward III. 1343, and died probably Sept. 1, 1396. Inq. p.m. 20th Rich. II. 1396-7. He married Joan, daughter of Henry de Workeslegh. In 1398, Joan released to her son and heir, Ralph, 100 acres of land near Standish Hall, called Great Hayes.

According to Croston, Ralph was of full age at his father's death. His sister Alice became the wife of Hugh Standish of Duxbury in 1369. Ralph was Sheriff of Lancashire in 1392. In 1398 he had grant of a free pardon from the crown; he joined with Lawrence his son in a suit concerning the patronage of the church of Wigan. By his wife Cecilia, daughter of Roger de Bradeshagh he had four sons and two daughters—Lawrence; Alexander; presented by his father to the Rectory of Standish, 1398; Gilbert (living Sept. 30, 1411); John, who served with the English army in France, and was at Agincourt, Oct 25, 1415; Elizabeth, wife of Richard, son of Gilbert de Longtree, marriage dispensation, 5 Henry IV. 1403; and Isabel, who had lands called Standish Wood conveyed to her, 7 Henry IV., 1405-6.

Lawrence, who married Lora, the daughter of Sir Roger de Pilkington of Pilkington in 1398, and died in 1432, had one son and a daughter who was contracted in marriage to John Birkenhead, 7 Henry V. 1419.

He was succeeded by his son, Sir Alexander Standish, knight, who, in the 2 Henry VI. 1423, had a grant of 20 marks per annum for his good services, to be paid out of the Duchy of Lancaster: he died in 1445. He married Constantia, daughter of John Gerard, of the Bryn (marriage contract dated 9 Henry V. 1421; she released her lands in Shevington and Standish to her son Ralph, 24 Henry VI. 1445-6), by whom he had issue—Ralph, Henry, Lawrence, Oliver (the two last are named in an arbitration, 3 Edward IV. 1463); Robert; and Peter; which Peter was the first of the Standishes of Erley (or Arley); he was living in 1483.

Ralph, the eldest son and heir, was a follower of the White Rose. For this he had two general pardons from Henry VI. He died in 1460.

Henry, the second son, was a Franciscan; he was appointed Bishop of St. Asaph by Papal Bull, May 28, and consecrated July 11, 1518. He died July 9, 1535, and was buried in the Minories, London. So far Croston. Baines tells us that "Dr. Henry Standish, the learned Bishop of St. Asaph, . . . was the second son of Alexander Standish of Standish (and brother of Alexander Standish who distinguished himself at Hutton Field), according to the Lancashire pedigrees. . . . He was guardian of the Franciscan convent in London, and provincial of his order. . . . In 1526 he was ambassador to Denmark with Sir John Baker [1526-1530]. . . . He closed his career at an advanced age in August, 1535, and was buried in the Grey Friars, now Christ Church, London, where a monument was shortly afterwards erected over his remains, which perished in the Great Fire."

Gregson, in his short notice of him, says he "was one of the Bishops who assisted and directed Queen Catharine in the suit concerning her divorce from Henry VIII. Agnes Worthington was his sister, and Ralph Standish, Esq., of Standish, his near kinsman." Whose account is the most correct?

Ralph, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard Radcliffe of Chadderton, whose mother, a Chadderton, was the heiress of that house, added to the Standish achievement the arms of those old families (figured in the window of the Standish Chapel, as elsewhere described).

Their children were:—Alexander; John; Thomas; Brian; Gilbert; Lawrence; and Hugh. Margaret survived her husband, and married (2) Thomas Radcliffe; she died May 9, 16 Edward IV. 1476. Sir Alexander the second, Ralph's eldest son, succeeded. He was of the age of

VIII.



Photo by

STANDISH CHURCH.

D. Talton, Chorley.

[See page 12]

24 in 1476: and was made a knight-banneret for his brave behaviour at the Battle of Hutton Field in Scotland, in 1482. He married Sibilla, daughter of Henry Bold of Bold: their marriage settlement is dated 36 Henry VI. 1458: they were married Jan. 1, 1461. She survived her husband, who died Sept. 17, 23 Henry VII. 1507. Inq. p.m. August 25, 24 Henry VII. 1508. Ralph's second son, John, was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was afterwards Fellow of Whittington College, London. He was a D.D., Rector of Wigan, 1551-54; and died in 1556, Canon of Worcester. Baines says of him that he was "one of the bitterest writers against the Reformation, to which he had at first inclined."

Sir Alexander's son and successor, another Ralph, by his marriage with Alice, daughter and co-heiress of Sir James Harrington of Wolfage, co. Northants. (marr. covenant dated Aug. 16, 1497), added to the quarterings of the Standish achievement the *sable*, fretty *argent* coat of the Harringtons. According to Croston, Ralph, who was of the age of 28 in 1508, had a general pardon from the Crown, 1 Henry VII. 1485, when a child of five! His will is dated Oct. 18, 1534: he died 31 Henry VIII. 1539.

Ralph's eldest sister Katharine (the others were Grace and Alice—*Foster*) became the wife of Thomas Standish of Duxbury, in 1497-8.

Ralph is the "Rauff Standish" who, as I tell in my account of the Standishes of Duxbury (thanks to Mr. McKnight pointing it out to me in the "Standish Charters and Deeds"), acquired Duxbury Hall from the Duxburys, the original owners.

Ralph had issue:—Alexander; Anne; Agnes; and Jane. Alexander, his father's successor, married Anne, daughter of Sir William Molyneux, of Sefton, knight, 1518. He died 38 Henry VIII. 1546. Anne became the wife of Sir John Holcroft, knt. of Holcroft; marr. covenant, 10 Henry VIII. 1518; Agnes, wife of Thomas Ashton, of Croston; and Jane, wife of Thomas Bradshaigh, of the Haigh.

Alexander's children were:—Ralph; Edward; Jane; Alice; Agnes; Isabel; Eleanor; and Margaret. Ralph did not long survive his father; he had writ of entry sur disseisen en le post 36 Henry VIII. 1544-5; and died without issue before 1547. Jane became the wife of Roger Bradshaigh of the Haigh; Alice, wife of Hugh Anderton, of Euxton; he died c. 1652; Isabel, wife of Thomas Lathom, of Parbold; Eleanor, wife of William Warton, of Warton; and Margaret, wife of Lambert Tyldesley, of the Garratt.

Edward succeeded to the estates. He had livery of seisin of the Manors of Standish &c., 1550 (*Foster* gives date 1553) which he paid—£21 10s—to the Court of Wards and Liveries. He married Ellen, daughter of Sir William Radcliffe, of Ordsall, knight, by whom he had issue—Alexander; Ralph; Edward; and Thomas. He built Standish Hall in 1574; the only portion of which now remaining is, I believe, the old black and white timber and plaster work connecting the modern brick mansion with the now disused Chapel. He is the “Edward Standysh, Esquire,” of the “Acquittance of Robert Charnocke” for the “buylding” of Standish Church in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected the Standish Chapel on the south side of Standish Church in 1589, as recorded on a modern brass tablet affixed to its wall.

He died May 15, 8 James I., 1610. Inq. p.m. taken at Wigan, Sept. 3, 9 James I., 1611.

Alexander, his son and heir, aged 50 in 1613, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Adam Hawarden, of Woolston, in Warrington parish; marriage settlement, Aug. 20, 1575 (1574, *Foster*); she survived her husband (he died 1624), her will was proved at Chester, 1637. By this marriage Woolston came to the Standishes. Of Edward's other sons, Edward died June 1, 1663; Thomas's will was proved at Chester, 1638, according to Croston: *Foster* says he died July 27, 1663. Both died without issue.

Alexander and his wife Elizabeth had issue:—Ralph, his successor; John; Thomas; Alexander; Elizabeth; all four of whom died unmarried; Margaret, the wife of Thomas, second son, but eventually heir of Robt. Hesketh, of Rufford; Helen, third wife of Henry Banastre, of Banke.

Ralph is the Standish whose initials, with his achievement, appear on the pulpit, and also on the bench-ends in the Standish chapel. He was Sheriff of Lancashire 10 Charles I. 1634, and died in 1656. He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton, Bart.; and the sister of Richard, first Viscount Molyneux. They were married Nov. 11, 1632; marriage contract dated June 18, 1632; the lady's fortune was £1500. Like other Catholic families, the Standishes of Standish were ever loyal to the Stuarts. Ralph's second son, Alexander, was Colonel of horse in the train of King Charles; Frances, his daughter, was the wife of Sir Thomas Tyldesley, of Morleys, knight, Major-General under the Earl of Derby, who was killed in the Battle at Wigan Lane, Wigan, August 21, 1651. Ralph's daughter Elizabeth died unmarried.

Ralph was succeeded by Edward, his eldest son, who was of the age of 47, Sept. 22, 1664. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Howard of Corby Castle, co. Cumberland, the second son of the famous William Lord Howard of Naworth—"belted Will"—Nov. 11, 1632. By her he had issue:—William; Bridget, died unmarried; Mary, wife of — Daniel, of Heton Place, near Sudbury, co. Suffolk; and Elizabeth, wife of John Witham of Cliffe, co. York. William succeeded his father; he was of the age of 26, Sept. 22, 1664. He married Cecilia, daughter and sole heir of Sir Robert Bindlosse, Bart., of Borwick Hall, in Warton. He died June 8, 1705: she outlived him long, dying Jan. 19, 1729-30. They had issue:—Edward; William; both died in infancy; Ralph, third but only surviving son and heir; Mary; and Cecilia, who died unmarried.

Ralph, the last of the old Standishes, must have been the cause of much joy and also grief to his mother. She saw him married to one of the highest ladies in the realm—the Lady Phillipa Howard, daughter of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, by his second Duchess Jane, daughter of Robert Bickerton. She saw him ride away from Standish Hall, to fight for the grandson of hapless King Charles; she saw him, after the downfall of the hopes of the Stuarts at Preston, borne past his own ancestral home a prisoner, on his way to London—there to be incarcerated in Newgate, and tried for his life. Lastly, she thanked God that she had lived to see him once again a free man and Master of Standish. To go into details. Ralph took part in the Rising for the Stuarts in 1715, and along with Sir Francis Anderton, Richard and Charles Chorley, James Blundell (a wood-tanner, and one of the churchwardens of Standish that year) and other neighbours and friends was taken prisoner at Preston fight. Poor James Blundell was tried at Liverpool on Jan. 26, 1716, condemned to death, and hanged in Wigan Lane, Wigan, Feb. 10, at an expense to the Shire of £1 8s. 3d. His name, with that of Ralph Low, his fellow-warden, appears on one of the bells in the church tower. His signature in the parochial account books is that of a good penman.

Ralph Standish was taken under escort, past his own Hall, to Wigan, thence to Warrington, and finally sent, with other leaders in the Rising, to London, to the Newgate Jail.

He was brought to trial on June 16, 1716, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death. Under that sentence he lay in Newgate, but through the powerful interest of his father-in-law and other great people, the king granted him a reprieve, and in the following January he recovered his liberty. His estates were confiscated.

“The Standish estate and advowson were sold by the Crown to one Edward Briscoe ; but it was supposed to be in trust for Standish.” And we soon find Ralph Standish at Standish again.

By the Lady Phillipa, who died April 5, 1731, Ralph had issue :—Ralph Howard Standish ; George Howard S. ; who died unmarried ; William ; Henry ; both died in infancy ; Anne ; Phillipa ; Charlotte ; Mary ; all of whom died unmarried ; and Cecilia. Ralph Howard Standish, son and heir, married Mary, eldest daughter of George Butler, of Ballyragget, June 4, 1730, and had issue Ralph and Edward, both of whom died in infancy. Ralph H. died at Kilkenny in the lifetime of his father, April, 1735.

Cecilia therefore became the heiress. She married William Towneley, son and heir of Richard Towneley of Towneley. They were nearly of one age, he being born in May, and she in July, of the year 1714. He died Feb. 13, 1741, and was buried at Bath-Weston. She died Dec. 21, 1778. They had issue :—Charles Towneley ; Ralph Standish T. ; Edward ; and Cecilia.

Her eldest son, Charles Townely, F.R.S., F.S.A., the virtuoso, whose collection of antique marble sculptures now in the British Museum still bears his name, was born Oct. 1, 1737. He possessed the Towneley estates. He died unmarried, Jan 3, 1805, and was succeeded by his younger brother Edward. Ralph Towneley-Standish, the second son, was born June 18, 1739. On the death of his father and mother, he inherited the estates of Standish and Borwick Hall. He married Henrietta, ninth daughter of Roger Strickland, Esq., of Catterick, co York ; but died *s.p.* when the estates passed to his brother, Edward. Edward Towneley-Standish, born in July, 1740 (according to the monumental tablet in the Standish Chapel ; Croston and Foster say June 25), inherited, at the decease of his elder brothers, the estates of his parents. He married Anne, daughter of Basil Thomas Eccleston, Esq., of Eccleston and Scarisbrick, co. Lanc., but died without issue on Easter Monday, March 28, 1807. He is the “Edward Towneley Standish” of Mr. Perryn’s Diary, of which more anon. At his death the estates passed once more to a female—another Cecilia. This is the Cecilia Towneley who established the November Fair at Standish, held on St. Cecilia’s Day, Nov. 22nd, and renovated the ancient Cross, near the Parish Church. She was born July 30th, 1741. Her first husband was Charles Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, co. Westmoreland, who died Oct 6, 1770. She survived him and married (2) Gerard Edward Strickland, of Willitof, co. York, and had issue. She died in 1814. By her first husband she had issue :—Thomas ; William ; Charles ; and Mary Cecilia.

Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, inherited the Standish estates, and assumed the surname and arms of Standish by sign manual. He married (1) Anastatia, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Lawson of Brough, co. York, Feb. 24, 1789, and by her had issue two sons—twins—and a daughter, Monica, who (in Dec. 1827) became the wife of Sir John Gerard of Bryn, Bart.

His second wife was Catherine, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Gerard of Bryn, Bart. ; she died Sept. 24, 1862. He died Dec. 4, 1813.

The twins, born on March 15, 1790, were given the names of Charles and Thomas. Charles succeeded to the Standish estates, and Thomas to those of Strickland, re-assuming the surname and arms of Strickland of Sizergh.

For convenience' sake, I will here give a short account of Thomas and his issue to the present day. Thomas Strickland of Sizergh Castle, married Gasparine Ursula Ida, youngest daughter of the Baron Fingerlin Bischingen, Nov. 1824, and by her left issue (he died Sept. 7, 1835):—Walter Charles; and Henry Charles, who was lieutenant in the 69th Foot, and died in 1852.

Walter Charles Strickland, Esq., of Sizergh Castle, co Westm. J.P., and D.L., born Sept. 5, 1825, married Rosetta Emmeline, 3rd daughter of Charles Medex, of Brussels, in 1852, according to Foster, but in his obituary notice in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* of March 28, 1903, his marriage is said to have taken place in 1866. He "died suddenly at Heworth, York, at the age of 77." "He is succeeded in the estates by his only son, Roger Walter, who was born in 1872."

His other children were:—Ida Matilda; Mabel Susan (deceased); Henrietta Maria; Mary Emma.

Roger Walter Strickland, Esq., was married to Miss Maud Rowley, Nov. 10th, 1897, and has one daughter, Rosamonde, born Feb. 23rd, 1901.

The present owner of the Standish estates being childless, the above mentioned gentleman is the next of kin. The estates, however, are not entailed.

To return to Charles Standish. He married Emmeline Conradine, daughter of M. de Mathiesen, by his wife Mdlle. Rose Henrietta Peronne de Persey (niece of Madame le Comtesse de Genlis), Feb. 1822. He was Sheriff of Lancashire in 1836. He died June 10, 1863, and was buried in the Standish Chapel. He left issue:—Charles Henry Lionel Widdrington, born Jan. 23, 1823; Charles Frederick, born April 20, 1824; Charles Edward, born March, 1829.

Charles Henry Lionel Widdrington Standish of Standish, Esq., of Standish Hall, co. Lanc., married on Oct. 10, 1846, Angèlique-Léontine Sabine de Noailles (who died in 1870), aunt of Antoine Prince de Poix, a Grandee of Spain of the 1st class. By her he had issue :—Henry Noailles Widdrington Standish of Standish, born 1847, who succeeded to the Standish estates on his father's death in 1883. He married Hèlene, the daughter of the Count de Cars in 1870. In 1878 he restored the Chapel in Standish Parish Church erected by his ancestor Edward Standish in 1589. His arms impaling those of his wife, with the Standish crest and motto over the shield, and his wife's motto beneath, appear in its east window. In the vault beneath the Standish Chapel repose the remains of those members of the family that have died since Thomas Strickland Standish passed away at York* (Dec. 4, 1813) and was buried in this vault, Dec. 13, 1813.

For my authority for this statement I give the following extracts from the Rev. Mr. Perryn's diary (quoted at great length by the Rev. Mr. Bensted in his "Fragments of the Early History of Standish Parish Church and its Rectors," which appeared in the *Standish Parish Magazine* of 1875-8). Mr. Perryn was Rector of Standish from 1779 to 1825:—

"1813. Saturday, Dec. 4. Thomas Strickland Standish Esquire, died at York, upon which occasion a vault was made on the south side of his own chancel, near the door, the family having heretofore been interred on the north side of the Rector's chancel. He was buried Dec. 13th."

Prior to this, we read in the same Diary :—

"1807. Edward Towneley Standish, Esq., died at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, March 28th [the pedigrees state on Easter Monday—*J. W.*] and was buried in the Rector's chancel (by permission) under the servant's seat. Requiescat in pace."

The western gallery for the "singers," which disfigured the church in Mr. Perryn's time, was removed years ago, and the choir now occupy the space in the chancel formerly filled by the family and servants of the Rector and others. Underneath the present choir-stalls in the north of the chancel, then, lie buried the old Standishes of Standish.

I will now close my poor account of this brave old race, by giving the following brief pedigree of the descendants of Mary Cecilia, the daughter of Cecilia Townley and her first husband, Charles Strickland :—

* Until the time when such burials were forbidden by law,

Mary Cecilia was the wife of Edward Stephenson, of Farley Hill, co. Bucks., and Scaleby Castle, co. Cumberland; married Feb. 27, 1785. She died in Paris in 1817. Their son, Rowland Stephenson, assumed the name of Standish by Act of Parliament in 1834; and died in 1843. By his wife Lady Lucy Pery, daughter of Edmund-Henry, Earl of Limerick, he had issue:—

Edward Ferris Standish, d. 1845; Rowland Edmund Walter Pery Standish, of Scaleby Castle, co. Cumb., and Marwell Hall, Winchester, born 1820, died in 1893, who mar. Caroline Macnamara, d. of Samuel Clogstoun, Oct. 22, 1850, but left no issue; William Cecil Standish, of New Park, Brockenhurst, who married Emma, d. of William Robins of Hagley House, Stourbridge, in 1855, by whom he had issue:—

William Pery Standish, born 1860; Lucy; and Mary. Of the two daughters of Rowland, Mary Lucy became the wife of Sir Vere Edmund de Vere, Bart., Caroline, the wife of Paulet Henry St. John Mildmay.

William Pery Standish, Esq., son and heir of William Cecil Standish, succeeded to the family estates on the death of his uncle in 1893. He is a captain in the East Yorkshire Regiment, and was High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1902. He marr. Evelyn Cecilia Phipps, eldest daughter of Mr C. N. Phipps of Chalcot, Wilts. (M.P. for Westbury, 1880-5) on August 10th, 1901.

STANDISH HALL.

Baines says of the Hall:—"Standish Hall is a large brick house, irregular in form, to which is attached an ancient Catholic Chapel built soon after the Reformation, and still used. This mansion had long been the residence of the Standish family, but in 1825, Charles Standish, Esq., the then proprietor, quitted the Hall, which is now occupied by Nathaniel Eckersley, Esq., J.P., and went to reside abroad. The moat encircling the Hall was filled up in 1780, and much of the building itself [not the present Hall, but the old one of Elizabeth's time] was then removed. 'The Lancashire Plot' of 1694, which had for its object the dethronement of William III., and the re-establishment of the family of the Stuarts . . . is supposed to have been concocted in this house, and a reward was offered by royal proclamation for the apprehension of Mr. Standish [William, a reproduction of whose signature in the Parochial Account Books I give elsewhere], one of the alleged conspirators, but without success."

The Rev. Mr. Bensted, in his interesting "Fragments of the Early History of Standish Church," after giving the Commissioners' Inventory of the church-goods they found at Standish in Oct. 1552, says:—

"There is a tradition that several of the above vestments are preserved amongst the chapel furniture at Standish Hall."

By the kindness of the Rev. Fr. Walmsley, of The Hermitage, Standish, I am enabled to give, in his own words, the following interesting particulars bearing upon the above statement:—

"The Chapel of St. Marie of the Annunciation at Standish Hall was opened in 1574. It was used by the Standishes and other adherents of the ancient faith all through the penal times. The new church of St. Marie near the village was opened in 1884. As in the old parish church, so in this, one of the side-chapels has been provided by the historic Standish family.

"A chasuble, the chief part of which is assigned to the 15th century, still exists. A silver chalice carries marks which would assign its cup to the year 1637, whilst the stem may be of greater antiquity; and the sacring-bell in daily use bears the date: Anno D'ni. M. D.L.I. [1551]. Some ancient altar-stones bearing consecration crosses may likely enough, have borne the Sacred Oblations in Catholic times in the old parish church.

"Lord Newton possesses what is probably one of the missals of Standish Church. It was printed in Paris, 1487. Lady Newton has written an article on it, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April, 1897. What makes it have some probable connection with Standish is the fact that it contains written in ink the two following notes:—

'Rychard Mody and Peter Batson had gyffen y^m qud hesse the.'

'I otterly Beshrew Rychard Mody wt all my hert and a peyse of my stomycher, for he is a knave of the nonesst fare you well wt.'

"The Venerable Edward Bamber, who suffered for his priesthood at Lancaster in 1646, was captured at Standish Hall."

IX.



EFFIGY OF RICHARD MOODIE IN STANDISH CHURCH.

[See page 56]



BISHOP DICCONSON'S MONUMENT IN STANDISH
 CHURCH.

[See page 58.]

STANDISH CHURCH.

Of the exact date of its foundation we have no record, but most probably it was erected by some member of the Standish family, for from the first records of it still preserved, we learn that they were ever patrons of the living. And on this the Rev. Mr. Bensted wisely observes in his "Fragments" of its early history, contributed to the "Standish Parish Magazine," 1875-78 :—

"The great extent of the Parish of Standish (which comprised Standish-with-Langtree, Coppull, Welch Whittle, Lower Charnock, Duxbury, Higher Charnock, Anderton, Adlington, Worthington, and Shevington) is a proof of its having been laid out at a very early period, and when it contained a very scattered population. We also infer that the church was erected by the Standish family, because it is not in the centre of the parish, where it would be most easy of access to the majority of the parishioners, but in one corner, seven or eight miles from one extremity of the parish, but within three-quarters of a mile from the residence of the Standishes, and therefore in a position most accessible for them and their dependants."

In the *Valor Beneficiorum* of Pope Nicholas IV., made in the year 1291, we read that the "Ecclesia de Stanedich" was valued at £13 6s. 8d. per annum.

"By an Inquisition taken on Thursday next before the Feast of St. Scholastica [Feb. 10] 16 Edward I., 1288, on the death of William de Ferrers, Jordan de Standish was found to hold from the said Earl Standish with the advowson of the church of the said ville, by the service of five shillings and eight pence."

"By an Inquisition taken 20 Richard II., 1397, on the oaths of Robert de Wrightington, Thurstan de Anderton, John de Coppull, William de Chorley, &c., it was found that Henry de Standish died on the Friday before the Feast of the Nativity of the B.V. Mary, seized of the Manor of Standish and advowson of the church there, held from the Lords of Leylandshire in capite."

And they retained the patronage until quite recently, for, according to Baines, in "1841, William Harper Brandreth, M.A., was presented by Dr. Brandreth, who had acquired the patronage, the true patron, Charles Standish, Esq., being disqualified on account of religion."

The first Rector of Standish whose name has come down to us is Hugh Standish, who calls himself "Parson of Standish" in witnessing a deed in 1236. Henry Standish was "parson" in 1290.

Perhaps the most renowned of the Rectors was Henry le Waleys or Walsch, instituted in London to the Rectory on the 8th of the Kalends of January, 1301, by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, on the presentation of William de Standish. (*In the Lichfield Registers—Croston*).

He held the living for very near half-a-century, and his name is frequently met with in deeds and charters of the period. He is mentioned in West's "Antiquities of Furness" as having founded a chantry for himself, and endowed a bed with entertainment for one poor traveller for ever in the abbey of Cockersand. In 2 Edward II., 1309, he witnessed the settlement at the door of Wigan Church (ad ostium ecclesie) of lands in Wigan on Mabel, daughter of Jordan de Standish, on her marriage with Henry, son of Richard Fulshagh.

In 1329 he appears as witness to a deed of John, son of William, Lord of Stanedische, dated at Standish the Sunday next after the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25), 1329. He is there—"Sir Henry le Walays, Rector of the Church of Standish." And about the same time he founded the earliest of the three chantries in Standish Church, in honour of the B.V. Mary. In the deed of foundation he is "Henry, son of John le Waleys." There is no date to the charter, but the king's letters patent bear date York, Feb. 12, 2 Edward III., 1328. He nominated his kinsman, Symon, son of Thomas le Waleys, as first chantry priest, and in 5 Edward III., 1331, he made further provision for the endowment of the altar. In 1338 he appears—"Sir Henry le Walsch, parson of the Church of Standish"—amongst the witnesses to the foundation of Mabel Bradshaigh's (the Mab of Mab's Cross) chantry in Wigan Church, the deed being dated at Haigh on Sunday the morrow of St. James the Apostle (July 26) 12 Edward III. (*Lichfield Registers—C.*); about the same time his name also occurs as a witness to the foundation of a chantry, dedicated to St. Katharine, in the Church of Blackrod, by the same lady. (*Raines' Lanc. Chantries—C.*).

The oldest part of the Church of Standish was the tower, pulled down in 1867, supposed to have been erected in the fourteenth century. It was "low and bulky," embattled, surmounted by a spire, and bore shields displaying the arms of the Standish family. In Dec. 1822, the spire, which had been struck by lightning in 1814, was partially blown down by a storm of wind from the north-west. The new spire which was erected in its place stood but 45 years; for in 1867, both spire and tower were pulled down, and replaced by the present handsome structure.

In the fourteenth century Gilbert, the son of John de Standish and brother of Sir Ralph, the father of the famous esquire who despatched Wat Tyler, was Rector of Standish from the year 1358 until the year of his death 1398; and he was succeeded by his brother Henry's grandson, Alexander, who was presented by his father, Ralph de Standish, in that year.

In the time of Gilbert's Rectorate, there was a Chapel at Anderton, and a dispute as to the patronage of it arose between the Rector of Standish and the Duke of Lancaster. Gilbert contested the claim, and won. The right of patronage was established in favour of the Mother Church.

Again, in later years, we find another Standish as Rector. In 1522 Richard Standish, L.L.D., was Rector of Standish. He was reckoned amongst the foremost men of his day. For some time he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He was "parson of Standish" when he died in London in the year 1552, at his lodgings in Paternoster Row.

The Church was in all probability partially re-built in or about 1510. But, alas! it had not been restored long before it suffered ruin through the agency of fire. There were many traces of the action of the flames to be seen ere the old tower was pulled down, particularly where it joined the nave: previous to the rebuilding of the western wall, the marks of fire could be clearly discerned where the two lines of the sloping roof met, before the flat lead roof was put up.

There are few remains of anything belonging to the early church besides a stone coffin, with a cavity for the head, and the tomb of Maud Chisnal or Chisenhale.

The stone coffin—turned out of the church—lay for many years near the tower, and was used as a cistern, but in 1875 it was placed "for the sake of preservation," within the walls of the curate's garden.

Maud Chisenhale's monument—an incised slab of stone bearing her name—Maud—the wife of Robert Chisenhale—dating from the fourteenth century—is now partially covered by the reading-desk, the portion exposed lying where it is very liable to be damaged by the tread of the passers-by.

Mr. Bensted says it is evident that the old church was much smaller than the present one, not only from the late tower and steeple being quite out of proportion to the rest of the building, but also from the fact that the foundations of the old church were discovered and proved to be co-extensive with the nave of the present structure.

In 1544 it was reported to the King's Commissioners to be in "gret ruayne and decaye." The Earl of Derby ordered it to be rebuilt. Mr. John Holcrofte and Thurstan Tilsley (Tyldersley?) Esq., gave the instructions for "re-edifying the same" under a heavy penalty.

This rebuilding was begun in 1582, and the cost was raised by a general contribution of the whole parish. All the parish-lands were assessed for the purpose, and each township's assessable value was chronicled on a roll of parchment. There is now in the archives of the church a tin casket, containing the original eleven rolls, each roll containing the names of all the land-holders in the township at the time, beginning with the gentry and coming down to the farmers. The seals of the Earl of Derby and of the Standish of the period are plainly to be seen. The documents are well preserved. They and the casket of tin which holds them, were found figuring amongst the contents of an old book-stall by the Rev. Mr. Whitworth, now Vicar of Blidworth, and formerly curate of Standish, who, recognising their value, bought them, and sent them back to their proper place.—*Vide* article in the *Wigan Observer*, July —, 1902.

The contract and agreement for the building of the church begins as follows:—

"xxij^o die Octobris, anno Reginæ nostræ Elizabeth xxiiij^o. It is agreed, as is further expressed and declared, by all such persons whose names are hereunto subscribed, for and in behalf of themselves and their tenants and others, the inhabitants dwelling, and others havynge any lande or tenements within the Parysh of Standyshe to and with Robert Charnock of Astley, in the countie of Lancaster, Esquire.

"Imprimis, that whereas the said Robert Charnock is contented to take upon hymselfe the charge and oversight of the buildinge and settinge upp of the Church of Standy'sh, for and in the behalf of the holle paryshe, according to such proportion and tyme for the mason worck as is agreed upon and set downe in a power of Indenture, bearinge date with these presents, made between the said Robert Charnocke on the one partie, and Lawrence Jollie, freemason, upon

the other partie, wherein the said Robert, for and in the behalf of the said parishioners, doth not only enter into divers dangerous covenants, as well for the payment of such somes of money, as also for the providinge of all such things necessary for the buildinge thereof, as in the said Indenture, &c &c."

It is signed:—"H. Derby. Alexander Rigbye."

[Then follow the different rentalities in order.]

This and the "Acquittance of Robert Charnock" have also been preserved.

"ACQUITTANCE OF ROBERT CHARNOCK, Esq.

"The seven payments cessed within the paryshe of Standyshe for buylding of the Church there come to the Some of Two Hundred and ffourty foure pounds Eightene shillings nyne pens cxxliiij^{li} xviijs ix^d

[£224 18 9

Whereof Mr. Robert Charnock hath recyved cxxiiij^{li} vs ij^d

[£223 5 2

And so remeyneth unpaide on the said parishe xxj^{li} xiijs vij^d

[£21 13 7

Payments made by the said Robert Charnock to the masons and otherwise for necessaryes towarde

Buylding of the said Church as foloythe:—

Imprimis to the masons by three sevrall billes cxx^{li} [£120 0 0

Item paid by the saide Robt. Charnocke to workemen & for necessaryes tuchinge the said rebuylding as apereth by

seven severall billes subscribed by

Edward Standysh and Thomas Standyshe

Esquires xxv^{li} ijs v^d [£25 2 5

Item paid by the said Rbt. Charnocke

for dyvers things touching the said Buylding

as Apereth by Syxe other billes whereof every one

is subscribed by the said Edward and Thomas

or by the one of them xxxj xiijs x^d [£31 14 10

Item paid by hym to m^r doct^r lawyher as apereth by a note delyvered to him

by Mr Alexander Standyshe ... xvj^{li} [£16

Item paid by hym withoute warraunte

for workes and necessaryes tuchinge the

said Buylding as ptycularly Apereth

by his booke xxviiij^{li} xvis xid [£28 16 11

Somo solut. predict. Rob^{to} ccxxj^{li} xiiij^s ijd [£221 14 2
 And soe Remayneth in his hande unpaide of
 his saide Recepte besyde his said paymente
 the some of xxxj^s [31/-
 Which some of xxxj^s over the said Robt
 Charnocke delyured to the said
 m^r Alexander Standish the xxiiijth day of
 January Anno xxvij^o Regni Dm^e Eliza
 beth Reginae in presence of Alexander Rigby
 John Wryghtinton Edward Worthington."

Baines says of this, that the 're-building' probably included only the portion of the fabric between the tower and the extreme east chancel or Lady Chapel. He adds:—

"The large contributions of cartage, stone, etc. were made gratuitously. The church was evidently planned with the hope, then common in Lancashire, of the restoration of the old form of worship, a hope probably shared by Pastor Moodie."

Richard Moodie, presented by Edward Standish of Standish, was instituted Jan. 3, 1558-9. He had been a Franciscan, an inmate of the House of that Order in Preston (Friar-gate perpetuates their memory), and after the dissolution of the religious communities appears to have become a chantry priest at Standish, and, finally, he succeeded William Cliffe as Rector in the year aforesaid. Very likely he was a relation of Robert Modie, who was Rector in 1525 (at a period usually assigned to Richard Standish, L.L.D.,).

After the Commission instituted by Queen Elizabeth in 1559 to compel the observance of Protestant formularies, Richard Moodie submitted to the great change which then took place.

When the Church was re-built, Moodie maintained the surveyors and masons at his own cost.

The Chancel was completed in the year 1584, as shown by the slab in it, which, till recently, bore the name of "R. MOODIE," and still shows the date 1584. On the hammer-beam, immediately over the Communion-Table, is:—

"RICHARD MOODI PASTOR OF STANDYSHE 1585."

He died on November 10, 1586. It is supposed that a spire was erected about the same date—1585, for the old spire and the present church were both constructed of the same stone.

On the beams of the nave are carved the following :—

W. L. RECTOR 1589 (W. Leigh),
 W. CHARNOCK, and
 W. WEEGAN, CHARPINTAR,

and the initials of the leading families in the parish.

There is a bench now under the tower whose two ends once belonged to the benches or seats of two of the old families of the parish, the Rigbys of Burgh and the Langtrees of Langtree. One bears the crest of the Rigbys of Burgh and Layton—a goat's head, *sable*, bezantee, horned and bearded *or*. The other bears the coat of Langtree, *sable*, a chevron *argent*, with a canton *ermine*, and his crest—a saker (a kind of hawk), wings expanded, *gules*, membered *or*.

The church is dedicated to St. Wilfrid. It is a noble structure, and the lofty spire which surmounts its tower is conspicuous for miles around. It is of the late Perpendicular style of architecture, but its massive pillars are of the Doric order. It is often described as Tuscan. It consists of a nave with clerestory and side aisles and chapels, a chancel, and western tower. In 1814 the lead covering the roof suffered much from a storm. It was re-leaded in 1846, I believe. When on the leads recently I saw on them the name and crest (a lamb couchant) of Canon Brandreth, during whose incumbancy the work was done, together with the above date.

The interior is lofty, and has a splendid oak roof divided into square panels by moulded beams, with carved bosses at the intersections. The chancel arch has a noble span, now filled in with a beautifully-carved screen of oak, erected in memory of Canon Brandreth, the late Rector, who died in 1885.

The porch, surmounted by its ancient parvise (or, as it is locally termed, the priest's chamber), in which are to be found the funeral hatchments of the later Standishes, taken out of their chapel, bears over its entrance the representation of a Bible, and a Sundial.

The clerestory windows are very large, throwing down quite a flood of light.

In 1859 the church was restored, when the galleries that had defaced it were taken down, and open seats replaced the ugly pews. There are some very fine painted windows.

The Communion-Table, whose top is inlaid with a beautiful slab of agate, was the gift of Sir Edward Chisenhall in 1693.

There is a large piscina.

On the north side of the chancel is the tomb of Richard Moodie. On a low block of stone painted white with a black border, lies his effigy. He is in cassock, surplice and hood, with hands conjoined in prayer, tonsured head, and at his feet a dog couchant.

Knowing that he had been a Franciscan, has led many into taking the above costume—the dress of the parochial clergy of the time—for the Franciscan habit. Mr. Bloxham (author of *The Principals of Gothic Architecture*, and *Ecclesiastical Vestments*, a Companion to the above work), had heard of this, and sent an artist down to Standish to draw it for him. The sketch then made is in the book last named. By the kind permission of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, the publishers, I am enabled to reproduce it here. A recess on the south side of the tomb was formerly occupied by the effigy of a skeleton; under it are these words:—

AS YOY ARE I WAS AND AS I AM YOY SHAL BI.

There are various devices figured on its sides, notably pretty are the roses.

An inscription runs around it, of which the Rev. Brooke Herford gives the following copy and translation in a footnote to Croston's *Baines*:—

“As this inscription will soon be illegible, it may be well to preserve it. It runs thus, in a curious mixture of characters:—‘Hic jacet Richard Moodi qui años [38] Pastor erat vigilantissim’ Æcclæ Standish ille ppo sūtu geodætas et saxi operadores victu ad Ædificoe huj’ Tēpli bis ruinā ppressi alluit obiit 1° die Novrs Ano Dōi 1586.’ (Here lies Richard Moodie, who for [38] years was the very vigilant pastor of Standish Church. He, at his own expense, provided food for the surveyors and masons at the building of this temple, which twice suffered ruin. He died the 1st day of November, 1586.) Moodie's will directs the chancel to be finished out of his goods. He leaves Mr Alexander Standish his



DOORWAY OF THE STANDISH CHAPEL, STANDISH
CHURCH.

[See page 64.]

‘brewing utensils and things in his buttery.’ He prays his ‘old master, Mr Edward Standish’ (i.e., his patron) to supervise his executors, and directs that, should any of the legatees quarrel, they were to have nothing!”

On the south side of the chancel is the tomb of Sir Edward Wrightington, surmounted by his effigy in alabaster. He lies attired in his robes as King’s Counsel, with chain round his neck and book in his hand. On the north side of his monument are painted these words:—

Sub hoc tumulo dormit Corpus viri clarissimi Edwardi Wrightinton de Wrightinton Militis, Legibus Angliæ, Prestantissime periti, e Regis Concilijs in Partibus Angliæ Borealibus Patriæ suæ spectabilis orna-
menti, vitæ vestigiis inculpatæ gloriosi exempli, qui hanc vitam misera-
bilem gaudiis comutavit æternis Quinto Octoberis Anno Redemptoris
nostri, 1658. Ætatis suæ Septuaginta Octo Anorum sex mensium et
quinq Dierum.

Translated (by Mr. Bensted), it reads:—Under this tomb lies at rest the body of that most illustrious person, Edward Wrightington, Knight, admirably skilled in the laws of his country; one of His Majesty’s Counsellors in the northern parts of England; a splendid ornament of his country, in his own footsteps, a glorious example of incorrupt life; who exchanged this miserable life for joys eternal on the 5th of October, in the year of Redemption 1658, having lived 78 years, 6 months, and five days.

The western end bears the arms of the Wrightingtons, *Or*, a chevron, betw. 3 cross-crosslets fitchee, *azure*, and on a scroll the motto, —Per Crucem honos. On the south face of it are painted in white letters—Cujus memoriæ et ad cineres eius Conseruandos etiam pietatis et honoris ergo Hugo Dicconson armiger Nepos et hæres eius mætissimus hoc dormitorium humillime dedicavit.

“To whose memory and for the sake of preserving his ashes, as well as from a sense of duty and honour, Hugh Dicconson, Esquire, his grandson and heir, has humbly dedicated this resting-place.”

This monument is in a good state of preservation, whilst that of Richard Moody is much defaced. To quote Mr. Bensted once more:—
“Tradition says that in 1745 the followers of the *Pretender* showed their political feelings, by sparing the one and destroying the other.”

Above the tomb of Sir Edward is seen the mural monument of Bishop Dicconson. As a sketch of it is given here, I will not attempt to describe it, except to say that it is of marble, and evidently the work of Bradshaw, of Manchester, who made so many in his time. It bears the inscription:—

Hinc juxta jacit
Edwardus Dicconson de Finch Mill
Episc^s Mallensis
in Partibus Infidelium
Obiit
Die xxiv^{to} Aprilis
Anno Domini
MDCCLII
Ætatis Suae LXXXII
Requiescat in Pace.

He was the son of Hugh Dicconson, Esq., of Wrightington Hall. He was elected Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District in September, 1740, and consecrated Bishop of Malla, in *part.: infid.:* in March, 1741. He had been Vice-President of Douay College.

There is a marble tablet in the chancel to the memory of Richard Perryn, who was Rector for more than 45 years, and who did much for the preservation of this ancient church. He kept a diary, from which Mr. Bensted, in his parochial history, gives lengthy extracts, some of them of great interest.

It is from this diary that we learn, as I tell elsewhere in my account of the Standishes of Standish, that the old burial place of that family is *not* the present vault in the Standish Chapel, but here—in the chancel, near Mr. Perryn's monument. He died in 1825, at the age of 72. As his epitaph says, his many virtues endeared him to all.

Upon a beam in the chancel the name of Ralph Brideoake is seen. He was instituted Rector on January 10th, 1644.

“He was present at the siege of Lathom House in the spring of 1644, and it is generally believed that it is to Brideoak's graphic pen we owe the narrative of Charlotte Tremouille's heroic defence of that famed Lancashire Stronghold.”—*Baines.*

He was consecrated Bishop of Rochester, April 18th, 1675, and was permitted to hold at the same time *in commendam* his Canonry of Windsor and the Rectory of Standish. He died October 5th, 1678, aged 64, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Great changes took place in the interior of the Church when Mr. Haydock was Rector. He erected a Corinthian altar-piece behind the Communion Table, and a new gallery for the psalm-singers at the western end. In 1845 the altar-piece was removed, when the beautiful reredos now existing was erected ; and the singing gallery, after having been raised and made to correspond with the gallery on the northern side of the Church, was finally removed at the last restoration, and a clear view of 132 feet from east to west thus obtained. A Latin inscription on a brass plate reads (trans. by Mr. Bensted):—

Here lie the Remains
Of the venerable person
William Haydock
Who for thirty-seven years
As Rector adorned, as Pastor improved,
This Church.
Looking towards the East
You will see the Altar
(At which, as Priest, he officiated
To the time of his death),
Much beautified by him.
Others bring their gifts to the Altar :
He gave to God and the Church
The Altar,
A monument more durable than this Brass
And which
This stone will long preserve immovable.
And what is that Melody which
Proceeds from the West ?
Turning our eyes to that quarter
Behold a gallery erected by him for the singers,
So that from the east to the west,
From one extremity of the earth to the other
It was the strenuous endeavour
Of this pious peace-loving divine
That the doctrines of the Catholic Faith
And the harmony of Evangelical Truth
Should resound.
He died, equally lamented by his flock
And by his widow
On the 13th of April
In the 67th year of his age,
Of our Redemption, 1713.

THE PULPIT.

The beautiful carved oak pulpit of the days of James I., was the gift of William Leigh, B.D., Rector of Standish in succession to Richard Moodie. "He was chaplain to the Earl of Derby, and Tutor to Prince Henry, eldest son of King James the First."

The inscription on it reads:—

"Necessitas mihi incumbit vœ mihi sinon evangelizem. Ex Sump-
tibus W. Leigh Rect Donum dei Deo 1616."

The words are St. Paul's:—

"A necessity lieth upon me, for woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

On one of the panels appears the achievement of Ralph Standish, surmounted by his crest, the Owl and the Rat, with the date 1616, and his initials R.S. The arms are, Quarterly of eight. 1. Standish. 2. old coat of same, *Arg.* a saltier *sa.* in an engrailed bordure of the same. 3. Radcliffe, a mullet for difference. 4. Chadderton. 5. Harrington, with a label of 3 points. 6. English, *Sa.* in pale 3 lions passant, *arg.* 7. Urswick. 8. Verdun, *Sa.* a lion rampant *arg.* charged with a chessrook, *gu.*

Above the pulpit is seen a mural monument of the Worthingtons, bearing their arms—*Arg.* 3 three-grained dung forks, *sa.* Over an esquire's helmet on a wreath, a goat passant, *ar.* (?) attired *or* (?) in mouth an acorn branch *vert.* fructed, gold. It bears date 1584, and the initials E W with a T following, below.

The Worthingtons of Worthington Hall are buried beneath the central aisle of the nave, where there are several slabs bearing their arms and name.

Close to the mural monument of the Worthingtons is another, a marble slab bearing the crest of the Claytons—a dexter arm and hand with a dagger—over a long inscription, beginning thus:—

"Thomas Clayton of Adlington, Esq.
(Lineally descended from Robert de Claitown,
Who came into England at the Norman
Conquest, and soon after became possess'd of the
Manor of Clayton, within Leyland, in this
County), died Jan. 19, 1721, aged 91."

A brass plate in the nave marks the grave of another member of this family :—

Here lies

The Right Honourable Richard Clayton, Esquire,
One of His Majesty's Council, learned in the Law,
Recorder of Wigan, Lord Chief Justice
Of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland,
And one of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy Council in that Kingdom
He died 8th July, 1770, aged 67.

In 1774, Sir Richard Clayton of Adlington was created a baronet. He married 1780, Anne, daughter of Charles White, esq. of Manchester, by whom he had one daughter, Henrietta, born Feb. 12, 1782; who married, 1803, Lieut.-Col. Browne, of the 12th Dragoons. There is a stained glass window on the south side of the church, erected by Richard C. Browne-Clayton of Adlington, in memory of his only son, who was killed in the attack on the Redan, at Sebastopol.

But the most prominent of the mural monuments in the nave is the elaborate marble of Edward Chisnal, of the later Carolean era, adorned with military insignia, and bearing beneath his arms and crest (Chisnal :—*Arg.* 3 crosses bottonnée, fitchée, within a bordure, engrailed, *gu.* Crest, a griffin passant, *gu.* chained and collared, *or*) a Latin inscription, of which I will give Mr. Bensted's translation :—

Here lies interred

EDWARD CHISNAL, of Chisnal, Esquire,

A very illustrious man.

He had the command of a Company

Under King Charles, the Martyr.

He was a brave defender of the Monarchy

And a learned one of his Religion.

At the siege of Lathom House

He boldly took from the Rebels

A fire-vomiting mortar.

By the Catholic History, which he wrote,

He still defends the Church of England

(Truly Catholic in its teaching).

He died on the 5th of March

In the year of Redemption 1653,

In the year of his age 35.

His eldest son, Edward Chisnal, of Chisnal, Knight, mindful of such great courage and piety, erected this monument.

On an octagonal tablet of marble in gilt letters are recorded, in full, the two commissions held by the royalist hero: the first from Prince Rupert, the second from Charles II., "given at our camp at Higher Whitely, the 16th Aug., 1651, in the 3rd year of our Reign." Mr. Bensted says of him:—"He received his commission as Col. of Foot from Prince Rupert soon after the siege of Lathom House was raised; and as Col. of Horse from K. Charles the Second, a few days before the fatal Battle of Worcester, August 1651. Falling into the power of the Parliamentary troops, he was 'fined £800 and sequestered.'

"He died two years afterwards, and the monument* was erected by his son, who also gave the present Communion-Table in 1693; to the Chisnal family the church is also indebted for the stained glass window at the eastern end, executed by Mareshal and Gugnion, of Metz."—*Mr. B.*

Their family seat was Chisnal Hall in Coppull, now a farmhouse; they were there from the 13th century until the death of Sir Edward Chisenhall (spelt both ways) in the 17th.

On the north side of the interior, under the clerestory windows, is seen carved in stone the Crest of the Earls of Derby—the Eagle and Child—indicative of the share that the Stanleys had in the restoration of the church.

On a brass plate in the nave is the quaint epitaph here given:—

Mr William Latham, of Standish Wood, died
The 20th day of September, A.D. 1691, aged 69.
Providence casts a kind auspicious eye
On Prudent Care, our friend was raised thereby.
He owned the Blessing, could not quit the Score,
Yet part returned, to God and to the Poor.
He lived in Plenty, died in Peace, here lies
His mortal part lodged safe to th' great Assize.
The other's gone above to Him who made it,
Who for our dear Redeemer's sake will save it.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat."—Prov. ii. v. 25.

In 1806 the mural marble monument of Richard Watt, a piece of sculpture in the classic style, was placed near the South Door. It bears his arms:—*Azure*, 3 arrows paleways points in base, *or* (over middle arrow a label of 3 points), on a chief, *or*, 3 moors' heads, ppr. Crest— a greyhound sejant *azure*, holding an arrow *or* on a wreath, *or* and *azure*.

* His helmet is suspended on a trophy-iron hard by.

This inscription :—

In memory of
Richard Watt, Esq^{re}
Of Oak-Hill, near Liverpool,
Who died November the 4th 1796
Aged 72 years

And this design, of which I give Mr. Bensted's account :—

“The design has two figures, the one represents Industry, the other Commerce. Industry, marked by the Bee-hive, is decorating with Laurel, a vase in which the ashes of the deceased are supposed to be deposited; and Commerce, marked by the Compass and part of a Ship, is pointing to the Town of Liverpool. Thus showing that Commerce, Assisted by Industry, was *the* source of the deceased's wealth.”

Near the above is a mural marble tablet bearing the arms of Hodson (or Hodgson) of Ellerbeck :—Per chevron embattled *or* and *az.* 3 martlets, 2 and 1, counterchanged. A crescent in centre of chief. Impaling, —. Quarterly, 1 and 4—a bend, —, charged with 3 crosses fitchée, 2 and 3. —, a fret. Crest, a martlet on a rock. Inscription :—

John Hodson
Of Ellerbeck, Esq^{re}
Died on the 11th day of March
AD MDCCCXXVIII aged LXX
Ellen. his wife
On the XXIVth day of October following
Aged LIV.

Richard Cardwell Clerk the nephew
to whom he devised his estates
erects this tablet to their memory.

There are two other mural tablets in the Nave—one marks the grave of Thomas Lawe, Esq^{re} of Preston; and the other was erected as a “Testimony of the faithful services” of James Standish [must have been a native of this parish] “for 29 years gamekeeper at Lathom House.”

THE STANDISH CHAPEL.

The Standish Chapel was left alone at the time of the restoration of the Church in 1859, but in 1878 it was renovated also, as recorded on a brass tablet affixed to its southern wall, which bears these words:—

“The Standish Chapel was erected
by Edward Standish, Esq^{re}
of Standish, in the year 1589
and restored by
Henry Standish Esq^{re} of Standish,
in the year 1878.

The vault of the Standish Family lies beneath the Chapel.

In this side chapel, supporting the beams of its oak roof, which is divided into panels like that of the main portion of the church, and the carved bosses of which bear the coats of arms of the Standishes and their numerous alliances,—there are to be seen some quaintly-carved corbels, far older in appearance than their surroundings. The benches of oak shew at their ends the crest of the Standish of Standish—the Owl and the Rat, and the initials R.S., Ralph Standish, who died in 1656. The east window of the Chapel shows the arms of its restorer, Henry Standish of Standish, impaling those of his wife Heléne, the daughter of the Count de Cars. Her arms are—*Gules*, on a pale *azure*, five inescutcheons *argent*. Over their arms is the Crest—The Owl and the Rat, with the motto *Je desire*, and below the shield is her motto:—

Fais ce que dois advienne oue pourra—Do what you ought to do, come what may.

In the other window of the Chapel, to the south of the doorway, is blazoned the achievement of the founder, Edward Standish of Standish:—Quarterly of eight, viz. :—1. *Sable*, 3 standishes, 2 and 1 *argent* [Standish]. 2. *Argent*, a saltire *sable* within a bordure of the same [ancient coat of the Standishes?]. 3. *Argent*, a bend engrailed *sable*, in chief a mullet for difference [Radcliffe]. 4. *Gules*, a cross potent crossed, or [Chadderton]. 5. *Sable*, fretty *argent* [Harrington]. 6. *Argent*, on a bend *sable* 3 lozenges *argent*, each charged with a saltire *gules* [Urswick]. 7 and 8, the same as 1 and 2. Surmounted by an esquire's helmet, garnished with gold, bearing on a wreath, the crest of the Standish—the owl and the rat, proper—the rat represented as on the bench-ends—as if walking along with the owl on its back. Underneath on a scroll in O.E. characters—

Standish
Ano D'ni
1589



FROM A BENCH-END IN THE STANDISH CHAPEL.

[See page 34.]

Will: Standish

Will: Haydock Recd.^r

James Blundell.

FACSIMILIES OF THREE SIGNATURES IN THE PAROCHIAL
ACCOUNT BOOKS, STANDISH.

William Standish, died June 8, 1705.

William Haydock, died April 13, 1713.

James Blundell, hanged in Wigan Lane, Feb. 10, 1716.

[See page 13.]



Photo by

D. Halton, Chorley.

INTERIOR OF THE ANCIENT BARN AT DUXBURY
PARK.

[See page 74.]

The Eastern hammerbeam is inscribed :—EDWARD STANDYSHE, 1589.

It contains an old mural monument of stone much decayed, bearing the arms of Hawarden of Wolston. The following information anent it was given me by R. D. Radcliffe, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., the Hon. Sec. and Editor of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire :—

“The arms cut in stone on the south wall (interior) of the south choir aisle of Standish Church are those of Hawarden of Wolston in Warrington Parish. Alexander, son of Edward Standish, who built the Standish Chapel in 1589, married in 1575 Elizabeth daughter and heir of Adam Hawarden of Wolston aforesaid.

The arms as given in Flower's Visitation of Lancashire, 1567, are :—Quarterly, 1. *Gules, guttéé argent* [Gregson gives—*Argent guttéé sable* : correct] a fesse nebuleé of the second, for Hawarden.

2. *Argent a bend fusily sable*, for Wolston.
3. *Gules, five fusils in pale argent*, for Lymme.
4. Quarterly. 1 & 4. *Argent, a wolf passant sable*.
- 2 & 3. *Argent & Sable, a cross fleury counter-changed*, for Eaton.”

John Hawarden of Hawarden, in Co. Flint, married Annabell, daughter and sole heir of Hugh Wolston of Wolston, co. Lancaster, gentleman. His son Thomas was the first of the Hawardens of Wolston.—Flower's *Visitation*.

The crest is now hardly distinguishable, but may be a wolf's head, erased.

There is a modern tablet of marble, surmounted by the arms of Standish, quartered with those of Towneley—*Argent, a fesse sable*, in chief 3 mullets of the last, and this inscription :—

Memoriæ

Cecilïæ Towneley, filiæ et Hæridis
Radulphi Standish de Standish, Armiger,
(Vidue Willielmi Towneley de Towneley, Armiger,
Qui natus Maio 1714 Obiit 13 Februa, 1741, et
Sepultus est ad Weston prope Bathoniam ;)
Nata Julio, 1714, Obiit 21 Decembris, 1778 ;

Nec non et

Edwardi Towneley-Standish tertii filii eorum,
Qui Natus Julio, 1740, Obiit 28 Martii, 1807.

Grato pioque animo fieri curavit
Thoma Strickland-Standish, nepos

MDCCCVIII

R.I.P.

THE CHANTRIES.

Mr. Bensted gives the following account of them (here slightly abridged):—

In the reign of Henry VIII. the King's Commissioners ordered 'that the Founders and Incumbents, or their lawful attorneys sufficiently authorised, of the Chantries within the said Church of Standish shall appear before the said Commissioners, at Manchester, on the 28th day of June, at Ten o'clock before noon, and to bring with them the foundations of the said Chantries, as also sufficient cause why the said Chantries and their Altars be not furnished with all necessaries for divine service &c &c.' [This would be in 1535.]

(1). The result of this inquiry was that James Nevore was found to be the Priest Incumbent of the Chantry of St. Nicholas, of the foundation of Sir Alexander Fairclough. Sir Alexander Fairclough was probably an ecclesiastic. According to Baines, he was Rector here c. 1470, but the date of his institution is unknown. He was presented in succession to Roger de Standish, and appears to have died about the year 1501. It was in existence in 1498, as appears by an inscription, formerly on a brass plate in the North aisle of the church. This inscription is very quaint and obscure:—

✠ Orate p'a'i'a Rob'ti Pylkingtō capelli quōdā
 custodis huj. Cantarie S'c'i Nicholai qui suo t'pi dedit
 eidem Cantar quendā annū reddit vj marcar. in p'petuū
 supportand, ita p'viso q'd Capell. dicte Cantar, p'tpe
 existens in p'p'm orabit p'salvte a'imar' p'fati Rob'ti et
 D'ni Thome ffayreclogh Doctor in decretis olim Rector
 de Walton et o'ium suor, be'factor, qui quid^m Robt^{us}
 obiit prid. non. Maias A^o D'ni, 1498, Quor. a'iabz
 p'picietur deus. Amen.

—*Lancashire MSS., vol. xxv., p. 34. Kuerden in Coll. Arm.*

“Pray for the soul of Robert Pylkyngton, formerly Chaplain and Custodian of this Chantry of St Nicholas: who in his time gave to this Chantry a certain yearly revenue of six marks, to be paid in perpetuity, on the condition that the Chaplain of the aforesaid Chantry, for the time being, shall, in the Afternoon Service, pray for the salvation of the souls of the aforesaid Robert, and of Mr Thomas ffayreclogh, Doctor of the Canon Law, formerly Rector of Walton, and a benefactor to all his relatives, which Robert died on the 6th of May, 1498. To whose souls may God be gracious. Amen,”—*Mr. Bensted's translation,*

It was further found that he (James Nevore) celebrated for the souls of Sir Alexander Fairclough and his ancestors, and maintained the service in the choir every holy-day. There was no plate belonging to this Chantry: the endowment came from land and cottages held by Ralph Whittle in Rivington, Oliver Barnes and Alice Pendlebury, by Oliver Pleasington and Robert Hagh in Whittle, Robert Sutton in Adlington, and Thurstan Sayle in Heath Charnock.

In 1535 the Commissioners assessed the Chantry, for tenths, 9s. 8d; for subsidy, 8s. 8d.

In 1548 there was no Incumbent serving at this altar, which was in the North aisle, evidently.

(2). Another Chantry was founded in the same century, about 1483, by James Standish, of Duxbury, at the Rood Altar. [Croston's ed. of Baines says it "was on the Rood gallery in the chancel arch. The doorway, now blocked up, originally leading to the Holy Rood, and the socket of the old screen, may still be discerned."] The founder of this Chantry is mentioned in the following document in the British Museum [*Hurl. MSS. Cod. 2042. Fo. 239*] as the giver of a relic of St. Lawrence to the Chapel of Chorley, in Croston, now Chorley Parish Church:—

"Be it knowne to all men that I Tho Tarleton vickar of the church of Croston berith wnesse & certifie that Mr James Standish of Duxbury hath deliuered a relique of St Lawrence head into the church of Chorley the which Sr Rouland of Standish K^t brother of the said James and Dame Jane his wife brought out of Normandy to the worship of God and St Lawrence for the p^fite and auaille of the sayd church to the Intent that the foresayd Sr Rou. Standish K^t & Dame Jane his wife the sayd James and his wife wth their p^decessors and successors may be in the sayd church p^petually prayed for & in wnesse of the which to this my p^sent writting I haue sett my Seale. Written at Croston afforsayd the 2 day of March in ye yea^re of our lord God 1442."

[There is no such relic as the one here described to be found now in Chorley Parish Church. The bones shown there as the relics of St. Laurence, may or may not be what they are said to be. But the relic of the Saint mentioned in this ancient document—and mentioned alone—has disappeared. If there had been any other relics of the Saint given at the same time, they would have been distinctly specified.]

In 1535 the Chantry was assessed at the following value:—For tenths, 6s. 9d.; for subsidy, 6s. 1d. The endowments came from land in Langtree, Worthington, and Chorley, and also from land in the occupation of Thomas Ainscough, probably in Standish. There was something exceptional in the case of this Chantry, for the Commissioners made an allocation in its favour when the Chantries were suppressed. In 1548, Peter Bower, the Incumbent, was aged 72 years. In 1553, as the infirmities of age crept on, and four score years had been nearly reached, Mr Peter Bower was found too old for work, and had to retire on a pension of £3 0s. 8d.

[Canon Raines says:—"The chapel on the south side of the chancel is claimed by the family of Standish, but, if originally a chantry,* it does not appear to have had a legal foundation, as the Commissioners do not recognise it."—*Hist. of Lane. Chantries*. The editor of Baines' Lancashire, commenting on this, observes:—"There were a good many chantries in those days whose owners were not anxious to prove a legal foundation for them, and probably the Standishes were wise, and continued to keep the endowment in their own hands."]

(3). The chauntrie of Our Ladye, within the sayde p'och church,"
"of the foundacon of Cristofer Wallez."

The Chantry Commissioners reported it to be of the foundation of Christopher Wallez, but the Standish Charters make it clear that the real founder was Henry, son of John le Wales, and that it dates from the 2nd Edward III., 1328. The founder was rector of Standish, 1301-1358.

It was situated in the extreme eastern end of the chancel. The east end of the church belongs evidently to a period earlier than the present chancel. It is narrower in its dimensions, and on the exterior of the south side is a stone bearing the date (incised) 1511. [The figures seen thereon are too modern of form to have been made in the year they specify.] On the Eastern exterior the jambs and rough moulding of a door are visible, which was probably blocked up at the restoration of the church. This portion is also joined to the rest of the chancel in a line which cuts off a division from each of the upper windows at the side of the chancel, a fact which has probably escaped the notice of many.

* "It may be mentioned that in the post-mortem inquisition of Ralph Standish of Standish, taken 31 Henry VIII, along with the Manor and Advowson of the Benefice a Chantry in the Church is specially included."—*Willis's Mitr. Abb., vol. ii., p. 108*.

In Henry VIII.'s reign the Chantry Commissioners made the following report on this chantry :—

“William Bymeson is priest Incumbent of the foundation of Christopher Wall, to celebrate there for the soul of him and his ancestors, by which foundation the said Incumbent is bound to find 13 tapers before the Sacrament and to maintain the service in the choir every holy-day.

“The same chapel is within the Parish Church aforesaid, and the Incumbent doth celebrate there, find tapers, and maintain the choir accordingly.”

This Chantry, as also the other two in Standish Church, is returned as being without plate, ornaments, and vestments; but yet in each there must have been a chalice and paten, a missal, and vestments; “but knowing the rapacity with which everything of value was taken for the King and his courtiers, everything would be concealed and withheld as far as possible.”—*Mr. Bensted.*

The endowments of this Chantry came from land in the occupation of John Wakefield, in Standish, and Bryan Bibby, also in Standish, who each paid 20s. ; Richard Hunter, in Langtree, who paid 35s. ; and Alexander ‘Sklater,’ in Welch Whittle, who paid 20s. yearly. The sum total of the Rental belonging to this Chantry was £4 15s 0d.

In 1535 it was assessed for tenths, 9s. 6d. ; and for subsidy, 8s. 6d.

In 1548, William Benison, aged 46, a lame and impotent man, was the Incumbent, and maintained the service in the choir every holy-day, and the ‘houseling’ people of Standish were 1400.

In 1553, William Benson, or Benison, Priest of the Chantry of the B. V. Mary at Standish, had a pension of £4 5s. 6d.

THE “DUXBURY CHAPEL.”

The Chapel at the end of the north aisle, now made into a vestry, is locally known as the “Duxbury Chapel,” just as another is the “Standish Chapel.” Whether it be the ancient burial place of the Duxbury Standishes, or got its name from its vicinity to the chantry founded by James Standish of Duxbury, I know not.

When the Commissioners made their inventories of church goods they found at Standish (Oct. 6. 1552) "iij great belles, iij sacring belles, ij chalyc of sylver wt patens, ij hole sute of vestemētes wt theyr apparelse, one vestment wt ij tynnacles, one albe wt amys, iij other olde vestements wt theyr apparels, iiij olde copes, ij other vestmentes wt theyr apparels, iij olde cov'nynges to iij alters, vj alter clothes, vj towells, ij cruetes of pewter, ij paxes of brasse, one grene say* that hangs before a pycure of saynet Wylfryde belongyng to the church of Standysh."

The church possesses some very fine Communion plate, given for the most part by members of the Goldsmith's Company, natives of the parish. In 1608 Alex. Prescottt, a member of that Company, gave a cup and cover. Another member of that body, Alexander Holt, in 1657, presented a flagon of silver gilt with a cup and paten, and this gift was added to, at a later date, by other members of the Holt family. Each bears their arms and crest, Holt—*argent*, on a bend *sable*, 3 fleurs de lis of the field, a crescent for difference. Crest:—a hand, vested and cuffed, —, holding a pheon.

The registers and churchwardens' account books contain many items of great interest, some of them vastly amusing.

THE BELLS.

The Inscriptions on the Bells are:—

1. James Blundell and Ralf Low, Churchwardens. A.R. 1715.
2. James Howlcroft, John Crooke, Churchwardens. 1714.
3. Peace and Good Neighbourhood. A.R. 1715.
4. Prosperity to the Church of England. 1714.
5. Prosperity to the Parish. A.R. 1714.

"In the year 1846 another Bell was added to the ring of five. It was obliged to be smaller than the existing first bell, or the whole would have had to be recast. Its weight is about 4 cwt, & its diameter 2ft. 2in. Cast by Messrs. Mears, of London, and hung by James Darbyshire. Cost about £40."—*Mr. Bensted.*

The original five were cast by Abram Rudhall, the maker of the Eccleston Bells, a noted bell founder of his time. He cast "Bow Bells."

I cannot conclude this account of Standish Church without recording the many obligations I am under to Mr. Cottle, the parish clerk, for his uniform courtesy and kindness to me whenever I have visited the Church.

* A green silk curtain.

THE RIGBYS OF LAYTON AND BURGH AND THEIR BURIAL PLACE IN STANDISH CHURCH.

By the kindness of the Rev. Fr. Teebay, of Weldbank, I am enabled to reproduce the text of an old paper dealing with the above.

It appears to have been written by Edward Rigby, the eldest son and the successor of Alexander Rigby of Layton and Burgh, on his death in 1587.

The arms of the Rigbys of Layton and Burgh appear on what remains of an ancient cross at Layton, near Blackpool. Unlike another and better-known family of that name in Lancashire, the Rigbys of L. and B. were Catholics and zealous Royalists. It was one of this family, Alexander Rigby (30 years old in 1664), who erected the monument in Wigan Lane, Wigan, to the memory of Sir Thomas Tyldesley, under whom he had served as a cornet.

The same Alexander Rigby, Esq., of Layton, was Sheriff of Lancashire, 1677-1678, and also in 1691.

There are varying accounts given of the way in which the Rigbys lost their estates. In a little book entitled "An historical and descriptive account of the Parish of Chorley &c.," printed and published by C. Robinson, Market St, Chorley, 1835, we are told that in consequence of one of the family, "Sir Alexander Rigby, Knight," who was a merchant of London, having become unfortunate in his speculations and adventures, he was unable to satisfy the claims of his creditors; the estate (Burgh) was consequently sold in the year 1727, and purchased by John Chadwick, Esq. But whatever truth there may be in this account taken as a whole, its last statement is incorrect, because the Chadwick who first acquired Burgh Hall was not John Chadwick (of Birkacre), but his eldest son, Thomas Chadwick, who in 1744 became the husband of Eleanor Maria, daughter and heiress of Matthew Cragg, of Cammerton, co. Cumberland, and Burgh Hall, co. Lancaster, Gent., by Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas Whaley of Heskin, yeoman.

Another writer says that Alexander Rigby, esq., who resided at Layton Hall, and was Sheriff of Lancashire 1691-2, was so impoverished by the sacrifices of his family in the royal cause that he was compelled to dispose of the Layton property for the benefit of his creditors at the sum of £19,200. He was also imprisoned for debt till released by an Act of Parliament in 1714 (1st George I.). His arms, of the date 1693, may yet be seen at his house on the south side of the market place at Poulton-le-Fylde, where he resided after the sale of the Layton Hall estate.—*Thorner's History of Blackpool*, p. 66.

The Chadwicks left Burgh Hall in 1823, when it was sold by them to the late Mr. Anderton.

The Rev. John Chadwick, fourth son of John Chadwick of Birkacre, and brother of Thomas Chadwick of Burgh Hall, founded the Mission of Weldbank in 1774. To this Mission were bequeathed the books and MSS. constituting the library at Burgh Hall. The following paper is amongst the MSS. thus acquired.

Mr. Matthew Cragg died on Sunday, January 14th, 1753.

Burgh Hall is now tenanted by Col. W. J. Thom, 3rd L.R.G.A.V.

The arms of Rigby of Layton and Burgh are given by Dugdale as:—Bendy of six indented, *argent* and *azure*, on a chief *sable*, three cinquefoils *or*. Crest:—A goat's head, *sable*, bezanteé, horned and bearded, *or*.

Copy of a Paper endorsed "Touchinge my Buryall place in Standyshe Church."

xx^{mo} Martij A^o R^{no}
Elizabetha : xxvij^{mo}
1584

A note taken touchinge my knelynge place
and Buryall place in Standyshe Church.

first in a corner of the northe syde of the church in the upper Ende of the same Called then our Ladyes Channcell my Syster Anne was Buryed beinge adioynynge to the place where my father and mother were Buryed

Itm my mother Jane Rigby who died the ij^d day of march 1584 et xxvij^{mo} Eliz R^{no} was Buryed in the same place & in the same Channcell where one gret brode Stone lyethe & ys Just under the wyndow where my Armes do now Stande in the said Channcell / at the tyme of the makinge of the grave where she was buryed : (as by John Chamberlayne Clerke of the Church his reporte to me w^{ch} hys sonn also & many others then seyinge the same since, have lykewise affyrmed to me) that in makinge the same grave w^{ch} was very depe, they found a vaulte of Stronge thynne & Brode brycke where in tymes paste some had bene entered / & that of many yeres paste yt was thoughte none had ever bene buryed or used buryall ther : for that they imagyned some Channtery preste had bene ther buryed or els some Knyght of the order of Jerusalē /

This I do set downe so that hereafter yf any make claime to the same yt may appere that none have used buryall or knelynge there at any tyme in mans remēbrance, but my father, mother & theyr famyly for the space of thē



Photo by

CHORLEY PARISH CHURCH.

H. Dalton, Chorley.

[See page 87.

fourty yeres without Clayme of any.

Itm my dowghter Anne was buried in the same place the
xiiijth day of Marche A^o xxvij^o Eliz R^{no} / 1585 /

Itm my father Alexander Rigby was Buryed in the same
place the xvijth day of Marche A^o R^{no} Eliz xxx^{mo} / 1587 :

Itm my dowghter Dorothy was Buryed on the same
place the vijth day of January A^o R^{no} Eliz xxxvij^{mo}
1594 /

[Page II.]

My father Alexander Rigby of Burghe had by Jane Laythewit
hys onely wyfe : iiii Sonnes : i daughter : vidz 1 Edwarde 4 Roger
2 Roger Alex :
3 Anne

Ewarde Rigby sonne of Alex : Rigby of Burghe : was maryed to
Dorethy the Doughter of Hugh Andertonn of Euxton & Clayton
Esquier : xxvj^o Julij 1584 / & had yssue ut sequitur / vidz :

1. 4th Januarij 1581 / 24 Eliz R^{no} Jana Rigby : nata fuit
2. xxxth Marche 1582 / 25 Eliz R^{no} Alexander Rigby natus fuit
4. 4th of Decēber 1585 / 28 Eliz R^{no} Anna Rigby nata fuit
5. 1587 / 29 Eliz R^{no} Margareta Rigby nata fuit
3. xxth of Septēber 1584 / 27 Eliz R^{no} Ailia : Rigby nata fuit
6. xxvijth of Septēber 1589 / 31 Eliz R^{no} Hugo Rigby natus fuit
7. ijd of decēber 1593 / 37 Eliz R^{no} Dorethea Rigby na : fuit

[Page III.]

The Dayes my father / mother / & chyldren were Buryed.

ijd day of Marche / 1584 / & xxvij^{mo} Eliz R^{no} my

mother Jane Rigby of Burgh wyfe of Alexander was
Buryed in the Nōthe Syde of Standyshe Church in
or Ladyes Channcell beinge LX years olde ///

xiiijth Day of March 1585 et xxvij^o Eliz R^{no} Anne daughter
of Edw : Rigby of Burghe was buried in the same place
beinge xiiij wekes & ij dayes old /

xiiijth day of March 1587 et xxx^{mo} Eliz R^{no} Alexander Rigby
of Burghe Esquier was Buryed in the same place
beinge Lxvij yeres old.

vijth day of January 1594 et 37 Eliz R^{no} Dorethy Rigby
doughter of Edw : Rigby of Burgh was Buryed in the same
place be one yere & one mōthe old /

my sister Anne Rigby daughter of Alexander Rigby was buried
in the same place about 1558

my Brother Roger (for 1 had two so called) the elder Sonne
of the said Alexander Rigby of Burgh was Buryed in the
same place aboute 1556.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE STANDISHES OF DUXBURY.

ARMS OF DUXBURY: *Azure*, three standing dishes, *argent*.

Crest: Upon a wreath of the colours, a cock, *argent*. (In Flower's Visitation, 1567, it is given *sable*, beaked, wattled, combed, legged, and spurred, *or*.)

Motto: *Constant en tout*.

The first Standish of whom mention is made as being of Duxbury is Hugh, the third son of Ralph de Standish, who established himself in Duxbury in the reign of Edward I.

Baines says:—"Duxbury gave name at a very early period to a family, of whom Adam, in 16 Edward I., 1288, held a moiety of the vill; and in 32 Edward III., 1358, Nicholas de Norreys levied a fine upon Henry, the son of Adam de Dokesbury, for messuages and lands there."

Probably this was the family that built the original Duxbury Hall, the place now so inseparably connected with the name of the Standishes who succeeded them as its owners and occupiers.

Centuries have come and gone, making great changes in the aspect of the hall, but it stands to-day on the same spot, not far from the pleasant little river Yarrow, where it was first erected by the Duxburys of old.

The ancient barn attached to it, is of all things there the least altered.

Its massive supports, made of sections of entire oak trees, each standing on a huge block of stone, and each fastened to its fellow by three cross-pieces overhead, make one marvel at the skill and the patience of the carpenters in those long-past days that witnessed its erection.

It appears that the Standishes did not reside at Duxbury Hall prior to the reign of Henry VIII. This we gather from the perusal of the following abstracts of two deeds, taken from Earwaker's "Charters and deeds relating to the Standish family of Standish and Duxbury." I must here acknowledge that if Mr. Edward McKnight had not pointed them out to me (he having early discovered their important bearing on the history of the Standishes), I should not have observed them—at least, not in time to incorporate them in this work:—

"CCLXXII. A feoffment of the capital messuage of Duxbury, called Duxbury Hall, in the county of Lancaster, with all edifices, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, woods, &c., thereto belonging in Fee from Thomas Duxbury to RAUFF STANDISH Esquire. Dated 20th January, 15 Henry VIII. [1524]

CCLXXIII. A quit-claim from Thomas Duxbury to RAUFF STANDISH Esquire, of Duxbury Hall and other the premises in which he had been seised on the 20th of January last past.

Dated January 21st, 15 Henry VIII [1524]"

Mr. Earwaker appends the following remarks:—"Hugh Standish, the second son of Jordan Standish [Jordan's younger brother, according to Croston] settled at Duxbury in the reign of Edward I. Yet it is evident that neither he nor his descendants had got possession of Duxbury Hall before this time."

And this explains why *two* halls appear in Duxbury township in the old maps of the same. The Standishes of Duxbury in all probability lived at the moated residence, the site of which is still called the "Old Hall," now "Bretter's Farm," in Duxbury, just where it joins Heath Charnock.

It was totally destroyed many, many years ago. Very probably—in fact, it is almost certain—the stones from the walls of this old Hall were carted away to be used in the erection of the "Hall-o'th'-Hill," which was built by Thomas Willis, Esq., in 1724, for his own residence. He was at that time M.P. for Wigan. The "Hall-o'th'-Hill" does not appear to have been thoroughly completed, and some of the stones in its walls show signs of having been taken from some older building. It is about two miles from Chorley. Mr. Willis was a connection of the old Shaw (or Ashaw) family.

Since writing the foregoing, I have made a visit to Bretter's Farm (May 12th, 1903), and find the site of the Hall to be an oblong mound, measuring roughly about 40 yards in width and 60 in length. The moat around it is in most part tolerably perfect, being supplied with water which flows into it in more than one place—the drainage of the higher lands adjoining.

Mr. Hoyle, the present occupier of the farm, pointed out to me that portion of the moat which was formerly spanned by a drawbridge approached by steps leading down to the water's edge. These steps are still in position, but covered with soil and other debris, Mr. Hoyle's father—who preceded him in the farm—having filled up that particular part of the moat, to facilitate approach to the artificial island, then converted into an orchard of apple-trees, of which a solitary specimen alone survives.

Mr. Hoyle told me that a few years ago, in making a grave at one end of the mound for a cow which had died, they came across a large stone—the corner-stone of some building, he thought. In my opinion, the present farmstead and its appurtenances are the outbuildings of the old Hall.

From thence I went through the fields to the “Hall-o’th’-Hill,” to make a personal inspection of its walls. Some of the larger stones in them certainly appear to have belonged to another building—so irregular in shape are they.

To return to the Standishes. The first mention of Duxbury in the Standish Charters is found in the one here given:—“William de Standisch and William del Burgh grant and by this present charter confirm to Henry Knoute, one ‘astrum,’ and their common of pasture in the vill. of Dokesbury as others hold and have common of pasture in the said village, saving to them and their heirs what is already appropriated to them, or shall, etc., To have and to hold etc., Paying annually three pence at the Feasts of the Nat. of Our Lord, the Nat. of St. John the Baptist, and St. Michael, in equal portions for everything. In default of heirs, the same to remain to the said William and William and their heirs for ever.”

Witnesses, John de Cophull, John de Chisenhale, Roger de Chisenhale, John de Derbysche, Roger ——— and others.

Dated at Dokesbury the Wednesday next after the Feast of St. Laurence [Feb. 3rd. Second Archbishop of Canterbury.] 7 Edward III. 1333.

Later on amongst the charters is one by which Richard, son of Hugh de Standish conveys lands etc., in Dokesbury to William del Burgh and Joan his wife, in which he had been enfeoffed by William de Standish his brother, with reversion to the rightful heirs of the said Richard. Witnesses:—John de Standish, etc. Dated 9 Edward III. 1335.

According to Croston’s Pedigrees of the Standishes of Standish and Duxbury, the Standishes of Duxbury are the descendants of Hugh Standish, the third son of Ralph de Standish, which Ralph was living in 1221. Hugh married Alice, the daughter of Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton in the 34 Edward I. 1305. His sons, William, who died young, and Richard Standish de Duxbury, his heir, are the William and Richard of the above charters.

Richard had two sons, Hugh, who succeeded him, and John. Hugh married Alice, daughter of Henry Standish of Standish in 1369. By her he had issue Christopher, his heir, William, Alexander, and Clemence, all of whom died young. Christopher married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Fleming, in the 19 Richard II. 1395. They had three sons (according to Croston); Ralph, the eldest, who married Joan, the daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard of the Bryn in 7 Henry V. 1419, and died without issue: Sir Rowland Standish, Knight, (who brought the relic of the head of St. Lawrence from Normandy to Chorley Church), who also died without issue; and James, the third son, heir to his father and brothers, (living 6 Edward IV. 1465). He married Alice, the relict of another James Standish (according to Croston).

Now, here is what seems to me a pretty mixture of things. Croston gives Ralph's name no prefix; and says of Sir Rowland, that he "served in the wars in France . . . slain, with the Earl of Arundel and others, in France; died without issue; will proved, 1435."

Now, Gregson says "Sir Ralph Standish was a commander under Henry V. and VI. in the French wars."

And Baines, in the very edition of his "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster," which is edited by Mr. Croston, says:—"Sir Ralph Standish, a kinsman of the Knight of Smithfield [i.e., of Sir John Standish, the slayer of Wat Tyler], commanded in the French wars under Henry V., and was slain at Gerberoy in 1434. Sir Rowland de Standish, who brought home the relics of St. Lawrence from Normandy to Chorley, James de Standish, and John de Chisnal, fought with Henry V. at Agincourt, upon St. Crispin's Day, 1415, each with six footmen behind him, and Sir Hugh Standish and John Standish were their comrades in these French wars."

Foster's "Lancashire Pedigrees" confirms Croston's account, giving us also the information that Sir Rowland was knighted 5 or 19 Henry VI. The John Standish mentioned above was a Standish of Standish.

James' son and successor, Christopher, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Bradshaigh of Haigh.

Christopher's son and successor, another James, also married an Alice, and had a son, another Christopher, who in his turn became Master of Duxbury. Christopher, the second, was followed by his son, also a Christopher, who was knighted by Richard III., and who was married in the 6 Henry VII., 1490 (wife's name unknown).

Sir Christopher had 5 sons and 3 daughters, Thomas; James; Hugh; Alexander; Rowland; Maude, the eldest daughter, married William Bradshaigh of Haigh; Anne married a Shakerley; and Margaret married a Holden. Thomas succeeded his father. He married Katharine, the eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Standish of Standish (marr. covenant dated 13 Hy. VII. 1497-8). His wife's brother, Ralph, acquired Duxbury Hall from Thomas Duxbury in the 15 Hy. VIII. 1524. Is it possible that he bought it for the husband of his sister?

From the fact that the Standishes of Duxbury bore the arms of the Duxbury family as a second quarter, I am more than half inclined to believe they were connected by marriage. But that remains to be proved.

Thomas was the father of James; Alice, wife of ——— Barnes, of Waltham Forest, co. Middlesex; Elizabeth, marr. (1) to Rowland Edwards, of London; (2) to ——— Fuller, of London, merchant; (3) to Thomas Moore, of London also; Jane, wife of William Newman, als. Scroope.

James, who succeeded his father, marr. (1) Elizabeth, daughter of Evan Haydock, she died childless; (2) Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Butler, of Rawcliffe, 28 Henry VIII. 1536. His children were Thomas; Christopher; and Anne, wife of Randolph Eaton; Clemence, wife of John Yates of Chorley. His eldest son and successor, Thomas, married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower; she survived her husband, who died at Duxbury, April 13, 1599. Inquisition p.m. Oct. 9, 1599; will dated June 18, 1593, proved at Chester, 1600.

He is the Thomas Standyshe Esquire of the "Acquittance of Robert Charnocke" for the "Buyldinge" of Standish Church. It is not at all improbable that the "Duxbury Chapel" in it was erected by him. It is always spoken of—locally—by that name. He had two sons, Alexander and Leonard. Alexander succeeded his father. He was 29 in 1600. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Ralph Asheton, of Whalley Abbey. Their children were—Thomas; Richard; Ralph; Alexander; Joan; Alice; Anne. Thomas succeeded, and married (1) Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wingfield, of Letheringham, co. Suffolk, Knight, and (2) Annie, daughter of Christopher Whittingham, of Suffolk. By his first wife he had Thomas; Alexander; Richard; Anne; and Ratclyffe. By the second, Ralph; Gilbert; Henry; Katherine; Margaret; and Dorothy.

Thomas the elder was a Parliamentarian ; his son Thomas was a captain in the Royalist army under the Earl of Derby. In Fishwick's *History of the Parish of Preston*, pp. 372-3, we read that Thomas Standish was M.P. for Preston from the 5th of May, 1640, until his death in 1645.

Thomas the younger was killed at Manchester, September 29, 1642. By his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Vaux, of Dotchet, he had a daughter who died young at Exford. He died without surviving issue. His will was proved at Chester, and inventory of goods filed 1642. Alexander, the second son of Thomas the elder, and heir to his brother, was twice married, firstly to Alice, daughter of William Faryngton, of Shawe Hall, and relict of ——— Banastre of Banke, and secondly, to Margaret, relict of Col. Clifton. Two widows. He also died without issue.

The third son, Richard, succeeded to the estates. Like his father, he was M.P. for Preston [1660]. This will be the Richard of whom we read in the Chorley Registers of 1653, that Richard Standish and Charles Robinson, Esquires, magistrates, published the banns of marriage at the Market Cross, in Chorley. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Piers Legh of Lyme, co. Ches. By her he had issue :—Richard ; Peter ; Alexander ; Ralph ; John ; Hugh ; Elizabeth (died young) ; Anne ; and Frances.

His namesake and heir was created a Baronet, Feb. 8, 1676-7. Sir Richard married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Holcroft of Holcroft (she was born August 27th, 1656 ; baptised at Newchurch, Sept. 7th). She survived her husband, and married Sir Thomas Stanley, of Bickerstaffe, Bart., she died in Oct. 1735. By her Sir Richard had issue :—Thomas ; Peter ; Charles ; Richard (died in infancy) ; Elizabeth ; Margaret ; and Frances.

Thomas, the successor to the title and estates, married Jane, d. of Charles Turnor, of Cleveland, co. York. By her he had issue (he died in December 1756, and was interred in Chorley Church, Dec. 23rd) :—Thomas ; Richard (buried May 6th, 1739) ; Cholmely (died young) ; Charles ; John (died young, buried June 18th, 1714) ; Turnor (in holy orders ; incumbent of Burnley, 1744-87) ; William ; Katherine ; Jane ; another Cholmely (*Foster*) ; and Margaret.

Thomas, his eldest son, died in the lifetime of his father. Croston gives the date of his death as Dec. 23, 1746, but that is evidently wrong, because he was buried in Chorley Church on March 26, 1746. He

married Katharine, daughter and co-heir of Robert Frank, of Pontefract, co. York, Esq., and relict of John Smith, of Heath (near Wakefield) in the same county, Esq. By her he had issue:—Thomas; John (both died young); Frank; Margaret; and Jane (both of whom also died young).

Sir Thomas was, therefore, succeeded by his grandson Frank. Sir Frank, if I have read arightly, was, as befitted the son of a Yorkshire-woman, a great lover of sport. He did his best to revive an old local industry—and it was not his fault if he failed. From the “Historical and Descriptive Account of Chorley, &c.,” published in 1835, I take the following:—

“At Anglezark, in the neighbourhood of Chorley, are lead mines, which were in full work more than 120 years ago: they were again opened by Sir Thomas Standish, the father [grandfather] of the late Sir Frank Standish; and about 60 years ago the mines were worked a third time, by the direction of Sir Frank Standish, who drove fresh levels from the foot of the hills to the heart of the mine, in order to carry off the water, and enable the men to work; but having engaged several sets of workmen, who all conspired to defraud him of their time, and endeavoured to impress his mind with an idea of the small quantity of ore that could be procured, at the moment when they were practising various arts to induce him to lease the mines to them; he became tired of mining, and about the year 1790, after he had sunk some thousands of pounds in the undertaking, the work was again discontinued.”

Sir Frank, as we read on his mural monument of black and white marble on the north side of the chancel in Chorley Parish Church, “died at his house in London, on the 15th day of May, 1812.” He died without issue.

From an account of what took place at Duxbury Hall after his death, quoted at great length by Mr. Hewitson in the columns of the *Preston Guardian*, June 15, 1901, I take the following:—

“The late Sir Frank Standish having died intestate, the whole of his estates, including the family residence of Duxbury Hall, were taken possession of, on behalf of their ward, by the guardians of Mr. Francis Hall. Into this mansion the guardians placed a person of trust as bailiff to the neighbouring estates. The title of baronet, which the late Sir Frank held by descent, was not claimed for Mr. Hall, he being related to the deceased only through a female branch of the family. A person in the vicinity [of Blackrod, according to Baines], however,



TOMB OF DEAN LENNON.

[See page 98.]



Photo by

ECCLESTON CHURCH.

H. Dalton, Chorley.

[See page 101.

named Thomas Standish, by trade a weaver, believes that he is the rightful heir to both, as the lineal descendant of a former possessor. This person, not having the pecuniary means of substantiating his claim by a regular process, or impatient of the law's delay, formed the heroic project of carrying his point by force of arms. Having found a trusty squire, in the person of a gentleman's footman, and being joined by about 100 colliers from the neighbouring coal-mines, the valiant knight advanced on Friday, the 4th inst. [June 4, 1813] at the head of his chosen band, to drive the usurpers from his domains. The garrison at Duxbury Hall, situate about two miles from Chorley, not being prepared to oppose so large a force, surrendered on the first attack, which was made at five o'clock in the evening."

The expelled bailiff sent an express messenger to Preston to obtain warrants for the apprehension of the invaders. Mr. Houghton, governor of the Preston House of Correction, armed with the required warrants, and with a numerous body of constables, repaired to Duxbury, arriving at the Hall at five o'clock on Saturday morning. In the King's name, Mr. Houghton demanded entrance, for the purpose of taking two persons for whose arrest he had warrants. The footman aforementioned appeared and said that he could do nothing without leave from "Sir Thomas."

He retired to consult with his master, and returned with "Sir Thomas's" answer—that the men named had acted only in support of a rightful claim, and he should protect them. Mr. Houghton then asked for the claimant himself. He appeared, and "sternly demanded of the Governor under what authority he acted." Mr. Houghton showed the warrants, and threatened to break open the doors if the persons wanted were not given up. The claimant then produced a genealogical table, to prove his right to the title and estates, and said he would hold his own. Seeing their determination, Mr. H. wisely waited for reinforcements. He sent to Preston for the military, but the messenger found in that town "no force available, except recruiting parties, and the serjeants of the Amounderness Local Militia; and the magistrates, thinking it best to employ a cavalry force in this service, sent off to Manchester for a troop of horse." All this took up time; "and meanwhile the garrison in Duxbury Hall were not idle. In the cellars they found a plentiful supply of wine and spirits." They ate and drank, "and in the course of the day made two successful sorties upon the constables who invested the house. In the first they were content with driving the besiegers from the lawn before the door; and in the second they attacked and drove the constables to Yarrow Bridge, a mile off the Hall."

At length the Dragoons arrived, and at nine o'clock in the evening invested the Hall. The justices with them having demanded admittance, and been refused, the doors were burst open by the constables, the Dragoons entered, and took "the whole of the garrison prisoners." Six of the principals—Thomas Standish, William Gadman, Thomas Prescott, Thomas Aspinall, John Dyke, and James Smith—were committed to Lancaster on capital charges, and about sixty more were held to bail, to answer for misdemeanours at the next Ormskirk Sessions. The account says:—

"It may be mentioned that the entail of the Duxbury estates was cut off by an ancestor of the late possessor, and, of course, whatever claim the poor weaver may have to the title of baronet, he has clearly none to the property of the deceased, being related to him (even by his own statement) only as a fifth cousin."

The above-mentioned six were arraigned at the Lancaster Assizes in September, the "specific charge against them being participation in a riot and assault at Duxbury."

"They all pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to be severally imprisoned for the space of twelve months."

This is known in Chorley as "the siege of Duxbury Hall."

For some time after the arrest of Thomas Standish, his collier-friends (some say that he was a collier himself) made the park into a kind of public recreation ground—and a place wherein to demonstrate their belief in the justice of his claims. Sports of a rough kind were held on Saturdays, and many were the jugs of strong ale emptied at the Yarrow Bridge Inn close by. "Duxbury Races and Yarrow Bridge Fair" were, for a short time, popular institutions. A song was written by some local admirer of "Sir Thomas," and sung to a popular tune, of which the following verse is all that has survived:—

"From Wigan the constables brave did repair
To Duxbury Races and Yarrow Bridge Fair;
To keep our true landlord our efforts did fail;
They carried Sir Thomas to Lancaster Jail.

But we'll fetch him back;

He nothing shall lack;

And in spite of the lawyers and Master Frank Hall,
He shall ride in his carriage to Duxbury Hall,"

Croston says (speaking of Sir Frank's death), "the baronetcy became extinct, and the estates devolved on his cousin (Frank Hall)." He gives Frank Hall's descent thus:—Margaret, d. of Sir Thos. Standish of Duxbury, married twice, her first husband was William Wombwell; her second, Anthony Hall of Flass. By Anthony Hall she had a son—Anthony Hall, born 1731, died 1791. He married Anne, d. of Wm. Barfoot, of Poole, by whom he had issue Anthony Hall, who married Charlotte, d. of [Scipio] Rey (she survived her husband, and married Sir Wm. Purvis Hulme Campbell, Bart.). By his wife Charlotte Anthony had one son only—Frank Hall, born Oct. 2, 1799.

From a short life of Frank Hall by Mr. Chas. W. Sutton, M.A., which appeared in the pages of "The Chorley Library Journal" (edited by Mr. McKnight), for September and December, 1900, I cull the following interesting facts anent him.

He was born at Blackwell, near Darlington, in 1799. He was thus but thirteen years old when he succeeded his cousin, Sir Frank. In December 1814, he obtained the royal license to assume the name of Standish. A great lover of literature and art, he acquired "a choice library and an extensive gallery of pictures." When but twenty-two he brought out his first book, "The Life of Voltaire" (London, 1821). He rarely lived at Duxbury, spending most of his time abroad. "He travelled much in France, South Italy, and Spain, and his favourite residence was at Seville, where he had a fine house."—*Mr. Sutton.*

His second book appears to have been a poem, "The Maid of Jaen" (about 1830). A new edition, with "notes and general remarks," was printed at Chorley in 1832. "A copy of it is in the Free Reference Library, Manchester. It was reprinted in 1838 with other poems under the title of 'Poems: the Maid of Jaen, Timon,* and the Bride of Palencia.' His other works were:—(1) 'The Shores of the Mediterranean,' vol. I. 1837, vol. II. 1838. (2) 'Notices of the Northern Capitals of Europe,' 1838. (3) 'Seville and its vicinity,' 1840. The last contains his own portrait, engraved by E. Davenport, from a drawing by G. Alessandri."—*Mr. Sutton.*

He died at Cadiz, on Dec. 21, 1840, as he was coming home from Seville, and his body was brought to Duxbury and buried in the chancel of Chorley Church. He was never married.

His will contained this provision:—

* *Timon* was printed at Chorley in 1833, by C. Robinson.

“I give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of the French, all my books, manuscripts, prints, pictures, and drawings at my mansion-house at Duxbury Hall, or elsewhere in Great Britain or abroad, either to and for the sole private use of his said Majesty, or for the use of any public institution which his said Majesty may think proper, in token of my esteem for a generous and polite nation, one that is always ready to welcome the traveller and relieve the stranger, and one that I have ever gone to with pleasure and quitted with regret.”

The collection of pictures was rich in paintings by Murillo and other Spanish artists. “Louis Philippe, in accepting the legacy, signified his intention of replacing the principal pictures by others of equal value, but this intention does not seem to have been carried out.”—*Mr. S.*

In Foster's *Lancashire Pedigrees* we read that “Louis Philippe, King of the French, in consideration of the legacy bequeathed to his Majesty by Frank Hall Standish, Esq., presented to Mr. Standish-Standish some rare specimens of Sèvres porcelaine, pictures (and amongst them a full length portrait of himself, by Winterhalter), and books, and Napoleon III., finding that some of the works were unfinished at the time of Louis Philippe's abdication, continued the transmission of the remaining parts to Mr. Standish.”

But Mr. Sutton goes on to say “he, however, allowed Mrs. Carr Standish to select one picture, and her choice fell upon Murillo's ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ then valued at £800.

“It is said that Hall Standish had the intention of offering his collections to the British Government, but decided otherwise on the failure of his overtures to the authorities that the family title should be revived in his favour.”

William Carr of Cocken Hall, Esq., succeeded to the property, as next of kin. He was also a descendant of Margaret Standish.

Margaret, by her second husband, Anthony Hall of Flass, had a daughter, Anne (who died in 1774). She married the Rev. Ralph Carr, M.A., by whom she had issue Ralph Carr, of Cocken Hall. He married Mary the daughter of Samuel Andrews, by whom he had issue, William, who, on his succession to the Duxbury estates, assumed the name of Standish, and is known as William Standish Standish. He was High Sheriff of Lancashire, 1845-6. He was born July 7th, 1807, and died at Cocken Hall, July 10th, 1856. He married Susan, the eldest surviving daughter of Richard Jenkins, of Beachley Lodge, co. Gloucester, August 27th, 1829. By her he had issue:—William Standish Carr Standish, late of Duxbury, co. Lancaster, and Cocken Hall, co. Durham; J.P. for

both counties ; an officer of the 7th Hussars ; born Feb. 28th, 1835 ; died without issue, Feb. 21st, 1878. By his will, the Lancashire and Durham estates became the joint properties of his three surviving sisters (Mary, Deborah, and Juliana Glentworth predeceased him) :—Emma Isabella Harriet, wife of Sir John George Tollemache Sinclair, Baronet, of Ulbster, and Thurso Castle, co. Caithness ; married Nov. 22nd, 1853 ; Susan Amelia Georgiana, wife of Charles William, eldest son of Lord Charles Paulet, and grandson of the Marquess of Winchester ; married Dec. 3rd, 1863 ; Mary Louisa Mulgrave, wife of Edmund Berkeley, youngest son of George Lucy, of Charlecote Park, co. Warwick ; married May 19th, 1860.

Of the three, the last-named is now the sole survivor.

On September 24th, 1891, the Duxbury estate was offered for sale, when one William Hall, of Wigan, a retired coachman, came forward and made a formal claim to it as heir-at-law to Mr. Frank Hall Standish. Four days later this William Hall and his son Charles broke into and entered Duxbury Hall (unoccupied at the time), professing to take possession of the same as its lawful owners. Then ensued another "siege." The tenants of the estate surrounded the Hall to evict therefrom their would-be landlords, who barricaded themselves in the present billiard-room. Finally, on the door being broken open, one of the twain made his escape through a window. They were apprehended, tried, and found guilty of having unlawfully entered the Hall. Their claims were clearly proved to be utterly groundless.

The Duxbury estate was sold in 1891, and Walter Mayhew, Esq., and his son, Perceval Sumner Mayhew, Esq., the representatives of an old Suffolk family (whose pedigree, traced from John Mayhew, seized in 1523 of the estates of "Babins" in the manor of Brockley and of "Wyfolds" in the manor of Talmages, both in Suffolk, appears in Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry," 1898), now own and reside at Duxbury Park.

The arms of the present owners of the estate are given in Burke's "General Armoury," 1878, being as follows :—Mayhew. *Gules* a chevron *vair* between three ducal coronets *or*. Crest :—An unicorn's head erased *gules* armed and maned *or*, charged on the neck with a chevron as in the arms. Motto :—*Sola in Deo Salus*.

MILES STANDISH.

I must not conclude this brief account of the Standishes of Duxbury without mentioning the famous Miles Standish, who figures so prominently in America's early history. In his will he says :—

“I give unto my son and heir apparent, Alexander Standish, all my lands as heir apparent by lawful descent in Ormistic [Ormskirk?], Bouscoughe [Burscough?], Wrightington, Mandsley, Newburrow [Newbrough], Cranston [Croston?] and the Isle of Man, and given to me as right heir by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me, my grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish.”

Mr. Stanton has pointed out to me that the “Isle of Man” referred to is most probably a farm called the Isle of Man in Croston, which was formerly an island formed at the junction of the Rivers Douglas and Yarrow in Croston.

The statement that his grandfather was a second or younger brother of the house of Standish of Standish is confusing, as no trace of Miles can be found in the published pedigrees of that family, nor yet in those of the Duxbury Standishes. But probably Miles Standish had been told that the Duxbury family were descended from a younger son of the Standish of Standish, and presumed that it was his grandfather instead of a far more remote ancestor. Or possibly he meant “forefather” by the word “grand-father.”

It is thought that he was one of the Duxbury Standishes from the fact that he gave his estate in New England the name of Duxbury.

Longfellow says in his well-known lines that Miles—

“Could trace his pedigree plainly,
Back to Hugh Standish, of Duxbury Hall in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and grandson of Thurstan de Standish.

* * * * *
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock, argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.”

This would make him a Standish of Duxbury, for whilst the family coats of the Standish of Standish and the Standish of Duxbury are so similar as to show their common origin,—Standish of S. bearing: *Sable*, 3 standishes, *argent*; Standish of D.—*Azure*, 3 standishes *argent*;—their crests are entirely dissimilar; Standish of S.—an owl with a rat in its claws, proper; Standish of D.—a cock, *argent*.

For an interesting account of Miles Standish in a very portable form, I commend to my readers "Myles Standish," by Mr. E. McKnight, Librarian of Chorley. From it I take the following:—

THE MAYHEW AND THE STANDISH FAMILIES.

"In Davy's manuscripts in the British Museum, in an account of the family of Thomas Mayhew, who emigrated to America about 1630, and was appointed Governor of the islands of Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and a number of small islands (all lying from 75 to 120 miles south of Boston), there is a copy of a grant under seal dated 1st July, 1668, by Thomas Mayhew, to Josiah Standish, and others of part of Island of Martha's Vineyard. This Josiah Standish was doubtless the son of Myles Standish. Thomas Mayhew (who was the brother of an ancestor of Mr. Walter Mayhew, of Duxbury Park) founded 'Edgartown,' on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, a favourite summer resort of the Americans, and it remained in the ownership of his family until about 1730, *vide* Appleton's Guide to New England. It is an interesting coincidence that a relative of Myles Standish should have had dealings with a member of the Mayhew family some 250 years ago."

THE STANDISH MONUMENTS IN CHORLEY CHURCH.

The Standishes of Duxbury were parishioners of Standish, and, as such, were buried in Standish Church (probably) down to the time of the Reformation. The "Duxbury Chapel," now used as a vestry, is locally pointed out as their burial-place.

But Chorley being so much nearer, they went to church there. That they were great benefactors to Chorley Church is well known. Their coat of arms carved in stone, now in the south aisle, formerly graced the exterior of the church, on a buttress. James, the brother of Sir Rowland, as I have told elsewhere, gave to it the relic of the head of St. Lawrence.

The arms of Alexander Standish (aged 29 in 1600), impaling those of his wife, Margaret Ashton, are figured over the double-recessed seat of elaborately carved oak, undoubtedly dating from Jacobean days, which ornaments the Standish pew, as it is still called, in the nave of Chorley Parish Church, to the right of and close to the chancel arch. Blazon:—Standish of Duxbury: 1. *Azure* 3 standishes *argent*, 2 & 1, for *Standish of Duxbury*; 2. *Argent*, a cross voided *gules*, for *Dokesbury*; 3. *Azure*, a chevron between 3 covered cups *or*, for *Buller of Rawcliffe*; 4. *Argent*, a cross raguly *gules*, for *Laurence of Ashton*; 5. *Gules*, 2 bars *argent*, in chief, 3 mullets of the last, for *Washington of Washington*, co. Lanc.; 6. same as 1.

Impaling Ashton of Whalley Abbey:—1. *Argent*, a mullet *sable* charged with an annulet of the field. In the dexter chief a crescent of the second for difference, for *Ashton of W. Abbey*; 2. *Ermine*, a fess *gules* charged with 3 annulets *or*, for *Barton of Middleton*; 3. Paly of 6. *argent* and *vert* for *Hopwood of Hopwood*; 4. *Argent*, 2 bends *sable*, the upper one engrailed, for *Lever of Lever*; 5. *Azure*, a St. Catharine-wheel *or*, for *Cunliffe of Billington*; 6. Same as 1.

The present east window has this inscription at its foot:—

“In memory of William Standish Standish Esq., of Duxbury Hall, County of Lancaster, and Cocken Hall, in the County of Durham, born July 7th A.D. 1807, died at Cocken Hall July 10, 1856. Buried in the Cemetery of Houghton-le-Spring, This window is erected by the tenantry of the deceased, 1861.”

In the centre top-light is the *Agnus Dei*, and in the side top-lights the arms of Standish of Duxbury, and the arms of the same impaling those of the widow of the deceased—Jenkins, of Beachley Lodge, co. Gloucester—*Argent*, 3 martlets in pale, between 2 flanches *sable*, each charged with a lion passant *or*.

The three principal lights display—the Resurrection, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension.

The beautiful window in the south aisle (showing the three Holy Women and the Angel at the Sepulchre) has under it a brass inscribed: “To the beloved memory of Susan Standish Standish, relict of Wm. Standish Standish Esq^{re} of Duxbury Park in this County, and Cocken Hall, Durham, who died Decbr 1st 1873, aged 62. Buried at Wellesbourne in the County of Warwick. This window is erected by her only Son, W. S. Carr Standish, 1875. At Rest.”

On a lozenge are the arms of the deceased lady impaled with her husband's, and the family motto—*Constant en tout*.

The two-light window in the north of the chancel displays the figures of the two great Martyr-Saints—Lawrence and Alban.

In the top-light of St. Alban's half of the window are shown the arms of Standish of Duxbury quartering Carr of Cocken Hall:—*Or*, on a bend between three Cornish choughs *sable*, 3 pards' heads erased, of the field.



BRASS OF AN ANCIENT RECTOR, ECCLESTON CHURCH.

[See page 103.]

In the top-light of St. Lawrence's half is a shield whose quarterings attract the eye of the student of heraldry. Its dexter half contains the six quarters already described as forming the achievement of Alexander Standish, figured over his seat:—Standish of Duxbury; Butler of R.; Lawrence of A.; Washington; Standish.

Its sinister half is incomplete. It appears to have consisted of seventeen coats originally, but two have vanished. Their place is filled up with a fragment of old glass figured with an acorn and oak-leaf.

I will give the blazon of the coats still remaining :—

1. Legh of Adlington (Ches.): *Azure*, 2 bars *argent*, over all a bend company, *or* and *gules*.
2. Legh of West Hall or High Legh : *Or*, a lion rampant *gules*.
3. Legh of Swineyall: Per pale, *argent* and *sable*, three swine counter-changed.
4. Baggilegh : *Or*, 3 lozenges, *azure*.
5. Chedle : *Argent*, a fesse dancetté *gules*.
6. (gone.)
7. *Gules*, a cross *or*.
8. Coronce of Adlington : *Azure*, a chevron between 3 ducal coronets *or*.
9. Legh of Lyme : *Gules*, a cross engrailed *argent*.
10. (gone, save a little of the field, which seems to have been *azure*).
11. Danyers or Daniell : *Argent*, a pale fusily *sable*.
12. Boydell : *Vert*, a cross patonce, *or*.
13. Lancelyn of Pulton : *Argent*, on a fesse *sable*, 3 mullets of the field. -
14. Haydock : *Argent*, a cross *sable*, in the dexter chief a fleur-de-lis of the second.
15. Croft of Dalton : Lozengy, *argent* and *sable*.
16. Boydell of Palcroft : *Vert*, a chevron between 3 crosses patonce, *or*.
17. Ashton : *Argent*, a mullet *sable*, between two annulets of the second, in bend.

This shield displays the joint achievements of Richard Standish and his wife, Elizabeth, third daughter of Piers Legh and his wife Anne, daughter of Sir John Saville of Howley [Baron Saville of Pomfret] co. Ebor, which Piers Legh was the eldest son of Sir Piers Legh of Lyme, but died before his father. The peculiarity of her achievement as here given is, that her parental coat is not given as the first quarter, and that it does not figure again as the last; and also, that the so-called Agincourt augmentation is given over all by itself. Its history is as follows.

At the battle of Cressy, Sir Thomas Danyers, a Cheshire man, bravely relieved the banner of his Earl—the Black Prince, Earl of Chester—when it was hotly threatened by the enemy, and also took prisoner the Chamberlain of France—Tankerville. For this service the lands of Hanley in Macclesfield—now Lyme Hanley—were granted to him and his heirs. He died without male issue, and his son-in-law—a Legh of Adlington—succeeded to his estates. The Leghs of Lyme were famous warriors. Piers Legh, or Perkin a Legh, was beheaded for his fidelity to his unfortunate master, Richard II. Sir Piers Legh, his son, did deeds of valour at Agincourt. Thus it was that Flower, the Norroy King of Arms, credited him with the achievement of Sir Thomas Danyers, his ancestor, and granted to his namesake and descendant, Sir Piers Legh, the following augmentation in the year 1575 :—

On a honorary escocheon *sable* within an orle of *etoiles argent* an arm coupé, embowed and armed proper, holding a pennon *argent*.

For a full account of this famous old family and their pedigree, see Ormerod's *Cheshire*.

The shield I have described at such length was formerly in the east window of the church. When the old glass was removed in 1861, to make way for the Standish memorial window, this shield was placed in its present position, suffering the loss of two of its quarterings in the process.

There are four mural monuments of the Standishes in the chancel of the church, which arrest the eye of the observant. Near the north window, and composed of black and white marble, is that of Sir Frank Standish. It bears this inscription (surmounted by an urn):—

“Sacred
to the Memory of
Sir Frank Standish B.
Who died at his house in London
On the 15th day of May,
And was interred near this place,
June 2nd, 1812. Aged 68 years.”

Underneath are the crest and coat of Standish of Duxbury. Crest :—a cock *argent*. Arms :—*Azure*, 3 standishes *argent*, in precise middle chief the Ulster Badge.

Next to Sir Frank's, and on the right side of the east window, is that of Frank Hall Standish, composed of the same materials, and also surmounted by an urn, which in this case is draped. It bears the following inscription:—

In memory of Frank Hall Standish
of Duxbury Park in the County of Lancaster Esquire
who died at Cadiz, on the 21st day of December, 1840,
And was interred in the Chancel of this Church
on the 21st day of January, 1841.

Mr. Hall Standish was born at Blackwell in the parish of Darlington in the County of Durham, on the 2nd of October 1799 He was the only child of Anthony Hall of Flass in the County of Durham, Esquire, by Charlotte his wife, daughter of Scipio Rey, Esquire, and great-grandson of Margaret daughter of the first Sir Thomas Standish Baronet : She married first William Wombwell of Wombwell in the County of York, Esquire, of which marriage there is no surviving issue : and secondly, Anthony Hall, Esquire, By whom she had issue Anthony Hall, Esquire, her eldest surviving son (the grandfather of Mr. Hall Standish) and several other sons and daughters. On the death of Sir Frank the last Baronet in the year 1812, intestate and unmarried, his extensive estates in the Counties of Lancaster and York

Devolved upon Mr. Hall Standish as his heir-at-law ; who thereupon by the Royal license assumed the name of Standish in addition to that of Hall, and took the arms of Standish of Duxbury quarterly with those of Hall. Mr Hall Standish was never married, and by virtue of a devise contained in his will, his estates became vested in his heir at law, William Standish Carr, of Cocken Hall in the County of Durham, Esquire, (since by Her Majesty's license called William Standish Standish, Esquire) who is the great grandson of the above mentioned Margaret Standish through her daughter Ann, who married the Reverend Ralph Carr, then Rector of Alderley in the County of Chester.

In classical and modern literature, the attainments of Mr Standish were of a superior order. As an author he was highly accomplished, and in the fine arts his taste and liberality were most eminent. His extensive and valuable Gallery of Pictures, together with his unique and costly Library of the rarest Books, selected

with consummate judgment, were bequeathed by him to His Majesty Louis Phillipe, the King of the French. His Majesty has duly appreciated the objects of this Bequest, and has deposited them in a suite of Cabinets in the Louvre, which he has designated the Musee Standish, 1843.

Underneath are the arms of Hall and Standish, quartered thus:—1st and 4th Hall of Flass, *Argent*, a chevron between 3 mullets *gules*, on a chief of the second, three plates. 2nd and 3rd Standish of Duxbury. Motto:—*Constant en tout*.

On the left side of the east window is one of white marble, inscribed:—

Sacred
to the Memory of
Mary Deborah Carr
the beloved and lamented child
of William Standish Standish Esquire
(of Duxbury in this County)
and of Susan his wife,
Who died August the 21st, 1845
Aged 15 years
And lies interred in the Chancel
of this Church.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with trembling care,
The opening bud to Heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

Over the foregoing is a brass, bearing beneath a Cross Calvary (on one side of which appear the arms and crest of Standish of Duxbury) this inscription:—

To the Beloved Memory of
William Standish Carr Standish
of Duxbury Park, Chorley, Lancashire,
and of Cocken Hall, Durham,
Who died 21st February 1878. Aged 42.
This Tablet was erected by his sisters.
At Rest.

On the south wall of the chancel is one of white and yellow marble, surmounted by an urn and the arms of Standish of Duxbury with the Ulster Badge, impaling Frank of Pontefract:—*Vert*, a saltire *or*. It bears this inscription:—

Near this place lies interred the Body of
 S^r THOMAS STANDISH of DUXBURY,
 in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Baronet,
 Out of a pious regard for whose memory,
 His truly afflicted Widow, Dame Catharine Standish
 Erected this Monument.

He departed this life 19th Decr. 1756, Aged 53

By the Said Dame Catharine

Daughter of Robert Frank of Pontefract in the County of York,
 and Relict of John Smith of Heath in the said County,

Esq^{rs}.

He left issue

Three Sons and two Daughters,

Margaret, Thomas, John, Jane, and Frank :

Of whom all but the last, now S^r Frank Standish, Bart.

Died in the lifetime of their Father.

By her former Marriage

The aforesaid Catharine had Two Daughters

Elizabeth, who is still living, and Catharine,

Who died at Duxbury, 24th of May, 1752, Aged 23,

and lies buried near this marble.

This monument purports to be erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Standish, who died in December, 1756, "by his widow, Dame Catharine Standish, who was the daughter of Robert Frank of Pontefract, and Relict of John Smith of Heath, Esquires." If the inscription it bears be correct, Burke, Croston, and Foster are wrong when they state in their copies of the Pedigree of Standish of Duxbury that Sir Thomas married Jane, daughter of Charles Turnor, of Cleveland, co. York, and that it was his eldest son, Thomas (who died in 1746, ten years before his father's demise), who married Catharine, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Frank, and relict of John Smith of Heath, Esqs., by whom he had issue, Thomas, John (both of whom died young), Frank, who succeeded his grandfather as baronet, Margaret and Jane, both of whom also died in their youth. Elizabeth Smith, the daughter of Dame Catharine by her first husband, was born in 1727. In 1753 she married Robert Ramsden, of Osberton, a younger brother of Sir John Ramsden. She died in 1817.

DUXBURY PARK.

“Situated somewhat less than two miles to the south of Chorley,
 . . . is the seat of William Standish-Standish, Esquire.

“The mansion is an ancient structure, but having undergone several alterations, and being greatly improved about the year 1828, it now presents a modern appearance.

“It contains a splendid collection of pictures, consisting of various copies of paintings which formed the gallery of the late Frank Hall Standish, Esq., which he bequeathed, with his rare and valuable library, together with some original pictures to His Majesty the King of the French, who presented these copies and his own portrait to the present possessor of the Duxbury Estates.

“Among the original pictures is a fine ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ by Murillo. The portraits of the Standish family are by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and other masters. There is also a portrait of the celebrated Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Fairfax, by an unknown artist.”

This description is taken from “*The Mansions of England and Wales, illustrated in a Series of Views of the Principal Seats—County Palatine of Lancaster.—Vol. I.*” It contains two lithographed drawings of Duxbury Hall; one is a view of the front, showing deer in the foreground; the other portrays the southern side. The first, by J. Shaw; the second, G. J. Greenwood. The description by Edward Twycross, M.A. Published in London, 1846.

On March 2d, 1859, a fire broke out in the Hall, which proved very disastrous to the whole of the northern portion. But most of the valuable paintings and articles of value were saved.

Before the alterations alluded to in the above, Duxbury Hall was an edifice of brick with stone dressings, erected, most probably, in the year 1623, on or adjacent to the site of the original Hall of the Duxburys. This was added to, completely transformed in its interior, and cased with stone by Mr. Frank Hall Standish.

By the courtesy of the present owners, I have been enabled to make a personal inspection of the interior. As pointed out to me by Mr. Mayhew, the cellars, with low plaster ceilings (which have given way in one or two places, revealing the straw employed by the plasterers), solid oak beams, and round-arched brick passages, formed almost certainly the ground floor of the old Hall. Else, why the several fire-places and windows, now bricked up?

The mansion of the Duxbury Standishes is indeed a most lovely place, surrounded, as it is, by a park containing trees of every shape and shade of foliage. Its beautiful spiral self-supported staircase of white marble, whose walls are decorated with paintings of the Seasons by some Italian artist of repute in his time, and its noble front, reconcile the antiquary to the great alterations and additions made by Mr. Frank Hall Standish.

It has been pointed out to me as highly probable, that the ancient barn already described may have been the primitive Hall itself. In the early ages of England, country gentlemen's residences were on a much smaller scale than they are now. Master and men had their meals at the same table—the salt-cellar alone dividing them. The squire and his spouse had their bedchamber, the maid-servants another, and the men slept in the common "hall" as best they might.

There is now to be seen in the Hall an old stone, bearing in bold relief the crests and achievements of Thomas Standish of Duxbury, M.P. for Preston, and his first wife Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wingfield of Letheringham, co. Suffolk, knight. Over the shield is the date 1623. This graced the brick wall of the old Hall, but was covered up, I believe, when it was cased with stone. It was pulled down with the fire-scathed wall which held it, laid aside in one of the out-buildings, and practically forgotten, until my friend Mr. Daniel Halton, who had seen it and learned its history, brought it under my notice. Mr. Mayhew has had it taken into the Hall, for better security. It may be that this marks the date of the transference of Duxbury Hall from the Standishes of Standish, who had acquired it in 1524, to the Standishes of Duxbury, and the removal of the younger branch from Brettors or "Brettarghs" to "Duxbury Park," as the present Hall has been called for many years.

I append a description of this memento of the past glories of Duxbury.

The shield is surmounted by two esquires' helmets bearing—the dexter, the Standish of Duxbury's crest—a cock *argent*. The sinister, the crest of Wingfield:—a cap [rounded—something like the winged cap of Mercury] divided per pale *sable* and *argent*, the first gutté d'eau, charged with a fesse *gules*, between two wings expanded, the dexter of the second, the sinister of the first.

Between the helmets the date, 1623.

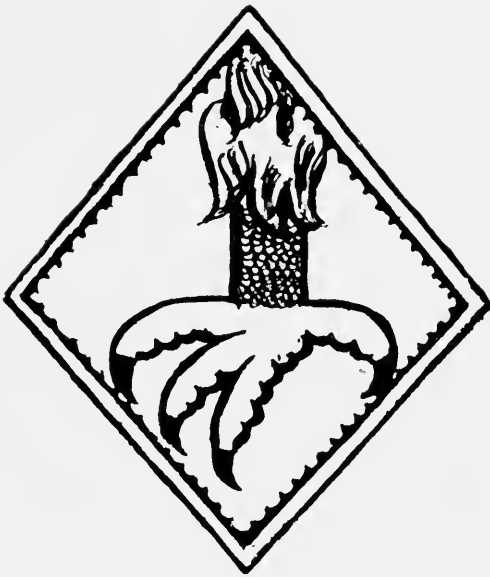
Blazon of the shield :—

Standish of Duxbury. 6 quarterings.

1. Standish of Duxbury. 2. Dokesbury or Duxbury.
3. Butler of Rawcliffe. 4. Laurence. 5. Washington of Washington.
6. Standish of Duxbury.

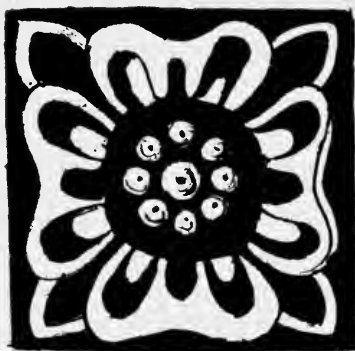
Impaling *Wingfield of Letheringham*, 16 quarterings.

1. Wingfield of Letheringham. *Argent*, on a bend *gules* cottised *sable*, 3 pair of wings inverted, conjoined of the field.
2. ———, quarterly.
3. Barry of 7, in dexter chief a canton.
4. ——— a lion rampant.
5. Checky.
6. Quarterly, in 1st quarter a mullet.
7. ——— a lion rampant.
8. ——— Barry of 7, wavy.
9. ——— a fesse cottised.
10. Guty?, a saltire.
11. ——— On a bend, 3 trefoils?.
12. ——— 3 escallops, 2 and 1, on a chief 3 smaller escallops.
13. Divided per pale, a lion passant.
14. ——— a chevron within a bordure.
15. Divided per chevron, a chief—
16. Wingfield of Letheringham. As No. 1.



OLD LOZENGE, now in the Vestry Window of Eccleston Church, charged with the Badge of the Stanleys,—the "EAGLE'S FOOT."

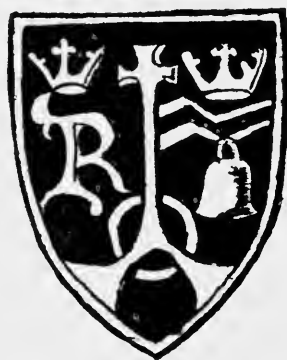
[See page 103.]



PERSONE HEC RELIS

DULCISIMA VOX

GABRIELIS



DEVICES AND LEGEND ON AN ANCIENT BELL IN
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BADSWORTH, YORKS.

[See page 113.]

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING: 1900.

HOW CHORLEY RECEIVED THE NEWS.

It came upon the telephone,
 When most of us to rest had gone,
 But long before the night had flown,
 All Chorley knew it well.
 Ill news, 'tis said, can travel fast,
 But so can good. "Relieved at last,"
 The people shouted, marching past,
 To sound of drum and bell.

What jollity and wild uproar!
 Was never such a night before
 In Chorley since the name it bore,
 Or such a day as followed,
 When mill-girls marched with martial mien,
 And sang "The Soldiers of the Queen"
 Upon the town's historic Green,
 Whilst Chorley cheered and halloaed.

Methinks the town was ne'er more gay
 Than it appeared that Saturday,
 With streamers over every way,
 And flags above each door.
 And when the night fell, through the street,
 Torch-bearers marched to music meet;
 And morris-dancers plied their feet—
 Rejoiced both rich and poor.

"Honour the brave and bold." And we
 Shall find none braver than B.P.
 And his intrepid soldiery
 In all war's lurid story.
 How they defended Mafeking,
 Will through the future ages ring,
 And better bards than I shall sing
 Of their untarnished glory.

"POOR JOE."

AN INCIDENT AT THE GRAVE OF DEAN LENNON.

We stood besides the grave wherein he lies,
Our dear dead priest, interred but yesterday ;
And musing on our loss, wet grew our eyes
Above the hallowed clay.

When, lo ! there came in at the churchyard gate,
A creature most peculiar and uncouth,
Whose wandering gaze revealed his witless state—
An idiot, in sooth.

But now his features bore beneath our scan
A look of sorrow, very deep and true,
As with the flowers he carried, he began
Dean Lennon's grave to strew.

Huge lovely dahlias over it he spread,
The while big tear-drops ran adown his face ;
In broken speech saluted he the dead,
Then sadly left the place.

Bereft of sense, he yet had sense to know,
That in the Dean he lost a generous friend,
Whose hand was ever ready to bestow,
Whose pity knew no end.

Poor lad ! rude children mock thee in the street,
And men make sport of thine infirmity ;
But thou hast what in man we seldom meet—
There's gratitude in thee !

TO ———

IN RESPECTFUL SYMPATHY.

O noble hearts ! so hardly tried,
How sad will be your Christmastide,
Deprived of him,—your hope and pride.

Deprived of him at that glad time
When heaven comes nearest to our clime,
And kinsfolk meet, and joybells chime.

Vain, vain are words to banish grief ;
'Tis He alone can give relief,
Who called him hence in space so brief.

May He who for our sake was born,
Within the stable so forlorn,
Heal with His hand your heartstrings torn.

TO ECCLESTON CHURCH.

O quaint old church of Eccleston,
 Thou hast a beauty all thine own,—
 A loveliness too little known,
 Thou to our eyes discloses:
 Around thy porch in summer time,
 The purple-flowered creepers climb,
 Thy walls, for ever free from grime,
 Are clad with yellow roses.

The lover of antiquity,
 Will find a treasure-house in thee,
 Wherein he'll stay contentedly,
 Till Wane* must needs expel him.
 At every step, at every turn,
 Something attractive he'll discern,
 To make him pause and strive to learn
 The tale it has to tell him.

Within thy sanctuary laid,
 Where oft in life he knelt and prayed,
 Upon his tomb in brass portrayed,
 Appears an ancient rector:
 Attired in cope processional,
 And fur-lined almuze. Vanished all
 That might his history recall,
 When Cromwell was Protector.

What badge was ever better known,
 Than that in painted glass here shown—
 The "Eagle's Foot." 'Tis Stanley's own;

Once held in highest honour:
 And on thy font 'tis also seen,
 Along with Man's proud arms, I ween,
 The Holy Passion-signs between,—
 Some Stanley was its donor.

The Lancashire we know to-day,
 No longer owns the Stanley's sway;
 But if their power has passed away,
 Their memory still lingers:
 In every town some inn we find,
 Whose sign recalls them to our mind;
 Their arms or crest thereon designed,
 By local artist's fingers.

* Mr. Peter Wane, the courteous caretaker.

The Hind's head Crest of Dicconson,
 Of Eccleston and Wrightington,
 Surmounts the monument of one
 Of that old stock brave-hearted :
 For ever true to creed and crown,
 Unmoved by smile, unawed by frown ;
 And yet they ever held their own,
 Nor with an acre parted.

Here in their ancient vaults they lie,
 Their mural monuments a-nigh ;
 Who passes Meliora's by,
 And does not read its verses ?
 Her husband's heart inspired each line ;
 In "numbers never meant to shine,"
 He makes us love the dame benign,
 Whose virtues he rehearses.

And here and there is seen the coat,
 Of some old family of note,
 Who flourished here in days remote,—
 In oak all quaintly figured,
 Marking its owner's kneeling place ;
 But now extinct each ancient race,
 Whose arms within these walls we trace :—
 All Time hath spared—the niggard.

Where's Wrightington of Wrightington ?
 Lathom of Parbold?—Dicconson?—
 Rigby of Harrock?—Mawdsley?—Gone !
 Like those they here succeeded ;—
 Whose names full well the student knows ;—
 De Greslet, Busli, Molineaux,
 Gernet and Dacre. To a close
 Earth's glory glides unheeded.

O quaint old church of Eccleston,
 Thou hast a beauty all thine own,—
 A loveliness too little known,
 Thou to our eyes discloses.
 With joy again I visit thee,
 Thy rarely tintured walls to see,
 Contrasting all so prettily,
 With their most gorgeous roses.

ECCLESTON CHURCH.

A prettier sight than that presented by this ancient church in summer and autumn, when its sides are clothed with lovely yellow roses, and the dark purple clematis flowers cluster around its porch, is not easily found.

The very name of Eccleston proves that there was a church here before the village got its name, for that name simply means—church-town, or town.

Roger de Poitou, the great Norman Lord of Lancashire, in his grant of Lancaster Priory to Seez Abbey, gave with it the dependant churches, among which was the moiety of the church "de Aycleton." This charter was twice confirmed by King John and by the Earl of Chester, Randal Blundeville. Warin de Waleton quit-claimed the patronage of "Echeleston" Church to St. Mary's Priory, Lancaster; Sir Roger Guernet or Gernet, of Halton (who must have been joint patron) did the same when Richard Pincerna, or Butler, was sheriff, in 1243. "The whole advowson, therefore, now belonged to the monks of Lancaster, as well as that of Croston, and they received royal charters in confirmation of their title. . . . A memorandum of great antiquity, preserved in the register of St. Mary, states that the church of Eccleston is worth four-score pounds four shillings, of which the advowson belongs to the priory of Lancaster, and Sir George de Radclyf is rector of the same." *

It is situated in pleasant meadowland, by the little river Yarrow, at a short distance from the village, and consists of a nave, chancel, south aisle and chapel, and western tower. Some parts of it are very old, but the greater portion is not earlier than the reign of Henry VII. "It was new-roofed and repaired" and maltreated (I say this with reason—witness the semi-pagan vases which then superseded the ancient pinnacles and crosses on the roof) in 1733. It was "restored and reseated in 1879, at a cost of over £1,000, one-half of which was contributed by the then Rector, Mr. Sparling." †

When the old oak pews and benches were removed at the restoration, the quaintly-carved bench-ends and panels bearing the coats of arms of their owners were retained and replaced as near their original positions as could be.

* Baines. † *Ibid.*

Thus preserved we find the arms of the following :—

R. Mawdsley of Heskin Hall. His arms, as figured here, are exactly like those of Sir Nicholas Moseley, knight, High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1604:—*Sable*, a chevron between 3 pickaxes, *argent*. On a wreath of the colours, above an esquire's helmet, an eagle displayed *sable*—if same as the above. Over the crest are the initials R.M. Beneath the shield and under the tassels of the mantling, is the date 1637.

Sir Edward Wrightington of Wrightington. The arms figured on the shield surmounted by his initials only, vary a little from those painted on the end of his tomb in Standish Church, described by Baines as—*Or*, a chevron between 3 cross-crosslets *azure*. The 3 crosses here are crosses formée fitchée simply, with their extremities voided of the field.

Rev. Robert Pickering, M.A., Rector of Eccleston for 33 years. Presented by John Crisp of Gray's Inn. Instituted June 3, 1671. Second son of Robt. Pickering of Gray's Inn and Thelwall Manor and Hatton, co. Ches. Died in 1704. Arms.—*Ermine*?, a lion rampant regardant (so figured here) crowned, *azure*?. Over an esquire's helmet, a lion's gamb erect and erased, *azure*, enfiled with a ducal coronet, *or* (coronet here figured with a cross in front). R.P.

Rigby of Harrock. There are two carvings bearing the same arms, said by Baines to be those of Rigby of Harrock, but if so, they are minus the five mullets *or* on the cross flory. Arms of Rigby:—*Argent* on a cross flory *azure* * 5 mullets *or*. Over an esquire's helmet on a wreath of the colours—a goat's head erased, *sable*, horned *or*.

Lathom of Parbold quartering Bradshagh. First and fourth, Lathom, *or*, on a chief indented, *azure*, 3 plates: second and third, Bradshagh, *Argent*, 2 bendlets, *sable*. On a wreath of the colours, over an esquire's helmet an eagle preying on a—(should be a child—the famous "Eagle and Child" crest of the Lathoms and Stanleys, but the carver found that beyond his powers, I imagine. The figure beneath the eagle is a nondescript.).

Lastly, figured also very rudely, is the—to Lancashiremen—familiar crest of the Towneleys—on a perch, *or*, a hawk, close, proper, beaked and belled, gold, round perch a ribbon *gules* (ribbon not figured here). A.T.

* So given by Croston. Gregson gives it *sable*.

The church contains some very beautiful modern painted windows. In the vestry (also of modern date), inserted in its plain window, are two lozenges, formerly, I believe, in one of the old windows; each charged with the Badge of the Stanley—the “Eagle’s Foot,” made famous on the Field of Flodden.

The same Badge, and the arms of Man, appear on two of the panels of the octagonal font—the remaining six display the Instruments of the Passion.

There is a similar font at Croston, which bears the date 1663.

The font at Eccleston stands in the south-west corner of the church, near the porch, but formerly it (or one more ancient) occupied a different position. It then stood about 12 feet from the north wall, 5 feet from the tower arch, and 8 feet from a line with the pillars.

There are two piscinas, both in good condition; one in the chancel; and the other in the chapel in the south aisle, and now hidden from sight by the organ, which stands therein.

On the principals of two of the oak beams in the roof of the nave is carved in relief :—

Anno dñi 1b3e.

The great attraction of the church is the altar tomb within the sanctuary, where, close to the southern side of the site of the altar at which in life he officiated, lies interred an old rector of the church, whose effigy in brass surmounts his grave. The sides of the tomb show three plain sunk panels, surmounted by arches slightly pointed. The upper slab (which has been broken across) is 5 feet 11¼ inches in length, and 3 feet 7¼ inches in breadth, and bears in its centre the brass of a priest attired in processional vestments—cassock, surplice, fur-lined almuce, and, over all, a cope. His head, uncovered, shows the tonsure. Extreme length of figure, 24¼ inches; breadth, 7¾ inches. There are the empty matrices of two scrolls, one on each side of his head, and, in the two upper corners, those of two kneeling figures, each 8½ by 2½ inches; and around all, on the flat surface and with plain angles, is, or rather was, a border fillet, 1½ inches wide, which, alas! has also disappeared, with the exception of a very small portion at the foot, inscribed—

rius Anno.

This brass is an almost exact facsimile of that of Thos. Wilkynson at Orpington in Kent, who died 1511, figured in several books on brasses. It may be that this is the tomb of William Wall, rector of Eccleston, who is said to have died in that year.

Amongst the mural monuments and tablets in the church are the following:—

A mural monument of marble, similar in design to that of the Rev. John Douglas, also in this church, and to that of Bishop Dicconson, in Standish Church, bears a scroll-shaped shield displaying the arms of Dicconson of Wrightington (now half-perished—the paint is fast peeling off from the surface of the marble):—*Or*, a cross *vert* quarter-pierced of the field, charged with 2 cross-crosslets fitchée in pale, and with 2 escallops in fess, all of the first, between 4 hinds' heads erased of the second. Crest: A hind's head erased *vert*, the base of its neck tinctured *gules*, fesswise.

Underneath is an hour-glass, with a scroll inscribed:—*Ut horu sic vita.*

<p>Mary Dicconson of Wrightington Deceased 18 October 1746 R.I.P.</p>

W. Bradshaw
Manchester
Fecit.

According to Baines, a stone slab, near the Communion-Table, bears the following inscription in Old English characters:—

Here lyeth the Bodye of Richard Redcliffe,
whoe was a paynefull and profitable
teacher at Heskin School XI years. Borne
in Ribchester P'ish, and dyed in September,
Ano. Dom. 1623. Aged 33. Nil Solidum.

This, I am ashamed to confess, I have ever forgotten to examine personally, on my visits to the church.

A mural tablet in a line with that of Mary Dicconson, but on the other (north) side of the chancel arch, bears the following:—



MARKET DAY AT PONTEFRACT.
ST. GILES' CHURCH AND THE "BUTTER" CROSS.

[See page 115.]

In memory of Meliora Dicconson
 Wife of William Dicconson of
 Wrightinton Esqr. and daughter of
 Thomas and Meliora Stanley of
 Little Eccleston in Fild, who departed
 this life Jany the 29th 1794.
 Ætatis Suxæ 82.
 Requiescat in Pace.

The tender Wife, and Friend the most sincer ,
 Need no Mechanic help to swell the tear,
 In heartfelt numbers never meant to shine
 They'll flow resistless o'er a Hearse like thine.
 She was—but I want words to tell you what,
 Think what a Wife should be, and she was that.
 Belov'd by her Servants as a tender Mother,
 But oh, she is gone, and not left such another.
 She is gone to the Celestial mansion her
 blest abode
 To sing with the Saints the praises of her
 God.

The lady commemorated by this simple tablet, with its touching verses, was evidently no ordinary person.

Her mother, Meliora, wife of Thomas Stanley of Little Eccleston in the Fylde, was a daughter of Thomas Gomeldou, of Summerfield Court, Kent. In his will, dated 7th July, 1702, proved 16th May, 1704, he "desires to be privately buried in the night in the parish church of Selling, near his father and wife."—*Records of Eng. Catholics of 1715.*—*Payne.*

With the permission of its present owner, the Rev. Fr. Teebay, of Weldbank, I insert here a letter sent by her to her husband's brother and heir (she and her husband leaving no children), Captain Edward Dicconson, who succeeded to the estates in 1812.

It has been folded up, sealed with a red wafer, and addressed on its back to—

“Capt Dicconson
 Mr Leigh.”

The recipient, in opening it, has torn out, accidentally, of course, the small portion of its centre, to which the wafer adhered.

" Monday

I'm glad you've sent the money to my sister

Mr Dicconson desires you
 will go into Standish Church
 & cobby the incription on Sr
 Ed Wrightintons monument
 wch is [on the] right hand
 at the upper end of the Church
 you must be exact, as it may
 perhaps turn out for our advan-
 tage, you'll send it here, sooner
 & better. charming weather
 hope you've met with good
 chaps for the bushes
 yrs Meliora Dicconson "

[written on the back of the above]:—

Sub Hoc Tumulo Dormit Corpus viri
 Clarissimi, &c. &c.,

as already given by me in my account of Sir Edward's monument. Captain Dicconson gives Octobris for the "Octoberis" of the inscription, and Septaginta for "Septuaginta."

Inscription on an oblong brass plate affixed to the north wall of the nave, above a vault marked in an old plan of the burials in the church as that of "Richard Dickinson Esqr" of Wrightington, twenty feet from the chancel-arch and nineteen feet and a half from the internal wall of the tower:—

HERE LYETH WILLM DICCONSON SOMETIME
 STEWARDE OVER THAT MOST HONORABLE
 HOVSHOVLDE OF THE HIGHE AND MIGHTIE
 PRINCES ANNE DVCHES OF SOMERSET. 1604..

WHO DYED MARCH XXXI.

Baines says:—"In the chancel is a massive square tomb and vault of the Dicconsons of Wrightington, adorned by pointed intersections, and on the top the effigy of a bishop, in brass, fully enrobed, but without date or any other inscription."

I have already given my account of this tomb, and merely quote Baines here to show that his description errs in two most important details. It is not a tomb and vault of the Dicconsions, and it does not bear the effigy of a bishop. In the old plan I have mentioned (it is dateless, but bears the name "Hen. Sephton, Delin: ") there are shown no less than five vaults of the Dicconsions of the parish. Those of Dicconson, of Wrightington, three in number, are "Richard Dickin-son's," described already; another belonging (at the time of the making of the plan) to Robert Dicconson of Wrightington, in a line with Richard's, but nearer the chancel—seven feet and a half from the chancel arch; and the third, that of William Dicconson of Wrightington, in the south aisle, lying south of the space between the first and second pillars from the chancel arch, and six feet from the south wall.

John Dicconson's, of Eccleston, also in the nave, is six feet and a half north of the first pillar from the chancel arch, and eight feet to the west of the same arch.

The only vault of the Dicconsions near to the tomb bearing the brass is that of William Dicconson, of Heskin, situated in the south aisle chapel, and extending from its eastern extremity along its south wall, to the priest's door. It measures three feet by twelve.

A mural monument in the chancel displays a shield bearing the arms of Baldwin impaling Rigby of Harrock. Baldwin:—*Argent*, a saltire *sable*, on the fess point a crescent *or* for difference. Rigby of Harrock:—*Argent*, a cross flory, *sable* 5 mullets *or*. On a wreath of the colours over an esquire's helmet, the crest of Baldwin, a cockatrice, wings expanded.

M S

Piæ Charæ Providæ

Uxoris Annæ

N. Rigbye de Harrock armg.

Filiæ

Rev. Tho. Baldwin, A.M.

M. dolens P

Flebilis occidit

xv Cal. Jul. MDCCXVI

S. B. R.

Underneath is a skull in raised relief.

The Rev. Leyland Baldwin, the present Vicar of Leyland, is, I believe, a lineal descendant of the above.

On a large mural tablet affixed to the north wall of the nave is the following lengthy inscription, surmounted by three shields. The central one is simply blazoned *gules*. Above it, on a wreath, *or* and *gules*, a hawk's head, couped, *or*. The two others are alike—*gules*, a chevron *or*, between three hawks' heads, couped, *or* :—

Sacred to the respective memories of Ellen,
 wife of Thomas Hawkshead of Heskin, daughter
 of John Heskin of Heskin, who died Jan'y 24th
 1779, aged 68 years, Agnes, wife of William Hawks-
 head of Heskin, only daughter of Thomas
 Harrison of Ulnes Walton, who died June
 14th 1814, Aged 63 years, William, son
 of Thomas Hawkshead of Heskin, who
 died May 1st 1826, aged 87 years
 Thomas, son of William Hawkshead
 of Heskin, A.M. who died Nov 21st
 1844, aged 62 years, the last male of
 the Hawkshead family,
 Ellen Hawkshead of Heskin, daughter of
 William Hawkshead, who died 5th Jan
 1850, aged 64 years.

—
 This tablet was erected by William
 Hawkshead Talbot, nephew and heir
 of Thomas Hawkshead, in memory of
 the Hawksheads, who came to reside
 in this parish from Chorley in 1737,
 & who have always been much &
 universally respected.

— March, 1845 —

THE BELLS.

There are six. They are inscribed :—

- 1st. Prosperity to the Parish 1727.
- 2nd. Prosperity to the Church of England 1727.
- 3rd. Ab. Rudhall cast us all 1727
 Recast 1737.
- 4th. W^m. Breers, Warden
 R.B 1802.
 W
- 5th. I to the Church the living call
 And to the grave do summon all 1727.
- 6th. The widow gave me in honour of God
 In loving memory of William Hawkshead
 Talbot A.D. 1888.

THE CHURCHYARD CROSS.

The churchyard cross was destroyed long ago, but some of the stones of the steps once forming its base are still in position: about nine feet from the southern wall of the church, and one foot to the west of a line with the priest's door.

Its base, square in shape, measured about six feet and a half each way. The shaft, square also, was about one foot and a half in diameter.

THE OLDEST TOMBSTONE.

Close to the site of the cross, and in the modern pathway along the south side of the church, and near the porch, is the most ancient sepulchral monument to be found here. It is a simple slab of stone, six feet by three, bearing an incised Cross Calvary, whose arms have a dovetail-like termination; under the left arm of the cross is a sword with broad cross-hilt. Over the right arm are the initials I R: over the left, in modern characters, JOHN RIGBY 1766.

Evidently it has been made to do duty as a tomb more than once.

WILLIAM STOPFORD'S TOMB.

There is a very curious tombstone to the east of the church. It is a large slab of stone, bearing on its weatherworn surface the figures of two persons—William Stopford and his wife, both almost indistinguishable, that of William especially. Over them some shameless vandal of a stone-cutter has placed this name and date—in the very centre of the slab:—

John Hodson
Wrightington
1812.

The words in raised relief around the edge of the slab read (in Roman capitals):—

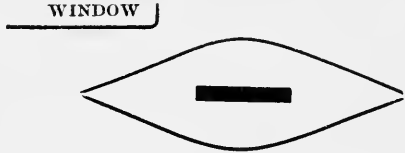
Here lieth the bodi of Wil.....m Stopford
who was buried the 18th day of June in
the yeare of Owr Lord God 1584.

Had not my attention been called to the above by Mr. Peter Wane, the courteous son of the parish clerk, I should not have noticed it.

This must be the William Stopford who in 1574 had to furnish "1 Coate plate, 1 Longe bowe, 1 Sheffe arrowes and 1 Scull," for the Queen's service.

THE SHUTTLE IN THE WALL.

On the exterior of the southern wall of the side chapel now occupied by the organ) is seen the figure of a weaver's shuttle cut deeply into the stone. It is situated just beneath and beyond the corner of the window thus—



It is 12 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$. The tongue 4 inches by 1. In a direct line with the Shuttle, but further east by more than a foot, is seen the capital letter I incised thus—**I** But it is far more weatherworn, if, indeed, it was cut as deeply.

The ancient charnel-house was situated on the north side of the tower.

Every Sunday, after the morning service, bread is distributed in the Church to the poor of the parish, in accordance with the terms of the Rigby charity.

“Adam Rigby, presented by William Lathom, of Parbold, was instituted June 15, 1601, and paid his first-fruits on the 26th of the same month. He was a younger son of John Rigby, of Wigan, by his wife, Jane, daughter of Gilbert Molyneux of Pemberton, and uncle of Alexander Rigby, Baron of the Exchequer and Colonel in the Parliamentary Army. In 1603-4 he was appointed one of the overseers of the will of William Dicconson of Eccleston. He held the living for a period of twenty-six years, and died unmarried in October, 1627, on the 27th of which month he was buried at Eccleston.”—*Croston*.

Bradley Hall, in Eccleston Parish, was purchased from the Molyneuxes, its ancient owners, by a Mr. Rigby, about 1635. His descendant, C. R. Fletcher-Lutwidge, Esq., owns it to-day. This contradicts Baines, who says that it passed from the Molyneuxes to the Rev. Adam Rigby. I give my account on the authority of Mr. R. D. Radcliffe.

The Rev. Adam Rigby left, in rents, two sums of £10 each, for coats and bread for the poor—£20.

There is also another corporal charity attached to the place, in 1683, — Dicconson left £2 per annum for cloth for the poor.

Baines says :—"The patronage of the living passed at the Reformation to the Derby family, and from them to the Lathams of Parbold. In 1671 the patronage was exercised by John Crisp, of Gray's Inn, and this appears to have led to a dispute, in 1704, as to the right to the advowson. William Latham, however, presented in that year, and again at the next voidance, two years later; but sometime after the estate and advowson became vested in Thomas Crisp, M.P. for Ilchester, who served the office of sheriff of Lancashire in 1716, and who, sometime before his death, in 1758, sold the advowson. [There is a mural monument in the chancel, to the memory of Thomas Crisp, of Parbold, Esq. who died April 3rd 1763, aged 68, surmounted by a scroll-shaped coat of arms, painted, but now entirely devoid of colour, —, fretty; and bearing a lengthy inscription.] During the last century it repeatedly changed owners, and previously to the death of the Rev. Thomas Whitehead, it was sold by him to William Yates, Esq., of Bury, from whose family it eventually passed to William Bretherton, Esq. of Runshaw Hall, the father of the present rector [the Rev. Humphrey Wm. Bretherton, M.A.], in whom it still remains."

TO A YOUNG LADY-FRIEND.

ON MEETING HER IN LANCASHIRE.

No! you will ne'er forget them, Maud, the dear old days gone by,
 When a little village maid were you—a country postman I;
 For childhood's days are happiest—all free from care and stain;
 And yours were spent in Badsworth, in the shadow of its fane.

We meet to-day in Lancashire—where you and I now dwell,
 Though far apart—you, by the sea—the sea I love so well,
 And I in busy cotton town, where chimneys tall abound,
 And men and women daily toil 'midst noises most profound.

How different the scenery we see about us here
 To that which lies in Yorkshire round your native village dear;
 Rivington Pike, not Upton Beacon, yonder meets the eye,
 And scarce a single field of corn for miles you may descry.

O mighty Yorkshire cornfields, that sway in summer's breeze,
 Expanses vast of ripening grain, like golden inland seas;
 My heart was lightsome in the days when I rambled through,
 As lightsome as the lark's that sang above me in the blue.

To see your face to-day, dear friend, so unexpectedly,
 Has done me good—aroused me from my usual lethargy—
 Has stirred up all the memories that long had dormant lain,
 And I'm a country postman—you a village child again.

Each weekday morn and even then I passed your father's door ;
 Ah me ! I sigh to think that I shall see him there no more.
 The village shoemaker was he, a merry kindly soul,
 Whose voice, most musical, could well our English ballads troll.

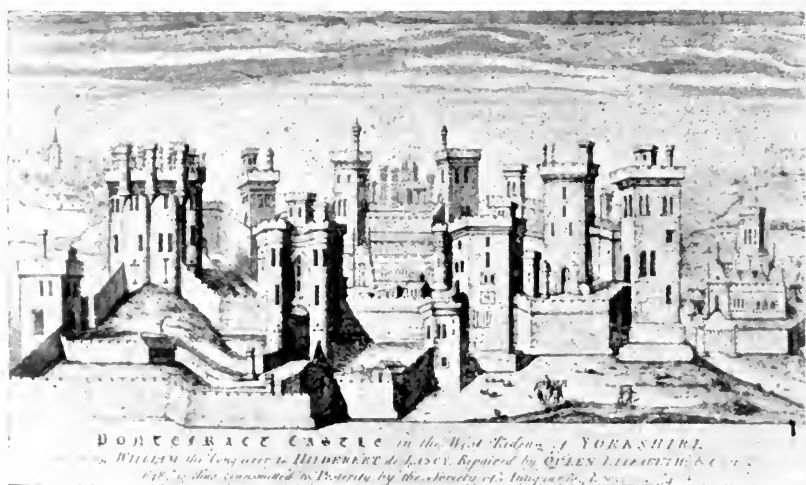
Each cottage in the village has its garden small but fair ;
 And roses, o'er their doorways trained, in summer scent the air :
 But fairer than the fairest rose, the bonnie little face,
 That smiled at me across the wall around her father's place.

More like a lily than a rose are you to-day, poor Maud,
 For you of youthful freshness care has tried hard to defraud :
 But God is good, and you still young, your grief will pass away,
 And health and happiness again be yours for many a day.

For when I came to Lancashire, I quickly found a mate ;
 And speedily the single I exchanged for wedlock's state :
 And never yet have I had cause my coming here to moan,
 Nor wish, like some, that I again were single and alone.

And now you've come to Lancashire, dear Maud, you'll do the same ;
 Some man will fall in love with you—to him be little blame :
 If he be honest man and true, his suit do not despise ;
 And surely you've a kindly soul behind those winning eyes.

That quiet Yorkshire village we knew so well of yore,
 No longer sees me tread its street—you at your father's door ;
 But many a time in joyous dreams we'll visit it again,
 And walk and talk with those now laid around its ancient fane.



PONTEFRACT CASTLE IN THE PAST.

See page 110.

XXII.



REMAINS OF THE "ROUND TOWER" (The Keep) PONTEFRACT
CASTLE.

[See page 124.]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S
CHURCH, BADSWORTH, YORKS.

There are but four bells in the ancient tower. Yet they are of so sweet a tone that I doubt me if any can be found to surpass them in England. On the occasion of the removal of the old timber frame in which they had hung for centuries, and whilst they rested for the nonce on the belfry-floor, awaiting re-setting in the new one, I made a thorough examination of them.

The oldest—the *Treble*—bears around it between 6 raised lines (3 above and 3 below) the inscription:—"personet hec celis dulcissima vox gabrielis." Over the word "personet," and on the shoulder of the bell, is a rose of 4 petals, and under the same word is the maker's shield or trade-mark. All these are shown in the annexed illustration.

The *Tenor* bears between 6 raised lines, 3 and 3, in a rudely-executed mixture of Gothic and Roman capitals (excepting the *ihc*, which is in small black letter):—

GLORIA IN EXCELCIS DEO *ibc*

Above the date:—ANNO DNĪ 1582,

and a rudely-formed shield bearing the initials G H above a fylfot cross.

The last figure of the date is reversed. So is the S in *Excelcis*.

The 3rd, in age, bears between 5 raised lines, 2 and 3, in old English characters, the initial letter a very elaborate capital:—"I sweetly toling men do call to taste on meate that feeds the sovlē." Beneath, and under "men," is the date, 1669. On a heart-shaped shield are the initials of the founder, H.O. conjoined by the cross stroke of the H being carried forward to the O, from which continuation hangs the figure of a bell, below and between the two.

The 4th. Between 8 raised lines, 4 and 4, in fine Roman capitals:—
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.....1675. The spaces between the words, and before and after the date, are filled in with elaborate tracery. Underneath all the foregoing, above 5 other raised lines:—
I H.....H H.....W B.....CHVRCH
WARDEN S.

All the spaces between these last are also filled with tracery, in which appear bells, the maker's initials, and the place where made, repeated at least thrice. They are:— S S
Ebōr

There is also a fine foliated band around the mouth of the bell, seven-eighths of an inch in breadth.

An old local rhyme says:—

Pomfret big bull-dogs,
 Badsworth merry bells,
 Hemsworth crack'd panshins,
 And Kirkby egg-shells.

Another version:—

Pomfret big bashers,
 Kirkby cockleshells,
 Hemsworth crack'd tinpots.
 Badsworth merry bells.

TO MY OLD FRIENDS AT PONTEFRACT.

Old friends, with faces ne'er forgot,
 Still dwelling round each cherished spot
 I knew so well, nay, know well still ;
 For though there rises many a hill
 Between me and each pleasant haunt,
 No distance can my fancy daunt :
 Still oft in spirit do I roam
 About my childhood's ancient home.

I ramble o'er the Castled mound,
 The scene of tragedies profound ;
 Or watch again the mettled steeds
 As round the course each bravely speeds ;
 Or listen to the Old Church bells
 As on the breeze their cadence swells ;
 Or in the distance view again
 St. Giles' lofty crown-topped fane.

Of years a decade now has sped
 Since, shaking hands, goodbye we said ;
 And, whatsoe'er those years have brought,
 Whether with good or evil fraught,
 One thing they found, they leave unchanged,
 —Our hearts have never grown estranged :
 No summer-weather friends are we,
 That part when comes adversity.

And now these simple lines I write
 To greet you on the Holy Night,
 —“That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.”
 A merry Christmastide be yours,
 And though your hospitable doors
 I enter not that hallowed day,
 To you my mind will often stray.

TO PONTEFRACT.

MY OLD HOME.

When going home at even,
 In years long passed away,
 From the little rural hamlet
 Wherein I spent the day ;
 When I had journeyed on a mile,
 Straight down the field-path, o'er the stile,
 Mine eyes discerned what made me smile—
 Dear home !

It was a church's steeple high
 Seen far away against the sky,
 It towers above the place I love,
 No longer it a-nigh—
 Old home !
 No longer thee I'm nigh.

Who does not love his birthplace ?
 Who does not hold it dear ?
 When quitting it for ever
 Who would not shed a tear ?
 And surely mine's a pleasant spot,
 An English paradise, I wot :
 He lies who says that thou art not—
 Dear home !

Thine orchards rich, thy gardens fair,
 Thine ancient fanes, thy castle rare ;—
 Such beauties grace no other place,
 None can with thee compare—
 Old home !
 None can with thee compare.

A SONG FOR THE POMFRET VOLUNTEERS.

(*Air :—British Grenadiers.*)

For Charles, their Royal Master,
 Our fathers fought full well
 Through danger and disaster,
 As ancient annals tell:
 Their monarch's foes they gave hard blows,
 Those dashing Cavaliers ;
 They bore the name, well-known to fame,
 Of Pomfret Volunteers.

When Frenchmen talked of coming
 Our country to invade,
 And give John Bull a drumming,
 John Bull was ne'er afraid :
 To guard their land with ball and brand,
 Met men who knew no fears ;
 And our old town with pride could own
 Her Pomfret Volunteers.

We bear the selfsame title,
 We serve the selfsame cause ;
 And this is its recital,—
 For England's King and Laws.
 Should foreign hosts e'er touch our coasts
 They'll meet with men their peers ;
 Amongst the rest will do their best—
 The Pomfret Volunteers.

“THE POMFRET VOLUNTEERS” OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

“In 1644, when Charles raised his Standard at York, Pontefract Castle was already garrisoned by a very strong force of gentry and volunteers, with the gallant Sir Richard Lowther of Swillington as governor. After Marston Moor it became the recognised refuge of the officers who had been besieged in Sheffield and other Royalist strongholds, and in August and September 1644, it sustained a siege from Colonel Sandys, which, however, is not reckoned among its important beleaguements. But in December of that year Lord (Ferdinando) Fairfax commenced what is known as the first siege,

“The fortress was well provisioned and garrisoned, and as the garrison refused to surrender on summons, the forces of the Parliament surrounded it, and took possession of the town, while the GENTLEMEN VOLUNTEERS [the capitals are mine. They are so styled by Nathan Drake in his diary] within the Castle, 183 in all, divided themselves for its defence into four divisions, commanded respectively by Col. Gray, brother to Lord Gray, of Wark, Sir Richard Hutton, High Sheriff, Sir John Ramsden, and Sir George Wentworth. Col. Lowther was the governor, assisted by Lieut.-Col. Wheatley, Lieut.-Col. Middleton, Major Dennis, Capt. Dennis, Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Munroe, and Capt. Gerald Lowther, son to the Governor and Captain of Horse, whose horse were converted into foot, but still under his command. Besides those commanding, there were also Col. Gervase Cutler, of Stainborough, and Col. Vaughan : Sir Thomas Bland, of Kippax, Sir Francis Radcliff, and Sir Edward Radcliff : Lieutenant-Cols. Wentworth, Darcy (son of Lord Darcy, of Hornby), Tindall, and Portington, of Barnby Dun ; Majors Beaumont, Huddleston, Monckton, Wentworth, Copley and Warde ; Captains Hilton, Huddleston, Shaw, Ramsden, Harrison, Grimston, Washington, Clough, Beale, Chadwick, Layborn, Croft, Seaton, Wheatley, Waterhouse of Netherton (killed 27 Dec.), Pilkington and Redman (killed 21 March), Horsfold, Swillavant, Portington, Standeven, Lonsdale, Best, Cape, and Browne (killed 21 January) Flood and Musgrave ; Lieutenants Wheatley, Savile, Lathom, Holt, Gibson, Percy, Batley, Cook, Cuthbert, Collinson, Cape, Antrobus, and Smith ; Cornets Nunne, Harrington, Audley, Sanderson, Naylor, Baumforth, Spurgeon, and Matthewman, besides the following gentlemen volunteers :—

“Mr Stringer, Mr Hodgson, Mr Gaskin, Mr Charles Jackson, Mr Foster, Mr Reaser, Mr Harbert (Ensign). Mr Rookes, Mr Farmary, Mr Nevile, Mr Stapleton, Mr Thimbleby, Mr Percy and two sons ; Mr Tindall, Mr Anne and two sons : Mr Tokefield, Mr Empson, Mr Massey, Mr Musten, Mr Atkinson, Mr Preston, Mr Johnson, Mr Hopgood, Mr Correr, Mr Gravener, Mr Abbott. Mr Strickland, Mr Medcalf. Mr Hammerton and two sons ; Mr Benson, Mr Clitheroe, Mr Tindall, Mr Seaton, Mr Foster, and Mr Massey. There were also the following Ministers of Religion :—Dr Bradley, afterwards Rector of Castleford and Ackworth, Mr Hirst, Mr Lister, Mr Kay, Mr Pickering, Mr Corker (who was the messenger sent successfully to implore the aid of Sir Marmaduke Langdale), Mr Masham, Mr Sikes, Mr Oley, Mr Burley, Mr Mankenhole (the Sheriff's private Chaplain), and two of the name of Buchanan, one of whom was a Scotsman, i.e. a Presbyterian, besides Dr Collins, physician, and Mr Gray, and Mr Parker, surgeons :

while out of the Pontefract Corporate Council of thirteen, ten, including Jarvis Shillito, the Mayor, loyally stood up for their King; the only separatists from their brethren being Joshua Wakefield, a very aged man, and Robert More and Robert Frank, each of whom probably sympathised with the besiegers.

“ Besides those, a subsequent list includes Mr Robert Lowther, brother to the Governor—(there were thus three Lowthers, three Percies, three Hammertons, and three Annes engaged in the defence)—a second Mr John Thimbleby, Mr Metcalfe, and Mr Stapleton; Mr Ratcliff, Mr Higford, Mr Wilkes, Mr Burton, Mr Hey, Quartermaster French, a second Capt. Standeven, Mr Maddocks, Mr Tatham, sen., Mr Burchell, Mr Binns, Mr Wilson, a second Cornet Harrington, Lieut. Fleming, Mr Baumforth, Mr Cormick, Mr Hitchin, a second Mr Empson, Mr Lister, Mr Abbott and Mr Fenton; besides 34 volunteers who were not of sufficient social status to be distinguished by any prefix. Among these was Nathan Drake, who wrote a journal of these two sieges, and who is frequently but erroneously called Captain.”—*Guide to Pontefract Castle*. By R. H. Holmes. Pp. 17-20.

The Lancashire reader will doubtless note the number of Lancashire names in the above list. Another extract from the same interesting little book (pub. at the *Advertiser* Office, Pontefract. Price 6d.) will show how the dear old Castle still forms a link of connection between the twentieth-century “Pomfret Volunteers” and their Cavalier predecessors. It is taken from pages 32-3.

..... “The Main Guard, . . . lately used as a museum, . . . has inserted into its northern front a very fine shield of arms, being the coat of one of the Earls of Lancaster, the Royal arms of England surmounted by a label of three points, each charged with three fleur-de-lis. After the destruction of the Castle, this Main Guard alone did not go out of use, but was for a long period the debtor's prison for the Honour.

Its foundation is a segment of a multangular Norman Tower, somewhat in character with what we may suppose the Round Tower to have been before it received its present facing; and its clumsy buttresses to the south are very evident additions. But the present building is of late fifteenth century work, refaced within the last few years. It was originally one oblong room, entered by a doorway at about a third of its length, a large open chimney facing the visitor, as he turned to the left. It was for at least two hundred years sub-divided into chambers, but is now again thrown into one.

This was the room in which was enacted the first scene of the seizure of the Castle by Col. Morris and his party of ten on June 6th, 1648. . . . It is now the depôt of the Pontefract Rifle Volunteers.”

TO PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

O ancient fortress, stern and gray,
 Majestic even in decay,
 What power thou hast my mind to sway ;
 Though years have sped
 Since round thee I was wont to stray
 With mates long dead.

When first mine infant eyes began
 The outward form of things to scan,
 And vaguely note their shape and plan,
 On thee they gazed :
 --Thou wert the grandest pile that man
 Had ever raised.

Ere pick and powder had destroyed
 Old Baghill's charms, and left it void
 Of precipice and path, that joyed
 The climber's soul,
 I scaled it oft, by nought annoyed,
 To view thee—whole.

There, laid at length upon the sward,
 With nought my vision to retard,
 I've gazed on thee, so sorely marred,
 Until once more
 Assumed each tower and circling ward
 Its shape of yore.

E'en now, I see thy walls arise
 Beset with towers that meet the skies :
 De Lacy's fiery banner flies
 Above thy keep ;
 And round about thee safely lies
 The town, asleep.

Now—thou art in thy primest day,
 Enlarged by Thomas,* ere the fray
 That saw his fortune's sad decay
 Had yet begun :
 The golden leopards bravely sway
 In yonder sun.

* Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, husband of Alice de Lacy, sole child and heiress of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. Beheaded at Pontefract, March 22, 1321-2.

The prison-house of royalty :
 Dwelt Scottish James awhile in thee ;
 And here did royal Richard dree
 His direful doom ;
 In hunger's pangs here lingered he
 In yonder room.

I see, behind thy massive wall,
 For Charles resolved to stand or fall,
 Thy cavaliers, in number small,
 In courage great :
 The Royal Standard over all
 Displayed—too late !

Thy boast, my Pomfret, 'tis to be
 Made famous by their loyalty.
 In thy proud motto that we see,
 —Their words, each one—
 “ After the death of the father, we
 Are for the son.” *

For nine long months thy towers they kept
 For sire and son. Each man adept
 At fight and feint. They never slept
 But open-eyed ;
 Whilst over all around them swept
 Rebellion's tide.

The Puritan may pull thee down,
 And strive to blacken thy renown :
 The pride and boast of Pomfret-town
 Thou'lt ever be.
 This wreath of verses, as a crown,
 Accept from me.

* “On the 30th January, 1648-9, Charles the First was beheaded ; and the news of the tragedy no sooner reached the ears of the garrison, than they made a vigorous and destructive sally, and loyally proclaimed his son, Charles the Second, King, adopting his motto, POST MORTEM PATRIS, PRO FILIO (after the death of the father, we are for the son), and striking, within the Castle, the first silver coins which bore his name.”—Holmes' *Guide to Pontefract Castle*, p. 28.



PORTRAIT OF COLONEL JOHN MORRIS OR MARRIS,
SON OF Mathias Marris of North (or South?) Elmsall, and last Governor of
Pontefract Castle.

[See page 131.]

A PRINCE'S PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Pryer pour paix le vray tresor de joye.

A poem of Charles, Duke of Orleans. Prisoner of War in Pontefract Castle. Tempo. Henry V. Made into rhyme from Mr. Richard Holmes' prose translation. Original metre.

I.

Pray ye for peace, Sweet Virgin Mary, pray.

O Queen of Heaven and earth, your clients cheer :

Command the angels and the saints, that they

Pour forth their prayer into the Almighty's ear :

And make your own, to Jesu far more dear.

Beseech your Son His love to show again
He who for love of us was foully slain,

By ending war, which doth all law destroy.

O Lady ! listen to our sad refrain—

Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

II.

Pray, all ye Prelates, and ye men whose lives

Belong to God, sleep not in idleness :

Pray, all ye masters, and each one that strives

Of ye to learn, for war doth ye distress :

Your monasteries ruined, and redress

Denied you, ye can dwell no longer there

Serving your God in peace by word and prayer :

That He may hear you, all your powers employ :

The Church commands ye not yourselves to spare.

Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

III.

Pray, all ye princes, sovereigns that be,

Dukes, counts, and barons, nobles high and great,

And you, ye gentle knights, our chivalry ;

For usurers in war increase the rate

At which they loan their hoards, and your estate

Impoverish. War helpeth them to rise

As every day so plainly see our eyes.

Your wealth enriches them to your annoy :

To feed the needy poor were far more wise.

Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

IV.

Pray, all ye people, victims of the strife :
 Your lords are so enfeebled by the times,
 They cannot guard ye from the dangers rife,
 Or help ye, robbed by soldier thieves, whose crimes
 Their leaders wink at. And in these my rhymes,
 Ye loyal merchants, I address ye too :
 In war, the highways thronged with cut-throats, you
 Must with your goods across the wilds deploy,
 And hourly ye encounter perils new.
 Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

V.

Pray, all ye gallants, who in company
 Are joyous, loving lavishly to spend ;
 For war doth plunge ye into poverty :
 And pray, ye lovers, that would fain attend
 Your ladies fair ; for war doth roughly end
 Your wooing, taking you from them away—
 For you they weep and sigh a summer's day ;
 Then, wooed by strangers, like a broken toy,
 They cast your love aside, to your dismay.
 Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

L'ENVOY.

May God Almighty give us His own Peace,
 And cause all wars 'mongst Christians to cease :
 Pray ye to Him ; His gifts have no alloy :
 From every evil He can give release.
 Pray ye for peace, true treasure-house of joy.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

“Here [in Pontefract Castle] Charles Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt, and like the other royal prisoner, James I. [of Scotland], an accomplished man, and given to literature, spent, like him, part of his captivity. He was a prisoner in England from 1415 to 1440, and was kept here more than half that time, namely, from 1417 to 1430, when he was removed to the Tower of London. . . . Charles during his captivity here composed a “Book of Ballads and Sonnets,” a copy of which is still preserved among other royal manuscripts in the British Museum. They are elegantly written in French, and of one of them,

an Exhortation to Peace, the present writer possesses a lithographed facsimile. The refrain "*Pryer pour paix le vray tresor de ioye*" (Pray for peace the true treasury of joy) forcibly compels the remembrance of how much of happiness this unfortunate Prince must have lost during his long imprisonment, which lasted until the conclusion of the war; for it is written that on his release he could speak English more fluently than he could his native tongue."—From *Pontefract: its Name, its Lords, and its Castle*. By Richard H. H. Holmes. Pp. 185-6.

FRIAR'S HILL.

(*Friarwood Hill.*)

Of all the coigns of 'vantage
 Whence Pomfret ye may view,
 —The bonniest old borough-town
 That England ever knew ;
 —The one loved best in boyhood,
 Preferred in manhood still,
 Is that rare spot of loveliness,
 —The top of Friar's Hill.

Beneath us lies the valley,
 Between us and the town :
 Thank Heaven ! it is a garden yet
 On which our eyes look down ;
 A long, long lovely garden,
 Which all the vale doth fill :
 How sweet the odours that arise
 Up quiet Friar's Hill.

And yonder is the Castle,
 And there the dear Old Church ;
 How fair, though half in ruin laid,
 Appears it from our perch :
 Hark ! hark, its bells are ringing ;
 My very soul they thrill :
 To me their music sweetest sounds
 When heard from Friar's Hill.

Saint Giles's lofty steeple
 Predominates the town ;
 The highest of all fabrics seen,
 It rightly wears a crown.
 Ah ! would in yonder valley
 That church were standing still
 Wherein the Friars worshipped God
 Beneath their wood-clad hill.

How oft, on summer evenings,
 At twilight I have stood
 Beneath those trees that crest its top,
 —The remnant of its wood :
 With one the best of comrades,
 I've gazed and mused at will
 On each beloved and lovely spot
 Surrounding Friar's Hill.

Then, as the twilight faded,
 The bats came wheeling round
 From out their haunts—the dungeons dark
 In yonder ruin found.*
 The bats have gone for ever,
 But all things else are still
 The same as when, in boyhood's days,
 I stood on Friar's Hill.

* The keep of the Castle.

PONTEFRACT PARK IN THE PAST.

Through Pomfret Park no longer stray
 The graceful hart and hind ;
 Its ancient oaks have passed away
 —The giants of their kind ;
 And sadly shrunk its boundaries,
 —But still a place of mark :
 There's not a bonnier spot, I wis,
 Than Pomfret Park.

Where Norman Barons loved to chase
 The flying fallow deer,
 The townsmen's cows and horses graze
 In quiet, far and near :
 No Hippon with his rangers bluff
 Keeps watch at dawn and dark,
 To give deer-stealers welcome rough
 To Pomfret Park.

The keepers hereditary
 Of Pomfret Park were they ;
 The copse that yonder ye may see
 Retains their name to-day :
 And in the Church of Featherstone
 A simple slab doth mark
 Where sleep the Hippons, dead and gone,
 Of Pomfret Park.

Still stands beside that ancient fane
 George Hippon's dwelling-place,
 No longer o'er its portal plain
 His monogram we trace.
 Around the keeper's old abode
 Sing mavis, merle, and lark,
 A bowshot from the Roman road,
 By Pomfret Park.

Saint John's laybrothers hither came
 For wood, their fires to feed ;
 Loved well the monks de Lacy's name,
 Their friend in every need ;
 A cart-load daily Edmund gave
 —Records the ancient clerk :
 No niggard was the owner brave
 Of Pomfret Park.

Gone are the glorious oaks of yore ;
 —The deer that loved their shade ;
 —The monks that fed the Pomfret poor,
 Ere workhouses were made :
 Extinct the Lacys' noble race,
 Those men of might and mark :
 No more they gaily head the chase
 Through Pomfret Park.

FEATHERSTONE CHURCH AND THE HIPPONS.

Here I have used a pardonable exaggeration of the real facts. I do not know of any monument of the Hippons in the Church of Featherstone, but there is a flat tombstone in the Vicar's vestry (on the south side of the chancel) inscribed:—

Here lyes interred the
Body of Mrs Hoole widow
Aunt to Mary wife of Geor
Hippon, Gentleman, she de
ceased y^e 9th of June 1708 Aged 70
Scopus Vil Christus.

And amongst the Testamentary Burials of this Church is:—

22 Apl., 1630. Geo. Hippon, of Fetherston, gentn.,
to be buried in the chancel.

The house in which the Hippons resided for many generations is still standing, close to the old vicarage and the far more ancient church. It is a substantial building of stone. When I saw it last, about twenty-three years ago, it was occupied by Mr. William Gower, whose father, then deceased, had held a private school in it for years. Mr. Gower told me that he remembered, when a boy, seeing a stone bearing the letters G.H. in bold characters, they being the initials of George Hippon, the one-time owner of the house. He thought it must have been removed from some position of mark which it once occupied on the exterior of the building. But where this stone had gone, he knew not. There is a cluster of trees on the hillock near the old Roman road (formerly the boundary of Pontefract Park, Featherstonewards), which still bears the name of Hippon Wood.

The old church is a very interesting one, and contains a few monuments of more than village interest. At the period mentioned above, I, although in my own humble way a zealous antiquary, knew nothing whatever of heraldry. So, although I copied most faithfully the more noteworthy inscriptions, I had to leave alone the coats of arms which ornamented some of them.

In the chancel (to the north) under an escutcheon charged with the family coat of the deceased, and its many quarterings, is the following :

Here lyes interred the body
of the Hon^{ble} Nicholas Fairfax
Esqr of the covntie of Yorke
sonn of Thomas Lord Viscovnt
Fairfax of Gilling Castle
Who married Isabella one
of the daughters & heirs of Thos
Beckwith of Ackton in the same
Covntie Esqr & had issve one
sonn & 2 daughters Thomas Ka
therin & Elenore. He deceased
the 18th of September
1657.

Also in the chancel, to the south :—

†
IHS



[The Heart is of a red stone, inlaid in the slab.]

Here lieth the body of John
Hamerton Esq of Purston
Died June ye 18th 1725 Aged 42.

On a small brass tablet affixed to the eastern wall, on the Epistle side :—

Mattheus Hammerton de
Purston Jaglin, Armiger,
Obiit vegissimo die Februarii
Anno Domini 1694.

The Hammertons resided at the Old Hall at Purston, facing the Ackworth Road. Three of this family were amongst the Gentlemen Volunteers of Pontefract Castle renown. They were Catholics.

In an old list of the students at Douay *circa* 1675, there occurs the name of "Mathew Hamerton"—probably the Matt. Hammerton of the above tablet.

The FONT, of date *circa* 1450, bears the names of John de Baghill and Katharine, his wife. I am ashamed to say that I did not make a copy of its extremely interesting inscription. The other sides of the font (octagonal in form?), bear coats of arms, &c. Holmes, the Pontefract historian, gives, somewhere, 1450 as the date of this font, and amongst the Testamentary Burials we find :—

5 July, 1451. John Baghill, of Fetherston, gentn.,
to be buried in the church.

The Bells, 3 in number, bear the following legends :—

1st. In multis annis resonet campana Johannis.
with three devices: 4 sceptres (?) conjoined, crosswise ; a silver penny ;* and 4 fleurs de lis arranged crosswise.

2nd.  Huius Sancti Petri

3rd.  Huius S̄ci Jacobi

Carved (in relief) on the inner side of the wooden frame facing the last bell, the third, was :—

MR L S } 1682.

The bells have been re-hung since I saw them last, and the old frame of oak has gone. It had become well-nigh rotten with age.

* Showing its reverse, the familiar cross, with 3 pellets in each compartment.

NOSTELL FAIRY WELL.

At Nostell is a Fairy Well,
Hard by the margin of a wood
Wherein once dwelt, as old men tell,
The little folks of fickle mood ;
Till smoke and steam defiled the dell
And made them quit both wood and well.



ARMS OF THE WENTWORTHS OF NORTH ELMSALL HALL.

[See page 135.]



Photo by

H. Hill, South Kirkby.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, SOUTH KIRKBY.

[See page 130.]

Blythe Henry Carr, mine ancient friend,
 —So bravely keeping on his feet ;
 May death long spare him, still to wend
 His way along the village street,
 Within the cobbler's shop to spend
 A pleasant hour—mine ancient friend.

The woodman at the Priory
 In old Sir Rowland's * halcyon days
 Was Thomas Watson, gay and free,
 Who roused with song the woodland ways :
 A friend of Henry Carr's was he,
 —The woodman at the Priory.

This Watson many a tale could tell
 Of fairies red and fairies green,
 That in the wood and by the well
 On summer evenings he had seen :
 Of elves that thereabouts did dwell
 This Watson many a tale could tell.

Whoever heard of such a thing !
 He said that persons, known to him,
 At eve would flasks of liquor bring,
 And leave them, lying near the brim
 Of this—the wondrous Fairy Spring
 —Whoever heard of such a thing !

Was ever such a tale yet told ?
 He said, that, when the morning came,
 Each flask lay empty, and, behold !
 Near each a drunken elf. O, shame !
 The vice of those of mortal mould :
 —Was ever such a tale yet told ?

Then question I mine ancient friend :—
 “ Did no one seize the tipsy sprites ? ”
 “ Not they ! for sudden is his end
 On whom the fairy vengeance lights.”
 With solemn eyes that fear portend
 Thus answers me mine ancient friend.

* Sir Rowland Winn, ancestor of the present Lord St. Oswald.

EN DIEV ES TOVT.

En Dieu es tout—In God is all.
 These words, in Roman letters tall,
 Are on a massive tomb
 Within the Ladye-chapel fine
 Of Kirkby church,—dear haunt of mine
 In days of summer-bloom.
 A church in ornament most rich,
 In gargoyle, corbel, boss, and niche.

En Dieu es tout!—These words alone
 Adorn the plain sepulchral stone ;
 There's neither name nor date,
 To tell whose body it doth hide,
 And all one fain would know beside
 About his rank and fate :
 But its extremities display
 Escutcheons that may all betray.

That is, if you, unlike poor me,
 Are versed at all in heraldry,
 For little do I know
 Of *cotise*, *canton*, *pile*, and *fess*,
 And all its other terms express
 Which make so fine a show :
 But now to study it I mean,
 If but this dead man's name to glean.

Too many tombs of modern times
 Disgust you, with their lying rhymes,
 Beflattering the dead ;
 Intruding, oft, where they should not
 On many a fane's most hallowed spot ;
 There placed, as 'twere, instead
 Of sculptured saints and angels fair—
 God's heroes, thus once honoured there.

En Dieu es tout!—O words so full
 Of meaning ! He indeed is dull
 That does not realise
 Your beauty, and how fitly here
 Upon this tombstone ye appear ;
 A sermon to the eyes
 Of all whose steps are hither bent
 —A sermon brief but eloquent.

NOTE.—Since the above lines (here considerably altered) were first written, the author has dabbled a little in heraldry, and has discovered that the tomb in question is that of a Wentworth, many of which family lie interred in the same chapel, which seems to have been their burial place. The words form the family motto. The crest—a griffin passant, wings addorsed, *argent* ; and the arms—*sable*, 3 leopards' heads round a chevron, *or*—are conspicuous on other monuments in the chapel. The arms also appear on one of the five stone shields over the porch of the church. The family resided at North Elmsall Hall, in this parish.

NORTH ELMSALL HALL.

The home of the Wentworths in ages gone by,
 North Elmsall's old Hall I regard with a sigh ;
 For, shorn of its beauty and grandeur of old,
 'Tis as mournful a sight as I wish to behold.

For centuries four, whatsoe'er might befall,
 There was ever a Wentworth at North Elmsall Hall ;
 From that day in the reign of King Edward the Third,
 When on Wentworth her hand Bisset's heiress conferred.

John Wentworth of Wentworth thenceforward became
 John Wentworth of Elmsall—What power's in a name !
 This recalls to my mind the glad hours once spent
 In Elmsall and eke by the banks of the Went.

O ! the marvellous stories which I have been told
 Of the Hall and its inmates, by villagers old :
 —Of the chamber whose wall will for ever reveal
 The blood stains, no power on earth can conceal.

—Of the dame *minus* head heard at night on the stairs,
 Who is known by the rustling silk kirtle she wears :
 In the field-way to Wrangbrook is seen the same sprite ;
 By the peasant belated, beheld with affright.

They tell of a room wherein slumbered a king ;
 Whose name to its precincts for ever will cling :
 King Henry's !—'Twas surely the eighth of that name—
 After halting at Barnsdale, as northward he came.

When arose against Charles every Puritan churl,
 Like the head of their race—the unfortunate Earl—
 The Wentworths of Elmsall were loyal through all,
 Resolved with their monarch to stand and to fall.

Here in childhood played Marris—that man much belied—
 Whom the Puritans hated for quitting their side
 —A noble deserter !—to fight for the king ;
 In his hour of defeat to his fortunes to cling.

Colonel John Marris, of Pomfret renown ;
 His name will for ever be linked with the town :
 Though they hung him for treason, no traitor was he
 Who stood, all undaunted, beneath the fell tree.

With Sir Butler the Wentworths of Elmsall expired ;
 Then the spouse of his sister North Elmsall acquired—
 A Cholmley was he : from the Cholmleys it passed
 To the Stricklands, with whom may it stay to the last.

Now nought of the Wentworths the Hall doth retain
 (Their tombs may be seen in South Kirkby's old fane) :
 Save a helmet and corslet, fast rusting away.
 Whose fashion is that of Elizabeth's day.

How forlorn looks the head-piece ! How sadly now shows
 Its rust-covered surface, all dented with blows ;
 From its battered condition, 'tis easy to tell
 That the warrior who wore it had fared not too well.

But in war it ne'er won all the dints it displays ;
 Some of them it acquired in more modern days,
 When adorning the head of some countryman stout,
 A "plough-stotting" bound in that guise hereabout.

There was also a sword, but a genius great
 Who lived in the old place and farmed the estate,
 When he saw lying idle the weapon of strife,
 Converted it into—a fine turnip-knife !

So, the blade made for slashing at arm, leg, or head,
 Was now set to work chopping turnips instead.

NOTES ON

NORTH ELMSALL HALL, THE HERMIT OF HAMPOLE,
LITTLE JOHN'S WELL AND ROBIN HOOD'S WELL.

M [vol. 160] 16. "At Himsworth there be 2 or 3 little springs which meeting together make a small current, & come to South Kirkby (a towne pleasantly seated where the family of the Tregotts haue a long time liued in good reputation), by Elmsall where Wentworth hath his mausion, haueing long since descended out of Wentworth Woodhouse. & by marriage of the daughter and heire of . . . Biset haue good Lands in this Tract from whom the Lo. Wentworth descended. Thence it goeth to Hampull a house of Nunns founded by [Ralph de Tilly] nere vnto web place St. Richard the Hermit liued, from hence to Robin-hood-well web I rather take to be the Hermit's well near Adwicke in the Street, And through Bentley by Arkesey, & falleth into Dun at Wheatley.—*Dodsworth's Yorkshire Notes.*

RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE was never canonised, but his saintly life won for him the title by which he seems to have been known in Dodsworth's time. He was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, about the year 1290, and was educated at Oxford. At the early age of 19 he determined to embrace the life of a hermit. Sir John de Dalton gave him a cell, with daily supply of food, at Hampole, four miles from Doncaster, and close to North Elmsall. There he remained until his death in 1349, employing himself in writing and translating religious works, and in preaching to the people. He was the most popular preacher and religious writer of his age. His most famous poem, "Stimulus Conscientiæ," or, to give it its English title, the "Pryk [Goad, or Spur] of Conscience," is still well known. It holds the middle place in the Philological Society's Early English Volume for 1862-64 (published by Asher & Co., London and Berlin, 1865).

He wrote many prose treatises, and translated the Psalms into the English of his day for the nuns of the Priory at Hampole, at the request of their Prioress, Dame Margaret Kirkby.

Few are aware that there still exists in the city of York a vivid proof of the popularity in the past of this great and good man. In the Church of All Saints, North Street, "at the easternmost end, called the fifth window, of the north wall of the north aisle there is shown a very ancient specimen of York 14th century glass. It has some fifteen or more panels divided from each other by a line, and is of three lights. The subject is a very weird one, though of deep interest. The caretaker shows a copy of the lines which illustrate the window, but only im-

perfectly. The last xv days of the World are taken from the 'Pricke of Conscience.'" [Quoted from an article in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* for August 31st, 1901, entitled "The Last XV Days of the World : A Famous Church Window in York," by Alex. D. H. Leadman, F.S.A.]

LITTLE JOHN'S WELL.

The well far more likely to have been used by the hermit is the one at Hampole Stubbs, known as Little John's Well, between North Elmsall and Hampole proper, on the Doncaster and Wakefield Road.

If I remember aright, it is situated high up the incline of a lofty bank planted with trees and shrubs, which skirts one side of the aforesaid road, that was anciently merely a footpath, but was made into a highway a little over a hundred years ago, for the important mail coach traffic of that period.

Some time afterwards the then owner of the spring, finding that the occupants of the mail-coaches and other passers-by were continually getting over the fence and climbing up the bank to drink of its water, so famous in that locality, erected a stone trough on the highway, just below the well, which trough is kept continually full by means of a pipe from the spring above. It bears, cut deeply into its face, this legend in modern characters:—Little John's Well. Therein man and horse can assuage their thirst without the biped having to trespass on the game-preserves of the owner.

I have had more than one drink out of this ancient well, the stonework of which is said to date from the 13th century. It is now the property of Mr. C. Broadrick. The water flows out of the hill-side into a stone-basin, covered by a thick flat slab of stone, like the basin itself, circular in form, and having an iron ring attached to it, by which it may be lifted. This keeps the spring from getting choked up with the fallen leaves and other debris common to the woods. Besides the basin, and to its right (seen from the road), is the upright back of what appears to have been a massive stone seat. Towards its top are carved heraldic roses, &c. The water of this well is held in high regard by the country people around. Old men have told me that it was ever considered a good remedy for sprained wrists, cuts, and bruises. Bathed in it, the pains of such ailments quickly evanish, or are much mitigated.

Here, doubtless, the pious hermit of Hampole, as well as the renowned lieutenant of Robin Hood's band of outlaws, whose name it bears, often quenched his thirst.

ROBIN HOOD'S WELL.

The far more famous well mentioned by Dodsworth (and which owed a large share of its reputation to its situation on the great coach road from London to the north, where it was pointed out to strangers as the Well of Robin Hood) exists as such no longer. It is now more than fifteen years ago (I cannot give the exact date) that, during the laying of certain sewerage pipes in the vicinity, the spring was accidentally tapped and its course diverted. The ornamental four-arched stone canopy designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, and erected at the expense of one of the Earls of Carlisle, is still there, bearing in its interior the countless names of visitors who inscribed them thereon after drinking a draught in memory of the famed freebooter; but the water itself has vanished. On paying a visit to the well some fifteen or sixteen years ago, I found it in this sorry condition.

Many great men have paused there to drink and write their names—notably, Sir Walter Scott, who makes so much of Robin Hood in his “Ivanhoe.”

THE BISSETS AND THE WENTWORTHS OF NORTH
ELMSALL.

[From an article in the *Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*, part L, 1894, entitled “The Township of Nether-thong. Notes by the late H. J. Morehouse, M.R.C.S., F.S.A. Arranged by Thomas Brooke, F.S.A.”]

In the reign of King John, we find that a family of the name of Bisset resided at North Elmsal near Doncaster, where they had estates, and likewise at *Nether Thong*. Hunter quotes a charter from Dodsworth's MSS. of a very interesting description, respecting the settlement of the Bissets at North Elmsal. It is a grant made by John,* the Constable of Chester, to Henry Bisset of forty-eight acres of land in Elmsal, with lands at Marton and Plumtree for a park, and the whole town of Harworth, in frank marriage with Albreda his sister, a daughter of Richard fitz Eustace. He found also that Henry Bisset was a son of Manasser Bisset (who was Dapifer or Steward of the King's Household to Henry II.), the son of William Bisset and Hawisia his wife.

* John Fitz Eustace, 6th Constable, founder of Stanlaw, d. at Tyre 1190. Son of Richard Fitz Eustace and Albreda de Lissours, the helless of De Lacy. His son Roger assumed the name of De Lacy in the 5th of Richard I., 1194.—*Holmes*.

There is an Inquisition P.M. in the 19 Edw. II., in which John Bisset was found to have died seized of a messuage and 60 acres of land in Elmsal. The names of the Bissets occur frequently as witnesses in deeds in Elmsal and the neighbourhood, before the time when dates were usually inserted, viz., John Bisset, Junior, his son Adam Bisset, and later down to 1320.

In a deed of that date, all the three names occur together.

The Bissets had considerable lands in Nether Thong; these, with most of their other estates, were in the Honour of Pontefract.

* * * * *

The family of the Bissets ended in an heiress, who, about the time just mentioned [the accession of Edward III.], became the wife of John Wentworth of Wentworth Woodhouse, to whom the estates of the Bissets descended.

* * * * *

Early in that reign [Elizabeth's], we find that Thomas Wentworth of North Elmsall, Esquire, held divers messuages and lands here [at Nether Thong], which had been acquired by his ancestors through marriage with the heiress of Bisset. In the 13 Eliz., Thomas Wentworth alienated the whole of his estate in Nether Thong, which seems to have been purchased by the tenants in occupation, viz., Anthony Wilson, John Beaumont, Thomas Woodhead and others.

MONUMENTS OF THE WENTWORTHS IN THE LADYE CHAPEL OF SOUTH KIRKBY CHURCH.

I.

Prope hic iacet corpus Thomæ Wentworth
de North Elmsall in comitatu Eboracensis
armigeri filij solius Thomæ Wentworth
militis, uxor eius fuit Agnes vna
filiarum Henerici Bellingham de
Leuens in comitatu Westmerlandiæ
militis et baronetti Quâ habetat
Quinque liberos quorum tres illum
provixerunt viz : Johannes Henricus
et Dorothea obiit anno
tricesimo quarto suæ
ætatis decimo die
Maij Anno Domini

1653.



Photo by

H. Hill, South Kirkby.

MONUMENTS OF THE WENTWORTHS IN THE LADYE CHAPEL,
SOUTH KIRKBY CHURCH.

[See page 130

On a marble tablet on the north wall.

Over it is the achievement of the deceased :—

1. Wentworth, *sable*, a chevron between 3 leopards' faces *or*,.....
2.
3. 4. a Pheon, —, a chief... ..
5. a chevron between 3 6. Two Lions passant in
mullets. pale.
7. a pheon.....on a chief, a lion 8. Wentworth.
passant.....

Surmounted by an esquire's helmet and an elaborate mantling.

CREST :—A griffin passant *argent*.

Flanked on either side by arms on scrolls. On the right Wentworth impaling..... a pheon....., on a chief, a lion passant —. On the left Wentworth impaling—, a lion passant—, a chief.

II.

On a lozenge (enclosed in a mantle), Wentworth impaling Bellingham (*Argent*, 3 bugle-horns *sable*, stringed *gules*.)

Prope hic iacet corpus

Pientissimæ dominæ Agnis Wentworth
secundæ filiæ Henrici Bellingham de
Leuens in comitatu Westmorlandiæ

militis et baronetti et uxoris

Thomæ Wentworth de North

Elmsall in comitatu Eboracensi

Armigericui quinque Liberos

parturiuit quorum tres viz :

Dorotheam Johanem et Henricum

superstites Reliquit ad Deum

Redijt die decimo Septimo

Iunij Suae ætatis 52.

Annoque Domini

1668.

On a scroll—Wentworth.

Mural Tablet—Next to the monument of her husband.

III.

Near this place lieth interred the Body of Sir JOHN WENTWORTH of NORTH ELMES Hall in the County of YORK, Baronet, who departed this life the 25th day of April in the Year of our Lord 1720, in the 48th Year of his Age.

He married to his First Wife MARY the eldest Daughter of the Right Honourable Sir JOHN LOWTHER of LOWTHER in the County of Westmoreland Baronet, by whom He had issue Katherine, now Wife of Hugh Cholmley of WHITBY in the said County of YORK Esquire, and to his Second Wife the Right Honourable the Lady ELIZABETH, Daughter of the most Noble WILLIAM Duke of DEVONSHIRE, by whom he had Issue one Son Sir BUTLER CAVENDISH WENTWORTH Baronet, who died without issue.

Arms within pediment—have forgotten.

Wentworth on a scroll beneath.

Next to the preceding.

IV.

Hic iacet Darceivs
Wentworth de Brodsworth
Armiger. Filius Thomæ
Wentworth de Empsall
Armigeri qui obiit die Feb 20
Anno ætatis suæ 76

Under the Piscina.

ARMS :—Wentworth, a crescent for difference.

Here lyeth
Interr'd ye body of
HENRY WENTWORTH
late of BRODSWORTH
second son of
THOS. WENTWORTH
of NORTH-ELMSALL

Esq.
who departed
this life the
26th day of
October
An^o Dom
1684.

Underneath: Wentworth, as above, impaling..... (on a bend 3 mullets).

Tablet above the Piscina.

AN OLD VILLAGER'S REMINISCENCES OF NORTH
ELMSALL HALL, ITS OWNERS, AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

The following particulars relating to this ancient mansion were given to the author by Henry Carr, the oldest man in the village of North Elmsall, about the year 1887. I submit them to the reader in—as nearly as possible—the words of old Henry himself. He had lived about the place all his life.

Mr. Andrew John Brown is the present tenant of the Hall and the land attached to it (1887). Sir Charles W. Strickland, of Boynton Hall,* is the owner.

It forms part of what was known as the "Cholmeley Estate." Sir George Strickland, the father of Sir Charles, came into [*i.e.*, inherited] the Cholmeley Estate when about eighty years of age, and changed his name to Cholmeley. But Sir Charles would not alter his name.

Before Mr. Brown came to the Hall, Mr. Duke and Mr. Tonkinson (farmers) divided the premises between them.

Two houses had been made out of the old place. Mr. Duke lived in that portion of it now tenanted by Mr. Brown, and Mr. Tonkinson in that now occupied by Winn, Mr. Brown's shepherd, and the farm labourers lodging with him. The great door of the Hall—the "old Hall door" as it was always called—was in the centre of the front of Mr. Brown's part.

The two farmed the land between them. Before Mr. Tonkinson's time, a Mr. Dyson lived in his portion of the Hall. He was a churchwarden (South Kirkby Parish), and was killed whilst riding home from Doncaster on one "Visitation Day" there. He fell off his horse, and, his foot being held fast by the stirrup, he was dragged along by the frightened animal until his head was dreadfully mangled. His widow kept on the farm for a long time afterwards. Old Mr. Tonkinson took it after her, and his son succeeded him.

When you entered the front door (the "old Hall door") of the Servant's Hall (which was almost the entire length of the front of the Hall, as it now stands) you went up some winding stairs of stone, at

* Near Bridlington, Yorks.

the left hand side of the door, and on the first landing on your right was the Haunted Chamber, and on your left, King Henry's Chamber, its window facing towards Upton. It is now used as a bed-chamber. It is of a good size. In this were kept the old helmet and corslet said by the villagers to have belonged to King Henry himself (but to my thinking they were the accoutrements of some ordinary man-at-arms of the reign of Mary or Elizabeth): they are now in the possession of Mr. Brown.

There was also a sword, which weapon was transformed by Mr. Duke into a turnip-knife. It had disappeared before Mr. Brown tenanted the place.

NOTE.—Strange to tell, in or about the year 1876, my brother Charles, who went about the countryside with a pony-cart selling pots, &c., and buying old iron, &c., brought home one night an old sword, with hilt divested of its grip, which had evidently been made to do duty as a turnip-knife. Knowing my love for anything old, he gave it to me. I, in turn, gave it to my friend, W. H. Keighley, to add to his collection of antiquities. This was long before I had either seen or heard of the old arms at North Elmsall Hall. Years after, on learning the above, I asked my brother if he could remember where and from whom he had got this sword, but he could not. Yet he was sure that it had not come to him from North Elmsall Hall.

There were red spots on the walls of this room, supposed to be blood-stains. It was said that no matter how often it was whitewashed, the spots always "shane" through again.

It was wainscotted to about the height of a man, with a beading along the top of it.

The Haunted Chamber was "a nice chamber, but dark." Formerly, once a year, on a certain day (Henry did not say which day, or I have forgotten it) the door of this room was opened, and a live fowl flung into it. What became of the fowl I know not. "Nobody went into the Haunted Chamber in Mr. Duke's time."

Bakehouse, with brick oven. Now (1887) made into a blacksmith's shop. There was a Pigeon-cote on the Green, just above the wall which now crosses the top part of it, on the right of the gateway in the said wall.

The lower portion of one of the walls of the cote still exists as part of this wall. Evidently it had been built before the cote was destroyed.

There was also a Bowling Green.

Sir Rowland's Stable was next to the Bowling Green.

There was a Schoolhouse on the Green—its lowest portion went to the stream (flowing down from the Hall towards Wrangbrook). The garden attached to it came up to the gate opening into "Mucky Lane." A few fruit trees are still there, in a wild state. It is still called "School Green."

Nigh to the Schoolhouse was a Water Mill. The mill-stones were there in Mr. Duke's time. Old Henry helped to remove them to Wrangbrook, to Mr. Liversedge—the farmer there—to whom the Steward of the estate, Mr. Weldon, had given them.

During the construction of a private cart-road from North Elmsall Hall to Upton Hall, in 1878 or the following year, one of the labourers turned up with his spade a large leaden seal which had once been attached to some Bull or document of Honorius III., who occupied the Chair of Peter from 1216 to 1227. It is in good preservation. The sketch here given is of the exact size of the original. The finder gave it to a groom of Mr. Brown's—George Wade—from whom I purchased it for sixpence.

There was a Chantry Chapel at North Elmsall in the olden time, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It stood in the field, still called Chapel Garth, a little above the Hall, but on the opposite side of the lane connecting it with the village. A few fragments of the venerable fabric were still in situ when Henry Carr was a young man. But, then, alack! almost every vestige of it was destroyed, the very foundation-stones being dug up. The man deputed to remove them is still alive (1887)—George Jackson by name, now a small tenant farmer. They were utilised in the building of a "layer" or barn erected in the same field, a little to the rear of the site of the chapel. An oblong mound is all which now marks where once the chapel stood.

There is a curious story afloat of a spectral sow and her litter of nine to be seen at "the dead hour of night" in or about the barn which stands so near this consecrated spot.

In the fifth verse of my "North Elmsall Hall," I tell of the apparition of a headless lady dressed in silk which rustles as she walks along, heard at nights on the stairs. Thomas Stanley, of North Elmsall, a farm labourer, who worked at one of the two farms at Wrangbrook, a mile the other side of North Elmsall, was coming home

from work very late one night through the fields, and had reached the "Busks," when he heard a rustling noise behind him, and, turning to see what was the cause, saw, in the moonlight, a woman without a head, dressed in silk, which rustled as she came towards him. "Fear lent him wings," and he never stopped until he reached the Hall.

Of this headless dame, much used to be said by the ancient villagers.

A CHRISTMAS CUSTOM AT ACKWORTH.

To Ackworth Church on Christmas Day,
 The hungry wild-birds wing their way,
 For there, to make them also gay,
 On that dear Festival,
 A sheaf of corn is placed above
 The ancient porch:—an act of love
 Which He will bless, Who from above
 Doth note the sparrow's fall.

About St. Cuthbert's niche they fly,
 Each making its distinctive cry,—
 Which to repeat doth speech defy,—
 Its thanks for such good cheer.
 O birds! enjoy your Christmas feast;
 Of our good customs not the least:
 For dearly loves our King and Priest
 His smallest creatures here.

THE DRUIDS' ALTAR NEAR BINGLEY, YORKS.

Yestere'en at this hour I stood by the altar
 Which pagans of old loved to gather around,
 When Yorkshire knew little of ploughshare and colter,
 And wolf and wild-boar in her forests were found.

As I strode up the steep from whose summit it rises,
 Majestic in mien, like a king on his throne,
 I thought of the Druids—their dread sacrifices,—
 The victims whose blood had been spilt on that stone.

I saw the poor wretches, the captives of battle,
 All helplessly waiting the stroke of the knife :
 —To be doomed to the death that is dealt out to cattle !
 —Far better have died in the thick of the strife.

Thank God ! deeds so dark have for ages been banished
 From Britain's fair face, never more to be seen :
 The Druids, nay, even their records, have vanished,
 And nought, save their altars, now show they have been.

When I stood on the top and looked down on the stones, which
 Lie scattered in heaps round the altar's deep base,
 To my fancy they seemed like the huge mammoth bones, which
 Make puny man marvel at Nature's old race.

O'ergrown by dark heather, green moss, and sharp thistle,
 —The emblems of hard life, defiance and age,
 One fancies these stones, when o'er them the winds whistle,
 Still haunted by Druid,—priest, poet and sage.

So thought I, when mounting the altar stupendous,
 Enraptured in spirit I gazed all around ;
 The winds howled and blew with a power so tremendous,
 Methought they would hurl me afar to the ground.

What scenes did I see from my towering position !
 The bonny sweet Aire flowing deep through the vale ;
 Yorkshire hill-sides, and hamlets in thriving condition,
 And Bingley, the prettiest town in Airedale.

My attention was fixed on the beauties around me,
 When the clock of some church nigh at hand struck the hour ;
 So silent was all, that each stroke of it found me ;
 I looked whence it came,—it was Bingley church tower.

The fane of the Christian stands near the river ;
 Thr Druids' rude altar is high up above :
 The Christian's faith preaches charity ever ;
 The pagan's religion knew little of love.

And yet that religion held something of beauty ;
 He worshipped th' Almighty through Nature. His slave :
 His altars, at times, bore earth's substances fruity ;
 Oblations far better than war ever gave.

The best of his customs, the Church, our good mother,
 Made holy to God and His Saints in that day,
 When she taught him to see in his foeman a brother,
 And fling away idols for ever and aye.

LOYOWF AS THOW FYNDS.

(Leave as thou finds). *

“Loyowf as thow finds,”—How strangely sound
 The fine old Saxon words to-day ;
 But, full of wisdom most profound,
 Their counsel is as fresh as aye.

Leave as thou findest—“ All things good,
 Bequeathed thee by thy sires, pass on
 Intact.”—Such, rightly understood,
 The meaning of the words we con.

“Thy fathers’ home, and fair domains ;
 Their title, worthily bestowed ;
 Their name, that nought of evil stains ;
 Their wealth, acquired in honest mode ;

Their ancient never-changing faith ;
 Their loyalty to King or Queen ;
 Their hate of sin ; their scorn of death ;
 The charity they strove to screen ;

“Transmit to thy posterity
 Inviolatè.”—O counsel rare,
 The motto of a family
 That not in vain their motto bear.

* See “ The Tempest Motto—Its Real Reading.”—Pages 146-147.

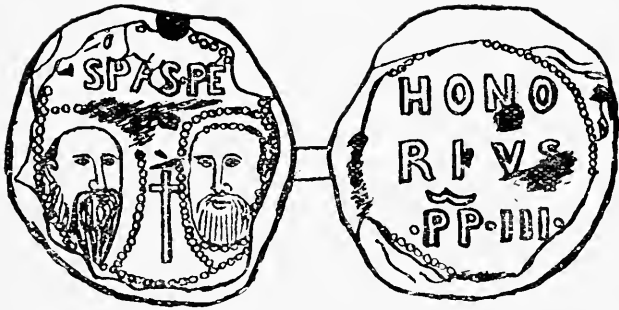
XXVII.



NORTH ELSALL HALL.

[See page 131.

XXVIII.



LEADEN SEAL OF HONORIUS III. Pont. Max.,
dug up near North Elmsall Hall.

[See Page 141.]

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF
TEMPEST, OF BRACEWELL, BROUGHTON, &c.

[Chiefly compiled from Whitaker's *History of Craven.*]

It is most probable that the manors of Bracewell and Stoke were granted by Roger of Poitou to Roger de Tempest, "progenitor of the oldest and most distinguished of the Craven families now surviving." That De Tempest was possessed of Bracewell early in the reign of Henry I. we know for certain. "The name, whatever were its origin, seems to have been venerated by the family; as, in the two next centuries, when local appellations became almost universal, they never chose to part with it. It is also alluded to in their armorial bearing; for I am persuaded that what have been usually styled martlets are storm-finches, *les oiseaux de tempeste*, as they are called by Buffon, though in another sense than the great naturalist was aware of. Neither name nor shield was ever stained with dishonour, but often illustrated by deeds of arms. Sir John Tempest, ninth in the descent, was engaged with Roger, Lord Clifford, and the Earl of Lancaster, in removing Peirs de Gaveston from the counsels of Edward II.; an act of duty to their deceased sovereign, rather than of disobedience to the then living one.

"For this, however, he received a pardon under the great seal. Sir Richard Tempest, his son, was in the highest trusts upon the Scottish borders, under Edward III. In the sixteenth of that reign he was Governor of Berwick. In the thirty-first he was appointed a commissioner to treat with the Scots for the delivery of King David Bruce; and in the next year but one he was deputed to see the truce observed with the Scots. Immediately before the Battle of Agincourt, Peirs Tempest was knighted by Henry V. Sir Richard Tempest, the thirteenth, had a principal command at Flodden. Sir Thomas Tempest, his son (a sure man, as he is called by Lord Surrey), burned the town of Jedburg; and lastly, Richard Tempest, the seventeenth in the line, with equal honour but worse fortune, commanded a regiment in the service of Charles I.

"The decay of this ancient family is to be ascribed to the folly and extravagance of the Tempest who, in April, 1639, became possessed of the estate by the death of his father. He compounded for his estates with the governing powers by the name of Richard Tempest, of Bowling, for the heavy sum of 1,748*l.*" So far Tempest of Bracewell.

“The Tempests of Broughton, by the failure of the line of Tong, are now become the chief of the name.”

“This branch of the Tempest family has produced three persons entitled to a distinct remembrance: 1st, Francis Tempest, many years Abbot of Lambspring, the English Benedictine monastery in Westphalia, the revenues of which he greatly improved; 2nd, Stephen Tempest, Esq., author of the “Religio Laici,” a sensible tract, which every country gentleman may peruse with advantage; 3rd, John Tempest, an ecclesiastic, . . . not only a man of talents, but of a lively and elegant turn of mind. . . . [He] died at the house of Lord Petre, at Thorndon, in Essex, where he was interred with the following epitaph:—

D.O.M.

Hic in Pace Ec. Cath.

depositus est Johannes Tempest, Stephani
Tempest, armigeri, de Broughton, provinciae
Ebor filius, pietate, doctrinâ, et suavitate
morum omnibus dilectus. Vix ann. XLIV.

Thorndon ob. d. XXII Feb. A.D. MDCCXXXVII.

Rob. Jacobus Petre Baro de Writtle amico
cariss. mærens monumentum pos.”

THE TEMPEST MOTTO: ITS REAL READING.

Just before going to press, the author received a letter from Mrs. Tempest, of Broughton Hall, which has caused him to re-write this portion of his work, and to give the following explanation of his motives for so doing.

Years ago, in 1889, I issued a little book of verse containing these lines:—

“Love as thou findest.”

“Loywf as thow finds” :—Motto of the Tempest Family.

“Love as thou findest.”—Motto good,

But one I would not own;

For little love methinks there would

By friends to me be shown,

If they did as these words direct:

No, let *my* motto be—

“Love me, in spite of each defect

That thou dost find in me.”

Some time afterwards, Mr. Wilfrid Francis Tempest, of Ackworth Grange near Pontefract (son of Joseph Francis, the youngest son of Stephen Tempest, Esq. of Broughton), conversing with my late brother-in-law, Mr. Alfred Dawson, then stationmaster of Tanshelf, on the L. & Y. Railway, bade him tell me that his motto was not—put into modern English—*Love as thou finds*, but, in his opinion, *Leave as thou finds*.

To make amends for my mistake, I wrote the verses which precede this brief account of the Tempests of Bracewell and Broughton.

But now I am informed by Mrs. Tempest that "*Loyouf* is the old Saxon for *praise*, and *Loyaf* is the Scandinavian for the same. In old writings the word 'to love' is often used in the sense of 'to praise.' So late as 1552, in the will of Richd. Tempest, of Catlowe, he says he is 'hole of mynde and memory *loved be God.*'"

Finally, in a letter I have received from Mr. W. F. Tempest, he now says:—

"Our family motto is capable of several interpretations, and I should not like to say which may be correct."

In the beautiful little church at Ackworth Grange (one of Pugin's) these ancient words show most prominently in metal-work across the front of the Sanctuary rails.

DESCENT OF THE PRESENT TEMPEST, OF BROUGHTON, 1903.

[For which the author is most deeply indebted to the present
Lady of Broughton.]

1. Roger Tempest, probably born about 1083, witnessed, in 1120, the foundation charter of the Priory of Embsay, near Skipton, in Craven, and the charter by which Alice de Runelli and her husband gave to the same monks the Church of All Saints, Broughton-in-Craven. In 1152, he witnessed the charter for the removal of the monks from Embsay, and their foundation at Bolton. In 1155, he and his brother Richard witnessed the grant made by Alice de Runelli to the monks of St. John of Pontefract of a house and land in Broughton. The above shows that Roger Tempest possessed land at Broughton, &c., at this date. The late Mr. Richard Holmes states that Roger Tempest acquired Bracewell about 1120.

2. Richard Tempest, son of Roger, witnessed a grant from Alice de Rumelli of land in Appletreewick, besides others.

3. Roger Tempest held 3 carucates and two oxgangs of lands of the Skipton fee 1166, and paid half a mark in 1168 for unjust disseisin. His son,

4. Roger Tempest, seneschal to the Constable of Chester.

5. Richard Tempest, son of Roger Tempest of Bracewell, born about 1183. In 1222 he claimed the right which his ancestors had of presenting to the Church of Bracewell against the Abbot of Kirkstall, but later on he gave the right of advowson to the Abbey. He married the heiress of Richard de Tong, and had land in Stock and Bracewell by her. Their son,

6. Sir Richard Tempest, of Bracewell, Knt., was a knight by 1246, and in 1251 defended his title to land in Bracewell. Dead by 1268.

7. Sir Roger Tempest, of Bracewell, Knt., eldest son, declared chief lord of Waddington 1267. In 1272 he was declared to hold land in Bracewell, Stock, Keighley, Lacock, and Rilleston of Skipton Castle. In 1276 he subscribed forty shillings towards the Crusade. He fought in Scotland with Edward I. when his arms are described as being *argent, a bend between 6 martlets sable*. He married Alice, daughter and co-heir of Walter de Waddington, and by her acquired the manor of Waddington in Yorkshire. He died late in 1287. His son,

8. Richard Tempest, succeeded, and having married before Nov. 1282, died 29 Sept. 1297, having been probably wounded at the battle of Stirling on the 11th of that month.

9. Sir John Tempest of Bracewell, Knt., eldest son, born 24 August, 1283, his godfather being Adam, son of William de Broughton, who held him at the font. He was in ward to the King, being a minor when his father died. He joined the rising in 1313 against Piers Gaveston, and in 1322 against the Spencers, receiving pardon for both rebellions, but for the latter paid a heavy fine, and was bound over to serve the King in his wars when required. He was a Knight of the Shire in 1324, and in 1325 was at Portsmouth with the troops the king was sending to France, his horse being a dappled bay with 2 white feet. By an undated charter (but by witnesses, &c., between 1316 and 1324) Richard de Eston granted to Sir John Tempest of Bracewell the half of the manor of Broughton, in Craven, half the mill, and certain messuages there which King Edward had given to his brother, Sir John de Eston. Sir John Tempest married Katherine, daughter of Sir Robert Sherburn, Knt., Steward of Blackburnshire. His eldest son was

10. Sir John Tempest of Bracewell, Knt., a Collector of the wool tax in 1340; but going abroad in the King's service in April 1383, he died soon after. His eldest son,

11. Sir Richard Tempest, married Maria, sister to Sir Thomas Talbot, Knt., and died 1389, having been on the Commission of Array for Yorkshire.

12. Sir Richard Tempest of Bracewell, Knt., the eldest son, was born 1356, and became a soldier at the age of 15 years, fighting in Gascony, and was at the relief of Monteyn in 1377, fighting also in Aquitaine and Scotland. He was joint Governor of Roxburgh Castle in 1385, and Sheriff of the county in that year, when his wife was carried off prisoner by the Scots. He was Warden of Berwick-on-Tweed in 1387, and sealed his indenture with the King on the undertaking with the Tempest arms (a bend between six martlets), his crest being a martlet or storm-finch standing upon a cap of maintenance. In 1413 King Henry V. granted to his cher aimé chivaler, Richard Tempest, for the good service he had rendered him, a pension of £50 a year for life. In June 1415 Sir Richard sealed an agreement with the King to serve him for a year in France with 5 men-at-arms and 18 archers, and being at Harfleur in October of that year, was given a cask of wine. About the year 1419 Sir Richard gave to his younger son, Roger Tempest, his half of the manor of Broughton-in-Craven, with the messuages, &c., which had been acquired a century before by Sir John Tempest, to hold to the said Roger and his male heirs for ever of the heirs of the said Sir Richard his father, and by payment of 40s. yearly. Sir Richard died about September 1427. By his wife Margaret (believed to have been sister of Robert de Stainforth of Giggleswick) he had several sons, the youngest being

13. Roger Tempest, to whom his father, as already stated, gave his half manor of Broughton, and procured his marriage with Katherine, daughter and heir of Sir Peter Gilliot, by whom he acquired the other half of the manor of Broughton. In April 1453 Roger Tempest obtained licence from the Archbishop of York for an oratory where Mass might be said within his manor for a year, thus founding the Chapel still continuing at Broughton Hall. He died in 1467, and was buried in the Tempest choir of Broughton Church. His widow Katherine had a further licence for Mass in her house, and died in April 1469, being buried near her husband.

14. William Tempest, of Broughton, son and heir, married first, in July 1437, Joan, daughter of James Metcalfe of Nappa, when the manor of Broughton and lands elsewhere were settled on him and his heirs. He died about 1496, having had by his first wife—

15. John Tempest, who died in his father's life-time, whose son,

16. Roger Tempest, born about 1476, who was in ward to Henry, Lord Clifford, and married about 1496 to Lord Clifford's niece, Anne, daughter of Robert Carr, an Esquire of the Body to King Henry VII., by Lady Margaret Clifford. In 1521 this Roger Tempest was one of Cardinal Wolsey's suit at Calais, and was on the Commission of Peace for the West Riding in 1525, and died in 1527. By Anne Carr he had several children. The eldest son,

17. Stephen Tempest, of Broughton, born 1500, was much with his mother's cousin, Henry, Earl of Cumberland, and was one of the original trustees of the Skipton Grammar School. He died 14 August, 1549, having married two wives. By the first, Agnes, daughter of William Lister, of Midhope, he had two sons. The elder,

18. Henry Tempest, of Broughton, born 1527, was married in his father's life-time to Isabel, the natural daughter of Sir Ingram Percy, who had been brought up by her grandmother, Katherine, Dowager Countess of Northumberland, who arranged the marriage, and left Isabel a fine store of plate, tapestry and furniture and money. Being a Catholic Recusant, Henry Tempest assigned his estates to his son to avoid confiscation. He died the 17 February, 1604-5, and his eldest son succeeded him.

19. Sir Stephen Tempest, of Broughton, Knt., born 1553, built the present house at Broughton, beginning in 1579, most of the timber being given by the Earl of Cumberland from his Carleton Forest. The old house was nearer the beck to the N.E. of the present Hall. Stephen Tempest was knighted at Windsor 9 July, 1603, by King James, though a Catholic and convicted Recusant and fined as such. By his second wife, Katherine, daughter of Henry Lawson, of Nesham, co. Durham, Esq., he had several sons, and died 30 Sept., 1625.

20. Stephen Tempest, eldest son, of Broughton, born 1593, married first, 1613, Susan, daughter and heir of William Oglethorpe of Roundhay, near Leeds, through whom he acquired Roundhay Grange, and a Crown lease of the manor there. In 1644 his estates were sequestered for being a Papist and a Royalist, and he and his family were driven from their old home at Broughton, the estates being let by the Commonwealth to various persons. Before his death in 1650 he had succeeded in redeeming from the Sequestrators most of both the Broughton and Roundhay estates. His eldest son, Sir Stephen Tempest, succeeded him in the Broughton estates, which were promptly again sequestered on account of Stephen's adherence to the Royal cause. The second son,

21. Thomas Tempest, to whom his father left his Roundhay property, married in 1653, Anne, only daughter and heir of Henry Scrope, of Danby, co. York, Esq. Thomas being unable to pay the fines and lease the estates, which were also in his case sequestered, lost the valuable Roundhay property for his loyalty, and died a very old man at Broughton, in June 1697. His eldest son,

22. Stephen Tempest, born 9 April, 1654, succeeded to the Broughton estates under the will of his uncle, Sir Stephen Tempest, 13 Apr. 1671, who at the Restoration had recovered the property; and he commenced to repair the Hall, which had suffered much during the years it was held by the Commonwealth. Stephen was a convicted Recusant, and was accused, by the wretched Bolron and Mowbray, his aunt's discharged servants, of harbouring Popish priests and of joining in a conspiracy against the King. He was imprisoned in York Castle, but released on being found not guilty in March, 1682. In 1688 he was made a Captain of a troop of Horse in the Royal army, and in June, 1689, being appointed a Colonel, raised a troop of Horse for the fugitive King, which however, owing to the Monarch's weakness, never took the field, and though James II. sent him in June, 1692, from his exiled court a fresh commission for himself, and signed blank commissions for a regiment, Stephen Tempest wisely refrained from stirring in the matter. Being a Papist he paid double taxes, had to have a licence to keep any horses, and also a pass signed by two or three magistrates before he could leave home. He married in June, 1687, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Fermor, of Tusmore, co. Oxford, Esq., and died 10 April, 1742, being buried in the Tempest choir of Broughton Church, his coffin costing 25s. and his shroud 3s. He had with two sons who became Jesuits and one who entered the French army (no Catholic being permitted in the English army), his heir,

23. Stephen Tempest, of Broughton, Esq., born 14 October, 1689, who continued his father's improvements at Broughton, planting largely and building. He was the author of an excellent little book of advice to young men entitled *Religio Laici*, which ran through two editions. He married in April, 1714, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Lawson, of Brough, N. R. Yorks, Bart., and dying the 12 August, 1771, left, with other issue, his heir,

24. Stephen Walter Tempest, of Broughton, Esq., born 23 May, 1717. He was married in December, 1748, to Frances Olive, daughter and co-heir of George Meynell, of Aldboro', co. York, Esq., and cousin and co-heir of Frances Masey, of Rixton, co. Lanc., by which marriage he acquired a third of the valuable Rixton and Glazebrook estates,

which had been possessed by the Mascys from the year 1330. He kept a pack of hounds from 1756 to 1760, and dying at Scarborough 9 Sept., 1784, was buried in Broughton Church. His eldest son,

25. Stephen Tempest, of Broughton, Esq., born 1 May, 1756, succeeded, in 1806, to the Coleby Hall and Rowston estates in Lincolnshire, as heir-at-law, through his great-great-grandmother, Anne Scrope, to Thomas Scrope of those estates. In 1798 he was enrolled in the Militia raised in Craven for the repulse of Bonaparte's expected invasion, and the same year made a Deputy Lieut. for the W. R. of Yorks. He married in May, 1789, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Henry Blundell, of Ince Blundell, co. Lancaster, Esq., by whom he acquired valuable estates at Heaton and Runworth, co. Lancaster. He died 28 Nov., 1824, and was the last Tempest to be buried in the Tempest choir of Broughton Church, such burials being now forbidden; and left, with other sons, Charles Robert Tempest, born 21 April, 1794, who succeeded to the Broughton and Coleby estates, and was created a Baronet in 1841, but dying unmarried in December, 1865, left his property in trust for his nephew, Arthur Cecil Tempest. A younger son was Joseph Francis Tempest, whose fourth son is Wilfrid Francis Tempest, of Ackworth Grange, near Pontefract. Mr. Stephen Tempest's second son,

26. Henry Tempest, born 18 Oct., 1795, succeeded to the Heaton and Runworth estates, and married in July 1829, Jemima, daughter of Sir Thomas de Trafford, of Trafford, co. Lanc., Bart., and died 19 March, 1860, leaving two sons. The elder, Charles Henry Tempest, born 5 January, 1834, succeeded to the Heaton and Runworth estates, and was created a Baronet "of Heaton" in 1866, and dying without male issue 1 Aug. 1894, he left all his estates to his only daughter, Ethel Mary, wife of Lord Beaumont. The second son,

27. Arthur Cecil Tempest, of Broughton and Coleby, Esq., born 2 June, 1837, succeeded to the above properties under the will of his uncle, Sir Charles Robert Tempest, Bart. He married in April, 1873, Eleanor Blanche, daughter of Edward Horner Reynard, of Sunderlandwick, co. York, Esq., and has, with a daughter, an only son, Roger Stephen Tempest, born 26 May, 1876, who joined the Scots Guards in May, 1898, and was with his regiment for two-and-a-half years in South Africa, having part of the time the command of the Guards' Scouts in the 8th Division, and was mentioned in the despatches of Lords Roberts and Kitchener. Major Arthur Cecil Tempest joined the 11th Hussars as cornet in March, 1857, and retired as major in Sep. 1874. He was Master of the Blankney Hounds from 1885 to 1895, and County Councillor in the Kerteven division of Lincolnshire 1889 to 1895.



Photo by

H. Hill, South Kirkby.

THE SOUTH PORCH, SOUTH KIRKBY CHURCH.

Surmounted by five shields, one of which bears the arms of the Wentworths
of North Elmsall Hall.

[See page 130.]

IN BOYHOOD'S TIME.

In boyhood's time
 Up Wenthill would I climb,
 Thence down to look
 O'er vale and brook,
 And the far-off hills sublime.
 I, a dolt to outward ken,
 Thought to be a man of men ;
 Life appeared as beauteous then
 As that dear Yorkshire scene ;
 Dreamt I of a coming day
 When the hearts of all I'd sway,—
 Be a monarch in the play,—
 Some maiden rare my queen :
 Only a dream
 That now, in manhood's prime,
 I've learned to deem
 A fitting theme
 For melancholy rhyme.

Nay ! 'tis not so ;
 Within my heart I know
 That dream will be
 Reality
 Before they lay me low :
 Half-accomplished even now
 Is that vision sweet, I trow ;
 Here's my queen, most fair, I vow,
 My own dear loyal wife.
 Poor men love my lowly lays ;
 Praise from them is truly praise ;
 And mine art my soul doth raise
 Above the cares of life.
 Not all a dream ;
 E'en now, in manhood's prime,
 On me doth gleam
 Bright Fortune's beam :
 Away with mournful rhyme.

A YORKSHIRE FOX-HUNTER'S SONG.

Come, lads, let's have no mumpers
 Amongst us,—jovial jumpers
 Of hedge and dyke,—but bumpers
 Fill quickly at my call.
 I drink to her,—so pretty,
 So winning, and so witty,—
 The charming, dashing Kitty
 Of Elmwood Hall.

To see her, sitting neatly
 Upon her steed so sweetly,
 Controlling it completely,
 In love wth her you fall.
 I've ne'er seen one as pretty,
 As winning and as witty,
 As charming, dashing Kitty
 Of Elmwood Hall.

Let poets praise Diana,
 Bold Robin's Mariana ;
 Were each all that they feign her,
 'Fore Kitty she would pall.
 I've ne'er seen one as pretty,
 As winning and as witty,
 As charming, dashing Kitty,
 Of Elmwood Hall.

 AN APPEAL.

WRITTEN IN AID OF THE ATHLETIC SPORTS HELD IN A SMALL
 YORKSHIRE VILLAGE.*

All ye who love to see the young
 Engaged in manly exercise,
 I call upon—with rustic tongue—
 Our village sports to patronise.
 Our fathers we would emulate,
 Who joyed to meet, now and again,
 Their rough old sports to celebrate,
 And for the mastery to strain.

* North Elmsall, 1835.

To see who best could handle bow,
 The quarter-staff, the single-stick ;
 Who best in wrestling gave a throw ;
 Whose foot was in the race most quick.

In these, and many a hardy game,
 Our fathers found a fierce delight,
 And patriotic was their aim,—
 To train themselves for home to fight.

Although we have no longer now
 A foeman in our friend the Scot,
 And clothyard shaft and six-foot bow
 The modern marksman handles not.

To keep ourselves in proper trim
 To meet whatever may betide,
 With ready eye and supple limb,
 In manly sports we should take pride.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Thanks, thanks, dear friend, for sending me this likeness of our mother,
 —For mother she was aye to me, as you were aye my brother ;
 The dearest memories of youth her name alone recalls,
 But when her likeness I survey, the present on me palls,
 And I'm a boy again, with you, your mother, and your sire,
 —The cheeriest of couples, whom to know was to admire.

No more I hear the whirring din with which the mills abound ;
 No more I see their chimneys huge arising all around ;
 I'm now within your old-world house, now in its garden fair,
 A-sitting in the swing beneath the big laburnum there ;
 And now upon the sandstone crag surmounting all, I stand
 Beneath the elms and sycamores where we our futures planned.

And ever and anon I look into your mother's face,
 And see my welcome in the smile that there I ever trace.
 Though others found me tiresome—a trying lad was I,—
 Your parents never tired of me—I will not reason why :
 Your home was ever home to me—your parents as mine own,
 Since first we met as school-mates, and you found me all alone.

And now you are about to quit the dear old place for aye,
 The roof-tree that has sheltered you and yours this many a day :
 Within its precincts she has died, and fittingly I deem ;
 No other house, however fair, as home could she esteem.
 Here, with her husband she had lived since bound by wedlock's tie,
 Here she had reared her children, here saw their father die.

And so, dear friend, the photograph you send is doubly dear ;
 It shows your mother as she seemed when last I saw her near ;
 —It shows a little of the house in which her life was passed,
 —The house, that after all these years, you now must quit at last ;
 But—gleam of hope !—it shows your wife and bonnie little girl :
 God bless you all, old comrade,—you never were a churl.

A TALE OF A TOE.

A man once lived in Pontefract,
 A man *non compos mentis*,
 Or, as they say in Yorkshire, "crackt,"—
 A graphic word and quaint 'tis.

To church each Sabbath morn and eve,
 John duly paid a visit :
 The Vicar then was, I believe,
 Poor dear old Dr. Bissett.

One Sunday John a sermon heard
 That pierced him to the marrow ;
 Each sentence of it, nay, each word,
 Was to his soul an arrow.

The preacher's text was, "If thine hand
 Or foot thy soul offendeth,
 Cut thou it off. Best maimed to land
 In heaven when life here endeth,

Than, whole, be cast into the fire
 For wicked sinners burning ;
 From thence in vain wouldst thou desire
 To earth to be returning."

Poor John, who truly thought the text,
 Did preach self-mutilation,
 Resolved, if hand or foot him vex,
 He'd do that operation.

His shoes were in a state most sad,
 From them his toes projected :
 No tramp e'er wore a pair as bad,
 By age as much affected.

That very Sunday afternoon,
 While climbing Baghill's shoulder,*
 He stubbed his toe—the luckless loon !
 Against an ugly boulder.

As, smarting with the pain, he stood
 In rage and anguish blended,
 This thought for aye his mind pursued,—
 His toe had him offended.

It had offended him, and so—
 Don't think my tongue doth wag ill—
 He cut it off—his erring toe,
 And buried it on Baghill.

* In the pre-railway days.

THE UNSEEN MARBLE PLAYERS.

A PONTEFRACT STORY.

How dear to God our Saviour
 His little ones on earth !
 He comforts them in sorrow
 And fills their hearts with mirth :
 And when in his great wisdom,
 He frees them from our clay,
 He sends their angel-brothers
 To cheer them on their way.

Come, listen to a story ;
 'Twas told me long ago
 By one, of men most cheery,
 Now in the ground laid low :
 That it is true, ne'er doubt ye,
 More truthful man ne'er spoke !
 His face was honour's mirror,
 His pledge he never broke.

“ My little brother Harry
 Was dying in the night,
 And oh ! he was so bonnie,
 It was a cruel sight ;

It agonized my parents
 To see him lying there,
 All dimmed his eyes' bright sparkle,
 And lank his yellow hair.

“ My little brother Harry
 Like most of other boys
 Was fonder far of marbles
 Than of all other toys :
 He played with them nigh daily
 With me,—his constant mate ;
 He died ere he was seven
 And I was barely eight.

“ The doctor called to see him
 Before the night came on,
 And said that ere next morning
 He surely would be gone :
 And so we sat up watching
 Around his bed that night,
 Against all hope still hoping
 He'd see the morning light.

“ As there we watched him dying
 We heard—of nought more sure—
 The sound of marbles rolling
 Along the chamber floor.
 We could not see the players,
 But Harry did, I'll swear,
 And laughed and chatted with them
 Nor seemed for death to care.

“ And we could hear them rolling,
 Until the boy was dead :
 When fled away his spirit,
 The sounds they also fled.
 It surely was that angels
 Did there with marbles play
 To make the child more cheerful
 When parting with our clay.”

CHARLIE WRIGHT

 AN OLD COUNTRYMAN'S STORY OF THE BADSWORTH HUNT.

O! Charlie Wright's a man beloved by all the countryside ;
 A true-born English gentleman, with ne'er a speck of pride :
 The poorest man with whom he meets—let it be where it may,
 To his salute he will respond, and in a kindly way.

A better Master of its Hounds hath Badsworth never seen ;
 More zealous hunter in the field than Charlie ne'er hath been :
 A long run and a stiff one will fill his heart with glee,
 And when Sir Fox is caught at last, the foremost man is he.

It stirred me when a ploughboy to hear the hunt go by,
 To list the hounds' deep voices blent in one melodious cry.
 I left my team and topped the gate to get a better view
 Of hounds and horses, huntsmen pink, as o'er the fields they flew.

At Wentbridge was the meet one day—before the Bay Horse Inn ;
 From Kirkby Hall, where Charlie lives, a rather lengthy spin :
 And so the bonnie mare he rides was sent at dawn of day,
 Until her master's coming, at the rendezvous to stay.

As for himself, the hour was late when left he his abode,
 With coach and four in good old style to gaily take the road ;
 Beside him on the top there sat his wife, a huntress fair,
 —Was never seen in England a better fitted pair.

They had not gone so very far when, where the road is steep,
 They saw an old man just before, who scarce his feet could keep ;
 A heavy sack upon his back—a ragman poor was he,
 And how he wheezed ! they thought his life in direst jeopardy.

A kindly heart has Charlie Wright—he reined his horses in—
 (And peerless animals they are—like satin shows their skin).
 He hailed the ancient ragman—enquired where journeyed he,
 And when he said, to Wentbridge, cried : “ Then come along with
 me.”

From off his perch behind, the groom got down at his command,
 And helped the carle into the coach with no unkindly hand,
 Gave him his rag bag, closed the door, then climbed again the back ;
 On went the coach—its occupant, a ragman with his sack !

How pleasant is the country through which they sped along,
 A country which has been extolled in many a hunting song :
 Ah ! lad, if you could but describe its bonnie spots aright,
 A poet you would be in truth, a genius most bright.

The coach drew up in Wentbridge before the Bay Horse Inn ;
 Amongst the equipages there the foremost place to win :
 Around it Charlie's comrades pressed to give their chief good-morn,
 And speculate what sport that day they'd have with hound and
 horn.

But how they laughed when from his perch they saw the groom
 descend,

The coach door open, and assist from it our ragman friend ;
 Who, putting sack across his back, with " Thank ye, sir," made off,
 But not forgetting, ere he went, his brimless hat to doff.

Believe me, lad, that ragman will ne'er forget his ride ;
 Until the very day he dies he'll think on it with pride.
 O ! Charlie Wright's * a man beloved by all the country round :
 God bless him ! he's a gentleman. May such as he abound !

T O M Y Q U E E N .

On the 50th Anniversary of her Accession to the Throne, June, 1837.

My Queen, so many minstrels sing thy praise
 In this glad year of Jubilee,
 That I, a simple swain, scarce dare to raise
 My voice with theirs to thee.

From him who rightly wears the laurel-crown
 Unto the village peasant bard,
 Each in his verse doth sing thy high renown,
 By nought of evil marred.

I thank my God on this long-looked-for day,
 That He hath given our English race
 Thee for their Queen so long, and Him I pray
 To fill thee with His grace.

Three Queens before thee here hath reigned alone,
 But thou, my ever gracious Queen,
 Who rulest realms they never called their own,
 The happiest has been.

* C. B. E. Wright, Esq., of Bolton Hall, Bolton-by-Bolland, near Clitheroe.



ARMS OF THE TEMPESTS OF BROUGHTON.

[See page 115

XXXI.



MARKET STREET AND THE OLD TOWN HALL, PONTEFRACT.

[See page 114.]

Elizabeth—the greatest of them all—
 That she had but been greater!—she,
 So popular, though most tyrannical,
 Could ne'er compare with thee.

Small love for God's own poor by her was shown :
 No homely virtues she possessed ;
 She loved to see men bend before her throne,
 And hear her power confessed.

Thou hast a mother's heart, that holds us all
 Thy children, children very dear :
 In every subject she beheld a thrall
 Who must be taught to fear.

Thank God ! no blood of hers is in thy veins :
 Of Mary thou art daughter true ;
 Of her, on whom inflicted she such pains ;
 And whom at last she slew.

God bless thee and thy children, may He keep
 Both thee and them from every ill ;
 This day our hearts for very joy up-leap
 That thou art with us still.

June 21st, 1897.

Ten years have passed since when was penned this lay :
 Victoria is still our Queen !
 Well named ! our land, beneath her happy sway,
 Victorious hath been !

IN MEMORIAM.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

Queen of our hearts, thy people know,
 How much to thee the realm doth owe :
 —The purest court in Christendom,
 Where flaunting evil finds no room ;
 —The charity to all displayed
 Whene'er misfortune calls for aid ;
 The quickening sense of brotherhood
 In men of diverse tongue and blood,
 Who loved thee as their Queen and mother
 As ne'er before they had another.
 Maid, wife, and widow—thou wert e'er
 Unto thy people very dear ;
 Thy joys and sorrows were their own ;
 They loved to gather round thy throne.

Noblest and best of all thy race,
 Long shall it be ere time efface
 The sweet and grateful memory
 Of all we knew and loved in thee.

ON THE CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 BURNS.

July 21st, 1796—1896.

A hundred years have sped since Robert died,
 And he is better known and far more loved
 Than when amongst us here in life he moved—
 The poet's fate, since time began its tide.
 O Burns ! thy country's darling and her pride,
 The best beloved of all her best approved,
 This day thy lowly pupil it behoved
 To swell thy praises, circling far and wide.
 O matchless master-singer ! would that I
 Could strike, like thee, the chords which touch the heart,
 And make the soul respond ! It is no lie,
 Thou art the king of song : a bard apart :
 Alas ! for thy sad falls, for which didst smart
 So bitterly before thou cam'st to die.

ON AN OLD STREET-SINGER—WELL KNOWN IN
 CHORLEY.

A King of Minstrelsy, an aged man,*
 He roams from town to town, and sings for bread,
 And for a nightly shelter for his head,
 Our English ballads, as few others can.
 Although far past our life's allotted span,
 His voice's youthful sweetness, not yet fled,
 Would stop the hearer, though on wings he sped :
 So rare its power, which time forbears to ban.
 O, native of our Shakespeare's mother-shire,
 Would that this pen of mine could succour thee,
 Could raise thee out of irksome poverty,
 And give thee all which men on earth desire :
 Alas ! it cannot ; but my prayer shall be
 That thou may'st sing for aye in Heaven's choir.

* George King, a native of Warwickshire.

TO A ROBIN.

Sweet Robin! first to greet with song the dawn
 Throughout the year's for-ever-changing round,
 The merle and mavis who have daily drowned
 Thy treble—let thy pipe be heard this morn ;
 —The birthday of a minstrel lowly born ;
 The meanest of the many that abound.
 This August day, when thee he warbling found
 He'll ne'er forget, nor yet his mood forlorn :
 For he was fearful that his feeble song
 Amongst the many louder or more sweet
 That now resound, would scant reception meet :
 But thou hast shown him that his fears were wrong
 —That there is room for him amidst the throng ;
 —If he but wait, he will be heard ere long.

FATHER CLIFFORD.

A Clifford of the olden time
 Was called the Shepherd-lord ;
 Because a shepherd's life was his,
 Till to his own restored.
 No earthly title graced his name,
 —The Clifford * whom we knew ;
 But of his poor and lowly flock
 He was the shepherd true.

IN MEMORIAM : EDWIN FOSTER.

Died April 17th, 1898.

O dear dead friend, what pleasing memories
 Thy name's bare utterance awakes in me :
 No brother archæologist will miss
 Thee more than I, thou soul of courtesy.

* Father Walter Clifford, S.J. For 17 years at St. Joseph's, Pontefract. Grandson of Walter Clifford—the first student to enter Stonyhurst College. A Stonyhurst boy himself. Brother of Sir Charles Clifford, Bart., and great grandson of the fifth Lord Clifford, who was descended from the Lord Clifford of the Cabal Ministry of Charles II. Died at Rochampton, July 29, 1892.

What time I first essayed to play the part
Of gleaner in the field of Yorkshire's past,
Thou wert my kind preceptor. Joyed thy heart
To find the peasant loved his county vast.

Well didst thou love our own dear ancient town,
Her famous fortress and her fallen fanes :
Though on thy labours fortune seemed to frown,
Thy work for Pomfret fruitful still remains.

Of lineage most loyal thou couldst boast :
Descendant of the men * that saved their king
When hunted for his life by Cromwell's host :
Of England's oak well may her minstrels sing.

God the All-Mighty give thee endless rest,
And stir up others thee to emulate,
In love of all things old, approved the best ;—
The spirit that hath long sustained the State.

* The Penderills.

RICHARD H. H. HOLMES,

Died October 23rd, 1900.

And he is dead, who wrote so much of thee,
O Pontefract, "mine own romantic town!"
—Recording for remote posterity
Thine ancient glories and thy past renown.

O town of castle, convent, college, church,
Of almshouse, hospital and hermitage,
Into thy chequered past he loved to search,
And trace thy history from age to age.

And we, that knew him well, will ne'er forget
The snowy-bearded, kindly-eyed old man,
Who, steeped in study, spared a moment yet
To solve our questions antiquarian.

May God regard him graciously, I pray,
And comfort her who mourns her husband's death :
Our town has lost in him now passed away
The best historian that e'er drew breath.

FOR ENGLAND'S RIGHTS AND GLORY.

O! how it stirs the soul
 When, to the war-drum's roll,
 Some Regiment goes by, renowned in story ;
 Whose colours bear the name
 Of many a field of fame
 Where it has fought for England's rights and glory

Oh ! is it just or wise
 The soldier to despise,
 And reck as nought his risk in conflict gory ?
 Nay, rather let us show
 The gratitude we owe :
 The soldier fights for England's rights and glory.

It matters not to him
 Who keeps the State in trim :
 He battles not for party—Whig or Tory.
 For Country and for King
 His life away he'll fling :
 The soldier fights for England's rights and glory.

O! life is but a span,
 And die must every man :
 Sure, death is at the close of every story,
 And One is over all
 Who marks the brave man's fall :
 So, soldier, fight for England's rights and glory.

A SPRING MORNING.

The sun is shining rarely,
 The wind is in the west,
 And everything in nature
 This morning looks its best.
 The trees are budding bravely ;
 The fresh young grass is seen
 Adorning every meadow
 With its delightful green.

And underneath the hedgerow
 And in the sheltered wood,
 The violet is blooming,
 —But yesterday a bud :
 And daffodil and primrose,
 With many a flower as prime,
 Add beauty to the landscape :
 It is the sweet Spring time.

And what a host of song-birds
 Are singing all around :
 From every tree and hedge-top
 I hear their notes resound.
 From yonder sky comes music,
 The lark is singing there :
 O ! how it cheers my spirit
 To hear him high in air.

For 'tis the poet's mission
 The lark to emulate,
 Who, though his nest be lowly
 Ascends to heaven's gate :
 My lot in life is humble,
 My dwelling, mean and poor ;
 But like the lark, in spirit,
 Celestially I soar.

S O N G .

The day has been a stormy one—
 A day of wind and rain—
 But with the setting of the sun,
 The sky grew calm again ;
 Now all is fair, around, above—
 The moon is shining yonder—
 I'll go and see the maid I love,
 With love that grows the fonder.

How sweetly did the moon arise
 This mild December night,
 The clouds that hid her from mine eyes
 Before her rays grew white ;
 Their edges, gilded with those rays,
 Resplendently were gleaming :
 And then she left the cloudy maze
 And down on me was beaming.

So, when I see my loved one's smile,
 The cares that cloud my mind
 Lose all their darkness for the while,
 And seem with silver lined ;
 O ! haste, my feet, along the way
 That leads unto her dwelling ;
 Too short with her will be my stay—
 My maid all maids excelling.

A COUNTRYMAN'S SONG OF SPRING.

Oh ! the wind is in the west,
 All the fields with flowers are dressed,
 And I've never seen my love this many a day :
 When the lark doth seek the skies
 With the Sunday's dawn I'll rise,
 And betake me to the farm house far away :
 It is many a weary mile,
 Over stepping-stone and stile,
 Over streamlet, field and moorland, wild and bare :
 But to see my bonnie lass
 Round the world itself I'd pass,
 —Just to see her winsome face so fresh and fair.

'Twas at Martinmas last year,
 That she left me with a tear,
 When her father sent her out her bread to earn :
 We had grown up side by side
 All through life's sweet morning tide,
 And to part thus was a lesson hard to learn.
 But we've youth, and strength and health,
 If we've little worldly wealth,
 And I'll work to win of that same wealth my share.
 Oh ! to see my bonny lass
 Round the world itself I'd pass,
 —Just to see her winsome face so fresh and fair.

A CUP OF GOOD TEA.

There is nothing that equals a cup of good tea
 When tired by your work through the day ;
 For a stimulant, then, to my tea-cup I fly,
 And it drives all my languor away.

A fig for your breweries, handsome and large,
 Where barley is turned into beer :
 My tea-pot can brew far more excellent stuff,
 More potent, the drinker to cheer.

Queen Bess, we are told, for her breakfast at times,
 Had salt herrings, washed down with strong ale ;
 No wonder her temper was none of the best
 With a breakfast like that to assail.

Now if tea she had taken instead of strong drink,
 —But tea, in her days, was unknown,—
 We ne'er should have read of her tantrums and tiffs,
 For a lover of peace she had grown.

A wonderful wight is the heathen Chinee,
 With his pig-tail and almond-shaped eyes :
 The first to discover the virtues of tea,—
 John Chinaman none should despise.

He plants it, and tends it, and sends it abroad ;
 The world's benefactor is he :
 Then hurrah ! for John Chinaman, bland and sedate,
 And hurrah ! for a cup of good tea.

THE SINGER OF THE POOR.

Yes ! mine are simple songs I grant,
 As simple as their theme :—
 The poor—their pleasures, brief and scant,
 Their woes, what such they deem :
 My brethren's lot must rank with me
 All other themes before ;
 My one ambition is to be,
 The singer of the poor.

The robin's song is not as sweet
 As that of nightingale ;
 But when the winter brings its sleet,
 We love his music frail :
 He sings when other birds are still,
 About the cottage door :
 Like him I'll be, through good and ill,
 The singer of the poor.



FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW HALL (commonly known as the Old Hall),
PONTEFRACT.

Built with the materials of St. John's Priory.

[See page 125.]

Our Saviour came on earth to share
 The workman's toilsome lot :
 To scorn the poor then who shall dare,
 When God Himself does not ?
 Through life the poor man's bard I'll be,
 And when I am no more,
 O ; may it be then said of me,
 He sang of God's own poor.

TO A THRUSH.

What ails thee, bonnie throistle ?
 Why liest thou so still
 Upon the snow, the hedge below,
 With close-shut eyes and bill,
 This wintry morning chill.

Come rouse thee, little minstrel,
 And greet me with a lay,
 Like that ye sang when the woodlands rang,
 With thee and thine all day.
 Come, rouse thee, and be gay.

Alas ! dumb death hath seized thee ;
 No more thy merry stave
 Will echo through yon coppice to
 Thy poet's ear.—A grave
 Is all thou now canst crave.

The cruel frost has slain thee !
 Most merciless is he :
 He seized thy food and then thy blood
 Congealed remorselessly.
 Alas ! that it should be.

Within yon ancient willow
 A cavity I know
 Wherein thou'lt lie, full snug and dry,
 Through winter's sleet and snow
 And summer's heat and glow.

If fate like thine is waiting
 Thy bard, poor bird of song,
 May he be laid, like thee, i'th' shade,
 His own loved scenes among,
 Far from the busy throng.

ROYAL OAK DAY.

'Tis Royal Oak day,
 The twenty-ninth of May,
 If you don't give us holiday,
 —We'll all run away.—*Old Rhyme.*

It is the twenty-ninth of May,
 And in the old-established way,
 In honour of King Charles to-day
 A sprig of oak I wear.
 For Royalist most true am I,
 And would not see the custom die
 That brings the stirring past so nigh,
 In it we seem to share.

The lads were up betimes this morn
 To fetch the oak so proudly borne,
 And woe betide the wight forlorn
 They meet, that wears it not :
 Whilst cries of " Show your oak " resound,
 With nettles keen his hands they wound ;
 A traitor to his monarch found
 And punished on the spot.

We wear the oak to keep in mind
 How good was God—how wondrous kind.
 That Charles his foemen failed to find,
 Concealed within the tree ;
 And that this day saw Englishmen,
 Of revolution weary then,
 In Charles receive with joy again
 Their ancient monarchy.

" The Commonwealth of England. "—Pshaw !
 When Cromwell's will was England's law,
 And those he loved not lived in awe
 Of hangman's rope or steel ;
 When lawful liberty was not
 Of every man the common lot,
 In this dear land of ours I wot,
 There was no *Common-weal.*

TO A YORKSHIRE ROBIN.

In my country walk this morn,
 That bonny bird, the robin,
 Heard I sing, on wayward thorn,
 Aye up and down a-bobbing.
 Sweet and clear
 His song me stirred :
 No loud-voiced bird
 To drown it near.

Robin ! singing near the cot
 Of homely Yorkshire peasant,
 Who, thy friend, will harm thee not,
 His comrade blithe and pleasant:
 First to greet
 Him in the morn,
 When he at dawn
 His work doth meet.

Bird ! most friendly to our race,
 The gard'ner's toil thou cheerest ;
 Looking up into his face,
 Him thou never fearest.
 Nest of thine
 The school-boy spares,
 Nor in his snares
 Will let thee pine.

When the winter pinches thee
 Of food, thou comest boldly
 Begging at our doors, and we
 Will ne'er receive thee coldly.
 Thee to feed,
 The matron grave
 The crumbs doth save,—
 Thy friend in need.

Like thee, robin, I will sing
 Sweet songs to peasants homely ;
 Making winter gay as spring
 And even toil seem comely :
 Joyously,
 Through dreary haze,
 Of brighter days
 I'll sing, like thee.

WOODLAND PATHS.

The woodland paths I trod of yore,
I tread in fancy yet ;
Of years 'tis more than half-a-score
Since foot in them I set :
But oft in spirit do I make
My way along past bush and brake.

When spring was young, how gladly I
Beheld the first wee flower
Come out to look up to the sky
Above its greenwood bower :
The flowers were ever dear to me,
As surely they will ever be.

When summer's sun put forth its heat,
A refuge from its rays
I found beneath the trees ;—how sweet
And cool the woodland ways :
There played the rabbits and the hares,
All heedless of such things as snares.

When autumn came, and changed the leaves
From green to brown and gold,
And piled the neighb'ring fields with sheaves,
And evenings grew a-cold :
I viewed with melancholy look
The change that stole o'er every nook.

But when rough winter came at last,
And days grew short and chill,
Although their leaves his ruthless blast
Spread over vale and hill :
He clad the trees, full many a day,
In most fantastic brave array.

A rare old silversmith is he !
It was a splendid sight
Each trunk, and bough, and twig to see
Arrayed in purest white :
It looked indeed a fairy scene,
Where everything transformed had been.

Farewell, farewell, ye woodland ways
That once I knew so well ;
Now gone for ever are those days,
Now far from ye I dwell :
But oft in fancy I shall rove
Along the paths I learnt to love.

TWO SPIRITS.

There are two spirits now abroad,
 Infernal spirits they :
 Each strives, in diabolic road,
 To lead mankind astray :
 One breathes into their minds revolt
 Against "the powers that be" :
 The other doth their faith assault
 In the Divinity.

The fields of God are full of weeds,
 Sown broadcast there by hell :
 In poor men's minds the baleful seeds
 Have taken root too well :
 Witness the rebel cries around ;
 The printed filth they read ;
 The suicides that now abound ;
 And many a nameless deed.

And we, alas!—we English folk—
 Have slumbered all too long :
 Awake ! before the wheat they choke,
 These weeds, so rank and strong.
 Our Christian schools we must retain,
 Whate'er may be the cost :
 Appeals to conscience are in vain,
 When faith in God is lost.

And you, ye poor, beware of those
 Who call themselves your friends :
 As champions of your rights they pose,
 For their own selfish ends :
 Nor you, ye rich, expend alone
 In luxuries your store :
 Your riches are not *all* your own,
 Ye stewards of God's poor.

Let rich and poor united be,
 As surely God did plan :
 Let each one in another see
 A brother and a man.
 Let capital and labour meet
 No more in foolish fight :
 But masters with their men compete
 In doing what is right.

THE POOR MAN'S HOUR.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, their destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Gray.*

What hour of the day do the poor love the best ?
 O ! surely the hour when from labour they rest :
 When the children leave school,
 And the workman drops tool,
 And each hurries home like a bird to its nest.

What joy in the heart of the workman finds place,
 When, drawing nigh home at a weary man's pace,
 His youngsters rush out
 With a welcoming shout,
 And onward to meet him in merriment race.

The youngest soon finds on his shoulder a seat ;
 Whence he looks with a smile at the rest round his feet :
 He is king, and he knows it ;
 Right proudly he shows it ;
 As he goes with his father his mother to meet.

She welcomes her husband with face all a-smile—
 That welcome has power all his cares to beguile—
 And he sits down to tea
 With his babe on his knee,
 And laughs as it shows him each innocent wile.

Their food may be simple, their home may be poor,
 But, with health and with happiness, who would wish more ?
 Their slumbers are sound ;
 And, when Sunday comes round,
 They bring out the best of their dearly-earned store.

O ! type of that hour, at the close of life's day—
 When our labours shall cease—may we meet then, I pray,
 With a true welcome home :
 When to death's door we come,
 May God send His angels to brighten our way.

POOR DICK IS DEAD.

“ He’s asleep, isn’t he, Dada ? ”

—Mary, 3½ years old.

Yes, Mary dear, our bird’s asleep ;
 Most peacefully in death he slumbers :
 These eyes of mine could almost weep.
 No more I’ll hear his tuneful numbers :
 Our bird is dead, my little Mary,
 Our bonny, blithesome, green canary :
 Poor Dick is dead.

And he was singing yesterday
 As full of life and joy as ever.
 Winter or summer, always gay ;
 A bird more merry, met I never :
 Five years our little cot adorning,
 We miss his song this wintry morning :
 Poor Dick is dead.

No more your little sister Nell
 Will stare at him in baby wonder
 Whilst, like the sound of some sweet bell,
 His mellow notes rend air asunder :
 She’ll never know our poor canary ;
 But you will not forget him, Mary :
 Poor Dick is dead.

No more you’ll watch me clean his cage,
 Or fetch for him fresh seed and water,
 And talk to him in manner sage,
 As children do when playing *mater* :
 No more to his sweet notes you’ll listen
 With lips apart and eyes that glisten :
 Poor Dick is dead.

One thing consoles me, bird of mine,
 Thou didst not die because neglected ;
 For lack of food thou didst not pine—
 Some subtle ailment thee affected,
 And quickly killed the best canary
 That ever sang : yes, little Mary,
 Poor Dick is dead.

Farewell for aye, my songbird dear :
 Within my garden thee I’ll bury,
 Where ferns their graceful fronds shall rear
 Above thy grave, my minstrel merry :
 I’m very loth from thee to sever,
 My bird so bonny, blithe, and clever :
 Poor Dick is dead.

M A R Y.

Come here to me, my dainty little Mary,
 Saucy young fairy, with the pale pink face :
 Sit by my side, my first-born and my pride,
 With mother's likeness and with mother's grace.

O! my bonnie gray-eyed girl, so quick at learning ;
 Puzzling your father with your questions queer :
 Laughingly I've listened, when, from school returning,
 Little Nell you've catechised in speech severe.

Would that I could see you in your school-room sitting,
 Looking, O! so serious 'neath teacher's eyes,—
 See across your mobile face the changes flitting,
 As to master what she means my school-girl tries.

Through our rustic garden I can see you skipping ;
 Fairer fay was never found in fairy-land :
 Fairy-queen are you, indeed, so lightly tripping
 That the birds and butterflies to greet you stand.

Sister Nell and Cousin Belle,—how much they love you :
 Be as loving in return, my little girl,—
 Loving as the angels are, that watch above you :
 Heaven keep unsullied for itself my pearl.

LITTLE NELL.

Little Nell! little Nell! bonniest of girls,
 Looking like a roguish lad since we cropped your curls :
 Daughter true of bard are you, with baby song
 Filling home with melody the whole day long.

Round about the table trips my little one,
 Singing ancient nursery rhymes that breathe of fun :—
Jack and Jill, or better still—*Three blind mice* :
 Would I were as innocent, as free from vice.

O! my tiny toddler, how glad was I,
 —Thanks to God and doctor's skill, you did not die :
 But, you minute mimic, you are shamming now :—
 "Fetch de doctor, Nellie tick,"—all fudge, I vow.

Uncle's tawny midget-hound oft-times you tease,
 Till beneath the dresser Jack retreats for ease :
 Thence you strive to coax him forth with cries of "Dack,"
 To be chased around again, poor luckless Jack!

XXXIII.



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, PONTEFRACT.
"THE OLD CHURCH."

[See page 123.]



POOR DICKY'S GRAVE.

Farewell for aye, my songbird dear :
Within my garden thee I'll bury,
Where ferns their graceful fronds shall rear
Above thy grave my minstrel merry.

[See page 175

THE LITTLE HERALDIST.

O merry little Nellie,
 With the round and rosy cheek,
 What mischief are you after
 That now my side you seek ;
 When I am busy copying
 From this huge folio,
 The bearings of old families
 That flourished long ago.
 You want to watch me sketching?
 —You would be sketching too?
 Your father you would imitate
 In all that he may do.
 Well, here are paper, pencils,
 And crayons of all hues :
 Now, let me work in quietness,
 Whilst you yourself amuse.
 She stands beside my elbow
 Upon her little stool
 As quietly as if indeed
 Our dwelling were a school :
 And every figured coat-of-arms
 I copy from the book
 She does her best to re-produce
 With many an anxious look.
 But when she tries to colour hers,
 As I have coloured mine,
 Her crayons she manipulates
 In fashion truly fine :
 She places *or* on *argent*,
 And charges *vert* on *gules* :
 What knows my lass of heraldry,
 And its perplexing rules?
 And then the little heraldist
 —But five years old is she—
 With pride displays her handiwork,
 And wins due praise from me.
 May God for ever bless her
 And keep her innocent :
 She is a very sun of mirth
 Diffusing merriment.

A WHITE VIOLET.

What a wondrous smile doth grace
 Bonnie little Amy's face.
 Oh! that you could see that smile
 Curling up her lip. the while
 From her eyes come such rare beams
 That a very sun she seems ;
 Lighting up our life's dull day,
 With the brightness of her ray.

At her father's gate this hour
 Gave she me this tiny flower ;
 And it seemeth to my wit,
 Of herself an emblem fit.
 Violet of milk-white hue,
 'Tis, indeed, her emblem true ;
 Sweet is it, and so is she ;
 White as it, her purity.

WHEN NELLIE'S LEARNED TO READ.

Our little Nellie's come from school
 With such a solemn look
 Upon her winsome, bonnie face,
 And in her hand a book :
 To-day she leaves the babies' ranks,
 A school-*girl* now, indeed :
 Dear! dear! how quiet I shall be
 When Nellie's learned to read.

For, every night, before the sprite
 Betakes herself to bed,
 She climbs my knee—demands a tale,
 And will not be gainsaid :
 But when she's mistress of her book
 Of me she'll have no need :
 Her father's tales will cease to charm,
 When Nellie's learned to read.

My bonnie bairn ! she's heard nigh all
 The stories that I know,
 With merry eyes for tales of mirth
 And sad for tales of woe :
 Was never better listener,
 To give the lass her meed ;
 But that will be a memory
 When Nellie's learned to read.

I pray that she may never waste
 The learning she acquires
 In conning o'er the morbid stuff
 The world just now admires :
 A careful censor I must be,
 Aye-ready tact I'll need :
 There'll be enough for me to do
 When Nellie's learned to read.

Alack ! my selfish heart would keep
 My bairn a bairn for aye :
 It must not be—the sapling tree
 A sapling will not stay :
 Be it my task to guide aright
 My darling's onward speed :
 And may we ne'er regret the day
 When Nellie learned to read.

DOMINE, SALVUM FAC REGEM NOSTRUM
 EDWARDUM.

God save King Edward. May he prove
 A worthy wearer of the name
 Borne by the best of England's kings,
 Ere Norman William hither came.

—Borne by the brave Crusader-king,
 That loved his noble spouse so well ;
 —The fair and faithful Eleanor :
 —The sweetest tale our annals tell.

Our Edward hath a Queen as sweet,
 As noble and as true as she :
 Fairer than Alexandra none
 Of all the queens of history.

God bless them both—the genial King,
 Who ever seeks his people's weal ;
 —The peerless Queen, whose looks and acts
 The truest woman's heart reveal.

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS STILL LINGERING (1887) IN
THAT PORTION OF YORKSHIRE LYING BETWEEN
DONCASTER AND PONTEFRACT.

“FRUMATTY.”*

On the morning of the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, boys, girls, and even, though rarely, old men and women, go about the countryside, begging wheat-corn of the farmers, with which to make “frumatty.” One alone in a family is deputed to perform this begging tour.

“Frumatty” is made at this time of the year only—from St. Thomas’ Day until Christmas Day, and is well-nigh as much a Christmas article of diet here as the famous plum-pudding.

As a rule, the largest dole of corn given by the farmers to one person is two pints.

THE MAKING OF “FRUMATTY.”

(As described by Henry Carr.)

The corn is first put into water, and allowed to steep therein for a quarter of an hour. It is then enclosed in a bag, and beaten with a stick and rolled about vigorously, until the husk leaves the grain.

It is then taken out and dried before a fire, or in an oven, until the detached husks become dry, to be blown away with the breath. It is now placed in a pan of water, and boiled until it “creases”—bursts open.

Then it is put into a pot to stiffen, and be kept ready for use. When required, it is put into a pan, together with milk, and boiled over a fire, whilst it is thoroughly well stirred with a spoon.

But if boiled too long, it is spoilt, or, to use our quaint dialect phrase, it is “set on.”

“A bit of ‘livening”—flour or oatmeal—is put in whilst it is boiling. When enough, it is taken out and sweetened, with sugar or treacle, and also with sweet pepper, cloves, and currants. .

Eaten in a bowl, like porridge.

* Corruption of the Latin *Frumenti*—corn, grain.

It is eaten on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day at breakfast, and indeed all through the Christmas-tide by some. But I think it is the general custom to eat it up on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

In the cottages of our peasantry on this night the "Christmas Candle" was lit at supper-time—a large wax candle, usually the Christmas gift of the family grocer—a far more suitable one, in my opinion, than the gaudily-coloured almanac which he presents to his customers now-a-days.

How many of the good old cottagers who lit their candles on the Holy Eve were aware that it was a symbol of Our Lord's coming to be the Light of the World. The same custom, in its ancient entirety, still prevails in Ireland. Gerald Griffin has a bonnie little poem on the subject, entitled—"For I am desolate," from which I quote the opening verse :—

"The Christmas light is burning bright
 In many a village pane,
 And many a cottage rings to-night
 With many a merry strain:
 Young boys and girls run laughing by,
 Their hearts and eyes elate—
 I can but think on mine, and sigh,
 For I am desolate."

To return. The table, covered with fair white cloth, was "laid out" with "spice-cake," cheese, and "Yule-cakes"—small round cakes, baked not in tins, but on the bare shelves or floor of the oven. And, of course, the table was not considered to be complete without its glasses or drinking-horns and jug of ale.

"MUMMERS."

The Christmas Mummers, and sword or "raper" dancers begin their rounds through the country-side on the day *after* Christmas Day and finish up on New Year's Day.

They turn out again on Plough-Monday, and on that day only.—
Henry Carr.

“PLOUGH STOTTING.”

This was the name given to the masquerading which was usual amongst the farmers' men and boys on “Plough Monday”—the Monday after Christmastide—when they went about with a plough decked with ribbons, &c. It is now (1902) altogether obsolete, I think. The name given to the actors in it—plough-stots—shows its antiquity, dating back to the time when oxen were commonly employed in ploughing, as indeed they were in the memory of old men not long dead. I myself have been shown—by country blacksmiths—the curious little plates of iron with which they were shod.

“RAPER” OR SWORD DANCING.

From the description given by old Henry—I have never seen it myself—this Christmas pastime must have been very pretty. A band of the most agile young men in the district, each armed with a sword—mostly made of wood, but sometimes of steel or iron—and all in a picturesque uniform, with scarves, and ribbons at their knees and on their shoes—each a thorough master of the art of dancing. They formed all kinds of figures with their swords whilst going through the dance—stars, hearts, &c. “Sir Roger de Coverley” under crossed sword-blades, was an especial feature. Is the word “raper” a corruption of rapier?

“THE HORSE-HEAD,” OR, “THE QUEEN'S PONY.”

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.—*Scott*.

For O! For O! the hobby-horse is forgot.—*Hamlet*, Act iii., Sc. ii.

The ancient Christmas gambol of “The Horse-head,” or “The Queen's Pony,” is still [1885] performed in some of the rural districts of Yorkshire. It was played in 1883 at Kirksmeaton, near Pontefract.

My dear old friend, Henry Carr, of North Elmsall, who was born in that village January 8th, 1798, and who lived in the neighbourhood of his birthplace until the day of his death, Nov. 24th, 1888, was a treasury of information on all matters of local folk-lore, custom, song, and history.

The following description of the above-named gambol was gathered from old Henry's lips by the writer.

I may add that Henry could neither read nor write—had never been far away from his native village—and had never seen the ocean in all his life. But, like many other illiterate people, he was the owner of a wonderful memory.

The "properties" used by the rustic actors in this little pantomimic entertainment were few and simple.

The skull of a horse—that of a young one was preferred, covered with black cloth, its jaws lined with red stuff, its eyes' empty sockets filled in with the rounded bottoms of wine bottles—was mounted on a pole about the height of a horse. This pole had a forked top, sometimes, and best, made of iron with very thin extremities, which, driven into the lower jaw of the skull, held it securely. A piece of wood was fastened to the back of the skull, so as to enable the performer to open and shut the jaws at pleasure. The person playing the part of "The Queen's Pony" held the skull-mounted pole in his hands, he bending down behind it, covered entirely with a horse-sheet, which had a horse's tail attached to it. Sometimes, to make the thing more realistic, a white spot was painted on the horse's forehead.

When "the Queen's Pony" was fully equipped, it was a fearsome sight indeed—a terror to timid children who watched its glaring eyes and gaping jaws with affright.

Then—necessary accompaniment—there was the Lady's Groom, dressed in short stable jacket, a band or ribbon round his hat, belted, with his whip in his hand.

Next came the Blacksmith in his leather apron, with hammer and pincers in his pouch.

Then a Farrier (here used in the first meaning of the word—a horse doctor), armed with an enormous "horse-ball."

These were the principal *dramatis personee*.

On their arrival at a house, they knocked, and asked if the inmates would like to see "The Queen's Pony." On receiving a favourable answer, they entered, after the man playing the horse had donned his habiliments. He went in last, led in by his groom.

When inside, the "horse" struck the floor with the butt of his pole. That was the signal to begin. Straightway the others burst out with the rude song, of which the following is a verbatim copy, together with the air (for which I am indebted to my friend C. A. P—). As will be seen, the second verse is an octrain.

SONG OF THE HORSE.

Animato.

I.

This is my poor old horse,
 That has carried me many a mile
 Over hedges, walls, and ditches,
 Likewise high gates and stiles.
 Poor old horse !

II.

I used to be kept
 All in a stable warm ;
 To keep my tender body
 From taking any harm :
 My clothing it was
 Of linsey-woolsey fine ;
 My tail and mane they grew at length ;
 My body it did shine.
 Poor old horse !

III.

It was yon dirty blacksmith
 That did for me undone :
 [? By whom I was undone.—J. W.]
 In shoeing of my forefoot
 He pricked me to the strun.
 Poor old horse !

IV.

I used to be kept
 On the best of corn and hay
 That ever grew in fields
 And in meadows fresh and gay.
 Poor old horse !

v.

But now I'm growing old,
 And Nature does me call,
 I'm forced to nep the short grass
 That grows upon the wall (*sic*).
 Poor old horse !
 He must die !

vi.

My hide to the huntsman
 I gladly will give ;
 My body to the dogs,
 For I'd rather die than live.
 Poor old horse !
 He must die !

vii.

So, whip him, strip him, turn him out ;
 To the huntsman let him go.
 So, whip him, strip him, turn him out ;
 To the huntsman let him go.
 Poor old horse !

Whilst they were singing, the "horse" played numberless pranks ; as he made the round of the room, looking at everybody present. If any showed signs of timidity, he went towards them, making his jaws open and shut with a horrible rattle. Some he would grip by the arm, playfully, of course. But, as the reader may well imagine, such rough fun was more than once the cause of serious trouble. I have been told of a young girl who was so frightened by the spectacle of the horse advancing towards her that she was seized with a fit.

When was sang the line—

"My tail and mane they grew at length,"

the horse flung out his tail, and turned himself quickly around, shaking both head and tail.

When they reached the verse—

"It was yon dirty Blacksmith," &c.,

the player impersonating the smith came forward, and endeavoured to seize the horse by the right foot, as if to shoe him. But the horse flung him off, prancing and kicking most vigorously every time he came near. The blacksmith was knocked down some three or four times, but rose up quickly, each time saying gamely :—

"I niver wa' be beaten by a horse yet, and I weean't be by this."

And at last he succeeded, the horse stopping his pranks and standing quietly enough whilst he was shod. The "shoeing" was merely the giving three or four smart strokes of the hammer on each boot. Then the smith clapped him in the approved mode. And now the horse began to hobble, and otherwise behave as if he were ailing. The smith was supposed to have pricked his foot with a nail. Then a farrier was sent for, and the man taking that character, who had slipped out whilst the smith was at work, came in; examined the horse; said it was very ill, and must have a "ball." A "ball" was then administered to the suffering steed, three or four of the mummings holding open his jaws whilst he swallowed it. Then he recovered instanter. When the line was reached—

"I'm forced to nep the short grass,"

the horse went up to the table, and if anything thereon of an edible nature took his fancy, he "neppe" it.

At the close of the song the Lady's Groom, whip in hand, seized the horse by the bridle, and pretended to whip him out of the room. Once outside, the "horse" speedily divested himself of his trappings, and with his comrades returned to the house, there to receive their largess.



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ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

Page 22.—Richard Shuttleworth was executed on the 28th, *not* the 27th, of January, 1716.

Page 73.—The date of the marriage of Edward Rigby and Dorothy Anderton—1584—is evidently a slip of the pen on the part of the original scribe.

Page 74.—Arms of Duxbury. Should be—Arms of Standish of Duxbury.

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